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THE

AMERICAN IN PARIS:

OR

HEATH'S

PICTURESQUE ANNUAL

FOR

1843.

BY M. JULES JANIN.

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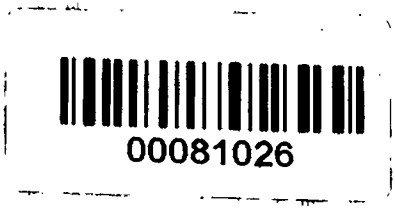

ENGLISH TRANSLATOR'S

INTRODUCTION.

In presenting this volume to the public, the English translator feels that some explanation is necessary;—inasmuch as the obvious course would have been, to use the American manuscript referred to, in the French translator's introduction, instead of re-translating the work. This manuscript, however, the publishers could not obtain, and they were therefore compelled either to have a re-translation, or to look elsewhere for a description of Paris,—but the merit of this account was such, that they determined, at once, to adopt the former alternative.

In this opinion they think the public will acquiesce, after perusing the following pages; which contain a lively sketch of French manners and society, French politics, and French character, in every grade, from

the king to the peasant;—with an explanation of the principal occurrences, connected with the different monuments of art in Paris;—and all this given with a playfulness, impartiality, and keen satire, that is seldom equalled.

In order to give full effect, to the very clever and amusing, but, at the same time, very peculiar style, of M. Jules Janin, the English translator has sometimes been compelled to use expressions, which may be considered foreign to the genius of the language, and to employ terms, which would not have been chosen in an original work, but which were necessary to convey the full meaning of this very talented writer, *who disdains to think by rule.*

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THE

AMERICAN IN PARIS.

INTRODUCTION.

I HAVE translated the present work, from a very accurate and faithful account, which we have received from the country of Cooper and Washington Irving. Paris is the subject; a theme of endless variety; and if you ask me, what is the use of such a book, I will ask the beauty who reads these pages, What is the use of a mirror? This book is written, that Paris may recognize in it, as she puts on the merry smile with which she looks at every thing, her most beautiful monuments, her richest dwellings, her daily pleasures, her evening fêtes. And besides this, the original author of this account, a man well versed in the fine arts, a benevolent and yet acute observer, and myself, his very humble translator, as I was formerly the translator of Sterne, are not left to ourselves in this hastily written sketch, this attempt to seize the ever-changing and moveable image of the Parisian world. More able describers than we, more faithful historians, the most eminent London engravers, and a very ingenious Parisian draughtsman, are

assisting us to give the faithful reflection that we seek. Look, then, favourably upon this book, written beyond the seas, engraved in London, translated and drawn in Paris.

Perhaps it would be well to tell you something of the original writer, who has thrown into his travels much of his mirth, wit, and natural benevolence. In his youth he came to Paris, for the purpose of leaving there, something of his impetuosity. It was not so easy as he had imagined; but at last, by dint of zeal and perseverance, nights passed at the opera balls, and days given up to the never-ending Parisian fêtes, by dint of money lavished at random, as money must be lavished, to return you some little variety of interest and pleasure, our young man speedily became an old one. He arrived in Paris, as giddy-brained as a Parisian, ready for the most lively follies; he left it a grave American, prepared for the calm and tranquil honors, which his mother country holds in reserve for her favored sons. Besides this, we can assure you, that our traveller was a person of calm observation, strong will, and good sense, and had a decided talent for the French language, even in its most beautiful idiom. He left at the gate of the Parisian city, his national coldness and disdain, that he might obey the passionate enthusiasm, for lofty things and the fine arts, with which he was inspired. But why should I lose myself in these preliminaries, as though, after reading the following pages, your acquaintance with our author would not equal my own?

E. Radclyffe

Eugene Lami.

The Entrance of an Ambassador into Paris.

In one of the Royal Carriages.

CHAPTER I.

ENTRANCE INTO PARIS.

If on some beautiful evening in spring or winter, you approach the immense city of Paris,—that glittering abyss,—and above all, if you enter by the grand gate,—for we do not reckon a number of back entrances, which seem rather as if they would precipitate you into a ditch, than introduce you into the queen of European capitals,—you will find yourself entertaining expectations, which, unknown to you, seem to take possession of your whole mind. A gravel walk gently conducts you, by an easy descent, from the village of Neuilly, the royal residence, to the Bois de Boulogne, the rendezvous of the wealthy; from thence to the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile, a mass of stone, laden with glory; and still farther on, to the Place de la Concorde, where, calm and majestic, stands the Obelisk, between two fountains. Never will sufficient water flow from them, to efface the blood shed in this fatal spot. This square, which has borne so many different names, —Place Louis XV., Place de la Revolution, Place de la Concorde,—presents itself to you, loaded with gilt, bronze, and colossal statues, resounding with noise, and sparkling with

brilliancy; strictly speaking, it is here, in this dazzling spot, between the Garde Meuble of the crown and the Chambre de Deputés, that the vast city of Paris begins. Advance, then, with a slow step—behold, admire, meditate. But we will not remain on the Place de la Concorde; let us retrace our steps up the long avenue of the Champs Elysées, and return to the palace of Neuilly. Here you may see Paris in all its glory! Yonder house standing on the shore between two islands, is the country residence of the King of the French. Within those modest walls, in those concealed and quiet gardens, you would in vain look for his Majesty the king; you will only find the father of a family, who has come to repose after the fatigue of the day, and to prepare himself for the labours of the next. Before regicide had become in France a species of motiveless monomania, you might often see passing through the Champs Elysées, a large royal *omnibus*, exactly similar to the popular vehicles, in which all the French are equal, as in the presence of the law. In this long and citizen-like carriage were stowed, at random, the king, his wife, sister, four sons, three beautiful daughters, son-in-law, and some friends: it was a royal and a happy crowd. The carriage went at a gentle trot, from the palace of the Tuileries to the house at Neuilly. No guards, no escort; whoever would, might salute *the fortune of France.* You could see from the mirth of the king, from his open and smiling countenance, how much he enjoyed it, and how proud he was of his humble incognito.

At other times, by the side of the road which leads to Neuilly, an elegant boat, dressed with flags, and full of children and young women, was rowed up the Seine; whence proceeded a thousand joyous cries and hurrahs: the stranger who saw the water ripple, as the boat passed, would never have suspected that this bark, more fragile than that of Cæsar, contained the whole royal family. *Thou carriest Cæsar and his fortune.*'

Another day, in the midst of the masons and plasterers, so often in requisition at the royal dwellings, you would meet a stout man, with a fine intelligent countenance, active and busy, going from place to place, rule in hand, consulting and correcting plans, and sometimes nimbly mounting ladders. If you inquired whether this was not M. Fontaine, the king's architect, you would be told it was the king himself, the most enterprising architect in his kingdom. These were the peaceful hours of Louis Philippe, if he ever had any. He was evidently well suited for the twofold life which he adopted—the life of the king and that of the citizen—the court and the house. These were his pleasures. The bullets of the abominable Fieschi and others have altered this state of things; if they have not killed the king, they have wounded royalty: they have saddened even before the terrible accident of July 13, 1842, the formerly pleasant route from the Tuileries to Neuilly, and have encumbered it with soldiers and guards. Poor madmen! not to see that the very worst hour in which to attack a king, is that in which he is only the father of his children.

CHAPTER II.

STERNE.

With your permission, in this pleasant, and somewhat fanciful, journey that we are taking together, we will go a little at random. We are travelling in a country too well known, to make it necessary, for us to be governed by any very strict rules. Our good fathers, the English, have in this style a chef d'œuvre, which I shall take good care not to imitate—*the Sentimental Journey*. Never was the Paris of last century better or more completely studied, than by that rascal, Sterne. Honest rogue that he was! He preached the virtues that he did not possess, and all this in such an easy, tranquil way. He looked demure, as they say in France, but nevertheless, we will neither trust to his contrition, his lowered eyes, and his modest blushes, nor yet imitate him. No, no; we will not follow the steps of this hypocrite, who knew Paris much better than all the Parisians of his time. Instead of this we will take our own course,—stopping occasionally to see and hear every thing, that we may repeat it to you. Besides, we are not alone in this journey; we have with us a painter, a draughtsman, an

engraver, and a translator, who knows but little of the language that we speak, and for whom we ask every indulgence. Perhaps you fancied that we had already reached the palace of the Tuileries; your pardon, we were only upon the bridge of Neuilly, at farthest. This is a bridge boldly thrown across the Seine, between the islands which surround the king's gardens. After crossing the bridge, you will find that the villas already begin to lessen. Then commence large parks of half an acre, and spacious gardens composed of four or five pots of flowers; he who only possesses a single vine, says proudly as he leaves Paris on Saturday evening, —*I am going to my vineyard.* The Parisian is a great lover of country pleasures, in all their variety, provided only that they are near. Since he has seen so many revolutions accomplished in twenty-four hours, he does not like to be long absent from his city, so much does he fear that he shall not find, on his return, the same government there was when he left. Proceed a little farther, and you will reach the gate of the Bois de Boulogne. There, by an accident which I considered fortunate, my carriage broke down, just like a vessel which loses its mast in entering the harbour. I was soon disengaged from it, and whilst the postilion and my servant repaired it, I watched the fashionables of Paris, who had come in their elegant equipages, to see, and to exhibit themselves. What an infinite variety of carriages, horses, equipages, dresses, and above all, countenances. All the women, young and old, of the Parisian world, were upon this occasion at the evening promenade; all the men; young people, the victims of usury; would-be ministers, the victims of politics; specimens of every class, were at the Bois de Boulogne. They passed and repassed before me, galloping, on horseback, in carriages, or on foot; they seemed almost to fly as they passed. And I, the new comer into this fashionable world, was already striving to guess its concealed passions, and its mysterious desires. I would willingly have followed these

busy idlers, these vain aspirants; I would willingly have mounted behind them, or clung to their carriages, and there, concealed under the livery, have heard them joking or laughing, hoping or fearing, blessing or cursing. But this was impossible.

However, the slight accident, that had thus detained me, while the great ones of the world were galloping by, was quickly repaired. No one honored me with a single glance; the men being too much occupied with their horses, and the women with the effect of their toilets and their smiles. It is in this way that they pass their lives, exhibiting and admiring themselves, and whispering all sorts of mysterious things, which the first comer can explain aloud, after a month's sojourn in this noisy city. From this spot it is but a short distance to the Arc de Triomphe, the largest triumphal arch in the world;—we must remember however, that it is placed there to celebrate the greatest victories; it raises its head yet in the freshness of youth as high as the oldest mountain which is crowned with tempests and storms. All round the vast monument ramparts rise from the earth, ditches are dug, towers are built, but the Parisian knows nothing of this yet,—he will not think of the ditches until he has jumped across them, or the towers until he hears them groaning as they cast forth fire and flame; then, only, will he be alarmed at this formidable noise.

The entry is easy, the gate of the city being open night and day. The assassin, the forger, the criminal, may enter proudly, provided they have nothing prohibited, in their carriages or their pockets. The great crime in this city, which is so poor, is to smoke tobacco which has not passed through the hands of the administration, or to drink wine which has not paid the entrance duty to the municipal officer. This officer is at the gate night and day; he is armed with an equivocal sword, one without sheath or point, but which is sure to discover the most artfully concealed things. No vehicle is exempted from this

visit; the gay carriage which contains the opera dancer, the chariot of the broker, the berlin of the French peer, who is perhaps half asleep, all owe obedience and respect to the municipal officer. They can trust a peer of France to make the laws of the kingdom, but they cannot trust him not to put butcher's meat into his carriage. What a lesson of equality!

Whilst I was waiting for the officer to visit me in my turn, I had time to admire the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile, from its base which descends into the earth, to its summit which is lost in the skies.

CHAPTER III.

TRIUMPHAL ARCHES.

GENERALLY speaking, the principal inhabitants of this beautiful country, who, as Marie Stuart said, have long been Greeks and Romans, and would have much trouble in again becoming simple Frenchmen, profess great love for triumphal arches. Trajan's triumphal arch, and the monuments of the same sort, with which Italy still abounds, have prevented the French from sleeping. We Americans, people of yesterday, as these frivolous old men call us, have not yet learned to value these great masses of stone, vain ornaments of a useless grandeur. In France it is quite the reverse. The more useless a monument appears, the better are they pleased with it. The Frenchman loves glitter, noise, and glory; his greatest pleasure, in the public fêtes, is to see some magnificent firework bursting in the air, the light of a few minutes, of which the slightest spark would save a miserable family. But no! the poorest, who have not even a piece of bread for their evening meal, run to see this blazing gunpowder, without thinking of all the money that is wasted in ephemeral stars. On the contrary, the more majestic the fireworks, and the more money they have cost, the better are the French satisfied. There is certainly much more of Francis I. than of Franklin in this people.

The Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile has been, for the few years that it has been finished, the greatest pride of the Parisian. He is prouder even of this, than he is of the revolution of July, that great event, at the same time the work of a child and a giant. It is just thirty-six years, since the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile was commenced. O France! to what unexpected revolutions have these heights been witness. It was a great people, that nation of 1806, governed by that great man whom the world calls Emperor. The French nineteenth century, scarcely begun, was already loaded with victories and triumphs: 1806! it is the year of Austerlitz, that victory which decided the empire. When she saw herself thus with one foot upon Russia, and the other upon Austria, France chose to have the glorious bauble of a triumphal arch. Above all, she was determined it should be the greatest in the world, as Austerlitz was the greatest of victories. The first stone of this mountain was laid on the 15th of August, 1806. From the commencement of the monarchy, the 15th of August had been consecrated to the feast of the Virgin; but it had become the day of Saint Napoleon,—with so good a grace, had the mother of our Lord given up her fête day, to him who was the emperor.

And now that I can contemplate, from its summit to its foundation, this gigantic monument, whereon are inscribed so many victories of which there is now nothing but the name;—whereon are represented so many heroes long since dead, the imperishable envelope of a passing glory, the funeral stone raised upon the cradle of so many armies, which passed like the storm and tempest, I can fancy that I see the illustrious monument rising by degrees from the earth, and, sometimes joyful, sometimes shrouded in sorrow, raise its head, now glorious, now humbled. Let it rise, however, to the noise of the cannon which is heard from far. Austerlitz has placed the first stone of this triumph of stone, Jena will place the second, Wagram will

finish this indestructible base. But how many battles like Austerlitz, Jena, and Wagram must have been fought, to finish without interruption, this monument erected by victory, and which peace alone could complete! In fact, scarcely did it appear above the surface of the earth, before the fortunes of France changed. A violent shock was felt, which did not overthrow it, but which arrested its progress. The wind that blew from Waterloo, prevented one stone more from being placed. Hardly had the monument reached a sufficient height, for the old soldier who watched on its summit, with his sight obscured by tears, to see from which side the enemy approached.

Then fell the empire, carrying with it, that future said to be eternal! Of this monarchy, founded for centuries, nothing remains, except the remembrance which has returned the more powerfully after having slept so long under the soil of St. Helena. Hardly do they recall this great man in France, unless it is, to declare that he confiscated all the liberties of the country. Thus the two giants, who looked down upon the world from the height on which they were placed, the emperor and the statue on the column, fell at the same time, the former from his throne, the latter from the brass which formed its foundation; then were seen in France,—oh, shame on the defeats which break even civil courage! which cause every thing, even national glory, to be forgotten!—then were seen Frenchmen, harnessed like beasts of burden, with Austrian horses, to throw down from its base the statue of the emperor! What prevented this mighty bronze from falling upon these men and horses, and crushing them? The noble statue, no doubt, had pity on them; it descended like a dethroned emperor; it reposed in the dust, triumphant; it was patient, because it felt itself eternal, as eternal as the standard of the three glorious colors. Fifteen years did it remain in obscurity, as the tricolored flag remained in the dust; but now through

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the omnipotence of popular power, both have re-appeared, more brilliant, more powerful, more glorious than ever!

What were we saying? and what is the matter? Whence comes this long cry of triumph? Why are people running out of their houses in such haste? The north-east wind is strong and violent, the sky is black, winter has spread its ice all around. Tell me who the hero can be, that is so impatiently expected within these walls? Who *can* be coming, but his majesty the emperor and the king, who again revisits Paris? Who *can* be expected with this feverish impatience, but the brave soldier whom the people called the little corporal? Listen to the firing of the cannon, look at the flags flying! Have not all the principal men of France risen, to go and meet this great man who returns from exile? Hurrah! hurrah! it is he, it is Napoleon! the emperor! He returns from that barren rock in the sea against which his fortune was dashed. Long live the emperor! No, he was not dead; he brings back to enthusiastic and passionate France—to France which weeps for him as she weeps for glory,—the excitement of battle, the intoxication of triumph, the days of action, the endless agonies of war, all that she loves so devotedly, so madly. Hurrah, and triumph! And indeed it is truly the emperor who returns. Not, indeed, the emperor living, and ready again to take up the stump of his sword, but it is his dead body, that noble and imperial trophy which the France of 1830 ought to value above any other. He is gone: the rock of St. Helena has let go its prey; the weeping willow has strewn its last leaves upon the coffin of St. Helena. Oh fate! Charles X. the all-powerful, the well-loved king, he whom the people surrounded with so much devotion, whom Europe proclaimed the king of its choice and its alliance, Charles X. is buried in some obscure vault of an obscure church in Germany, and here is the captive of Sir Hudson Lowe waited for in the vaults of the Invalides, by the side of Turenne!

The emperor! it is the emperor! He is welcomed by universal shouting. The people crowd round his path, and receive him on their knees. A prince of the blood royal, a noble and a handsome young man, has crossed the seas to seek this illustrious body; and he now brings it back like a true knight-errant whose task is accomplished. Sound the trumpets! beat the drums! bow, thou arch of glory! wave in the air, ye tricolored flags, reconquered in three days! And we also must applaud; we, the men come from so far; the wise travellers; the *phlegmatics*, as they call us in France. Really, my New York brothers, enthusiasm is an excellent thing! Enthusiasm throws glory round your forehead, warmth into your heart, imagination into your mind, hope into your soul. Enthusiasm animates and warms, brightens and rejoices; it transforms France into your country, that man who is carried by in his bier, into your sovereign for the moment he is passing. What a long and glorious retinue! They have assembled here and there, as they could, the illustrious remnant of the ancient armies; they have summoned round the tomb all the companions of the emperor who still live; enormous instruments of copper have been made, which resound with triumph: in this noble retinue are seen the mameluke and the horse of the emperor,—two servants of his battles. Every moment there is a fresh surprise—an unexpected appearance. In one carriage, the almoner; in another, two or three marshals of France, formerly soldiers, now princes. And at last come, ranged in order, the seamen of the Belle Poule, brave mariners, proud of their illustrious burden;—they are clapped as they pass; the spectators repeat to each other their toils, their works, their patience, their courage; for in the midst of the sea, believing that France and England had declared war, they resolved, at the first signal, to sink themselves with their ship and its imperial burden. After these comes their worthy captain, his highness the' Prince de

Joinville; a bold seaman, a brave soldier, a handsome and excellent young man; henceforth his name will be attached to this great event of the emperor's return! But now, what silence! what tears on every countenance! Here, in this triple coffin,—in this car, covered with violet hangings, and floating banners; below these eagles, whose wings are spread with such a triumphant air; below these ensigns of battle, this triple crown;—here is the emperor, or, at least, he who was, the emperor Napoleon. This funeral march,—what do I say?—this triumphal procession, traversed the whole city, amid the greatest testimonies of sympathy and respect. The city still remembers it; the Champs Elysées, and, above all, the Arc de Triomphe always will remember it.

But let us return to the history we were giving; it is the history of a whole age.

When the Restoration brought back to France repose and peace,—the repose of a day, a peace full of future revolutions and tumults,—the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile remained for a long time abandoned and deserted; the ruin of a monument hardly begun, the wreck of a glory half extinguished, the despised relics of the greatest and most useless victories. But the empire lived in these ruins; the clamours of the great army made themselves heard in these gigantic arches; the eagle, wounded to death, came to die upon these unfinished cornices; Austerlitz, Jena, Wagram, moaned from these foundations, of which they were the base, their inarticulate complaints. It was dangerous to touch these sacred remains. It was as dangerous to raise the monument of the emperor, as to throw it down. Besides, once erected, whose name should they inscribe on the summit of this useless mountain? What symbols should they place upon its sides? What victories should they proclaim upon these eloquent stones? There was but one name for this monument,—but one army for these stones, —but one flag that could properly crown these majestic heights.

It was the great imperial name; it was the great army; it was the great tricolored flag! But the Restoration trembled with horror, and turned pale with fright, at the mere mention of this terrible and dreaded past.

If the Restoration had been bold and brave enough, not to tremble before French glory; if the legitimate king had been wise enough, to shelter himself under the imperial mantle, of him who was made emperor by the people and by glory; if the fleur-de-lis had allowed the golden bee to penetrate into its harmless flower cup; if the white flag had permitted the two colors, her younger sisters, to protect it by the double reflection before which Europe trembles; there is no doubt that in the days of revolution, this prudence of royalty by divine right would have borne imperishable fruits. The emperor, erect upon his column, would have called furiously to the people, "Respect the royal majesty which has respected my conquered majesty." The bee, concealed in the empalement of the lily, would have threatened with its sting, the imprudent hands which dared to menace the noble flower; whilst the two national colors uniting their efforts, would have enveloped the standard of St. Louis in their drapery of blood and azure. But no! The present, never knows how to respect the past. The first object of the king who arrives, is to insult the king who has left. The victorious standard overwhelms with its contempt the fallen one. Such is the character of nearly all the nations of Europe: they fancy that they can obliterate history, as they could break a statue of marble, and that they can abolish the past, as they could wash out a painting in water colors. The governments are like the people; they break, they efface, they overthrow. Imprudent men! they do not see that in thus acting, they teach their subjects how to break, to efface, and to overthrow; and that authority is, next to glory, the most transient thing on earth.

It was not, then, till the Restoration was as fifmly estab-

lished as it could be, that it was bold enough to take in hand this monument begun by the emperor. Before the monarchy of Louis XVIII. and Charles X. had reached this extremity of presumption, it must surely have made great conquests. And so it had. It had re-established the dogma of legitimacy; it had done more: it had caused royalty to be respected; it had arranged three or four times, and always for its own advantage, the charter that it had given, or rather, that it had granted. It had even thought of the right of primogeniture, this completion of the divine right, and did not at all despair of one day passing this law, which would have re-made a few of the nobility, and many of the clergy. Still more than this; when the Restoration dared touch the Arc de l'Etoile, even to finish it, it had made a bauble of glory; it had played at fighting; it had just restored the tottering royalty of Spain; it had made a kind of legitimate Napoleon, with a white cockade, of his royal highness the Duke d'Angoulême. See by what delusions, and by what plagiarisms, the best established and most benevolent monarchies destroy themselves!

Thus the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile, after having been founded by Napoleon, and the battle of Austerlitz, was continued by the Duke d'Angoulême, and the taking of Trocadero. Stones raised themselves upon stones, as a matter of obedience, without pleasure and without love. The masons obeyed the architect, the architect obeyed the minister of the interior, and this was all. The monument was merely built, without excitement, without enthusiasm, and even without pride, just as a simple house would be built. None of those who were employed had any faith in their work. They went daily to it, they progressed slowly when they had too much money. It is not thus that victory or religion, that other victory, builds. If the Catholic monuments with which Europe abounds, those lofty cathedrals that are lost in the skies, and ornamented from top to bottom like a bride's veil, had been raised by

ordinary workmen, by men hired by the day, not one of them would now have been finished; they would have remained incomplete, like the cathedral of Cologne, that chef d'œuvre which the whole Catholic power cannot finish at the present moment. But the sublime workmen who raised these monuments, said to have been erected by angels, were not, in fact, mercenary, but Christian labourers. They did not expect their payment in this world, they believed that their Father above was waiting, himself to reward those who had labored in his vineyard. In the times of belief, a cathedral to raise, was not a monument of stone to build, it was a prayer to accomplish. Every workman attached himself, during life, to part of a wall, and there—sublime hermit, lofty dreamer—he inscribed, day by day, his prayer and his thought. He obeyed only himself and his genius, his work was as isolated as his prayer; —sometimes absurd, sometimes serious; to-day higher than heaven, to-morrow lower than hell; full of hopes or fears, happy or miserable;—he left upon the stone, living traces of the most concealed thoughts, the best disguised mysteries of his heart. After which, he at length died, happy and proud to be buried at the foot of the wall which he had engraved in honor of Jesus Christ. The next day, another mason—I would say another Christian—took the place of the great artist who was dead. The work was thus transmitted from one generation to another, like one of those endless poems, to which human glory has always some new song to add.

But I can no more understand a triumphal arch being raised without enthusiasm, than I can a cathedral built without faith.

And yet, if the Restoration could have suspected what would soon happen; if it had ever imagined, that to this triumphal arch was attached the fate of the royalty of Charles X., and that even before it could be finished by his care, the imperial monument would quickly shake off all these traces of royalty, and disdain to carry a white cockade, it would doubtless have

stopped the works. Indeed, the Arc de Triomphe, faithful to its master and its standard, even before its completion, was resolved to have no other name than that of the emperor, no other flag than his. If the Restoration could have foreseen this, like another Penelope, it would have destroyed in the evening the work of the morning. But the Restoration had no foresight, and therefore it was lost. The Arc du Trocadero has again become completely the triumph of Austerlitz.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CHAMPS ELYSEES.

It is impossible for me to describe to you, all the beauty and novelty of this Parisian evening. I was a foreigner, but it appeared as if I had only returned to my own country; I was a new comer, but it seemed as if I had never quitted this noble city, which passed before me in all its brilliancy, mystery, and happiness. The air was pure and invigorating; the carriages rolled gently, along a gravel as fine and soft as turf. Those who were on foot looked as calm and happy, as those who were riding. It was a long fête through this long avenue. Formerly the avenue was a desert; now it is covered with pretty little houses, quite new, palaces of yesterday, built in four feet of garden. On my right, was the ancient garden of that farmer of the public revenue, Beaujon. Beaujon was one of the fabulous financiers of the past century; financiers without talent and without foresight, made rich by one chance of the ante-chamber, and ruined by another; oppressors of the people, themselves devoured in turn by the great lords; robbers here, robbed there; people who were acquainted with no other industry, than usury and the loan of money on pledge,—but the pledge given them is the bread of the poor, it is the sweat

of the miserable, and on such pledges they lend millions. Nevertheless, this large garden, in which is an hotel of marble and gold, formerly belonged to this slave of excise and salt duty. He died insolvent, and almost as poor as the great Corneille, but before ruining, as he had enriched, himself, before dying alone, abandoned by every one, he founded the hospital which bears his name, thinking that, an expiation for the scandalous manner, in which he had obtained his fortune! When he had disappeared from the world in which he had made so much noise, the gardens of this farmer general Beaujon, were for a long time the rendezvous of the people, who came there to enjoy themselves, without thinking, by what tortures, those who preceded had adorned them;—after the people came others less innocent,—speculators,—who have cut down the trees, destroyed the flowers, spoiled the turf, dispersed the birds who sang so sweetly, and built a town upon all this ruin! It is a delightful spot, and is, by degrees, becoming inhabited: only let them assemble here, some good contemporary names, a few young and beautiful women, the honor and wit of the Parisian conversation, and the fortune of this place will be made. In the mean time, the Amphions who built these houses, have inscribed at the head of the principal avenue, the great poetical name of this age—Chateaubriand.

Quite at the end of the avenue, in the centre of the Place de la Concorde,—after having passed several theatres in the open air, where horn-players, singers, monkeys, and strolling actors, fill the air with their noises and their indefatigable tricks,—stop, if you please, before a king, dethroned it is true, but not till after he had stood for ages. Pause before this superb stranger, who has, with so much majesty, reigned over the plains of past time, an oriental conquest, a splendid victory, but also a splendid defeat. This is the way to fall when one must fall! to surrender when one must surrender! to die when death

comes! But what a fall! To fall there, where his kingdom is nothing but a desert—to raise his head here, over thirty-two millions of men! To surrender, it is true, but to surrender only to France, which passes through a thousand perils and a thousand fatigues, to bring him back in triumph; to die, after a life of three thousand years, the life of the Pyramids, but to return to life, for yet another three thousand years, in the great modern Babylon, and to see so many victorious and eloquent generations passing and dying at his feet, like crowds of ants! This can scarcely be called a fall; this is to be greater than Alexander, happier than Napoleon. Do you ask the name of this fallen hero? the fate of this noble exile? and from what throne he fell? this model for ever worthy of imitation by all dethroned kings,—my answer is, It is the obelisk of the Luxor.

Mehemet Ali, the regenerator of Egypt, or, if you prefer it, its *first* man of business,—that deceiver, who has lately tried to kindle a universal war,—that barbarian, who has all the cunning of great politicians,—in one of those generous fits, which, because they cost but little, are so natural to the masters of the East, gave the king of France the two charming obelisks of the Luxor;—Luxor, which was the suburb of Thebes, as the obelisks are only the advanced guards of the pyramids. Charles X., to respond properly to the politeness of the pacha, sent a vessel, to bring him this singular present, in proper time and place. There is a French proverb, which says, *Small presents keep up friendship.* The pacha knew the proverb, and treated the French accordingly. However, the present was not one to be despised.

Picture to yourself a single block of stone, twenty-four feet high; its color a beautiful red. You would say this exquisite stone was transparent, it dazzles you with its beauty; it is slender, and delicate, and is covered with a thousand hieroglyphical characters, which will for a long time, torment the

Champollions, present and to come. They were obliged to seek this long stone in the desert, to take it down from its almost eternal foundation, where it had stood erect, for three thousand years. When lowered, it was necessary to dig a canal to bring the *Luxor* to the sea; but once on the sea, what care, what trouble, what effort was necessary, what dangers were to be encountered! If the vessel had overset, the obelisk would have been lost for ever!

In direct opposition to another French proverb, which says, *Men meet, but mountains stand still*, this mountain of the East has at last arrived, within the walls of astonished Paris. For a long time, Paris had expected the obelisk, with that eager, childlike curiosity which forms its happiness, when suddenly, one day, a long vessel, or rather a long bier of a funeral color, was seen to arrive in the Seine. It was the obelisk, in its mortal covering. At this sight the astonishment was universal: "What is it, and where does it come from?" The Parisians descended by thousands, into the dismasted careen, and through the disjointed boards, looked at the dumb and motionless stranger. After the people, rushed the *savans* to examine it; and one of the wisest of them, even fell into the river, nay, would have been drowned, had it not been for a brave seaman, who had come from Egypt to these calm and shallow waters, and found himself almost as much a stranger in them, as the obelisk. Alas! after having saved a savant who could not swim, the very same evening this unfortunate mariner fell from the top of his canoe into this pool, which people call the Seine, and, horrible to relate, was drowned in this four foot of water! To come from so great a distance, to tear Cleopatra's needle from its base, to bring it to this hole, and to die in this muddy and unwholesome puddle! What a death!

That the obelisk might recover from its fatigue, they laid it softly down in the bed of the Seine. There it passed the winter, under the ice, no doubt regretting its sand and its sun.

At present, the obelisk is erect, perhaps for an age or two, in the centre of the most beautiful city in the world. Alas! who can say, if this fatal stone is not doomed, a second time to reign over a desert?

But I had seen too much for a first day; I was almost dazzled; I closed my eyes, and did not open them again, till I reached the court of the Hôtel des Princes, in one of the finest streets in Paris.

The *Hôtel des Princes* is a spacious and splendid house, where assemble, most harmoniously, all kinds of princes, or, if you prefer it, all kinds of birds of passage. If you saw from a distance, this hive, where all the dialects of Europe are spoken, you would say it was the tower of Babel, after the confusion of tongues. To this hospitable house all may come, for all will find, without fail, an apartment, a room, even if it must be a very small one, to suit the purse. The first floor is rightly appropriated to the happy and the wealthy of the earth. There you will find all the luxury and all the comfort of great houses. Erard's piano, that unrivalled instrument—the clock, which marks so accurately the hour for ambition or pleasure—the carpet of Aubusson—the Venetian glass—the curious paintings—the rare furniture,—nothing is wanting. There is a saloon for Madame, a study for Monsieur, an ante-chamber for your attendants; indeed you may have every thing, which is necessary for elegant life. To each bell is attached an active servant, a sylph in the livery of the house. A little higher, the silence is greater, the servants less numerous, the bell less imperious, the eagerness not so great, the obedience slower, the space more confined. At this height, our prince of the *Hôtel des Princes* is nothing more than an honest citizen; a bridegroom from the province, who wishes to show Paris to his bride; a gentleman retired from business; a fine fellow who wants nothing in Paris but its pleasures, and who only has a bed there, for the purpose of sleeping in it. What does it

signify then to him, what sort of a room he has, when he only spends an hour a day in it? But if you ascend one or two stories higher, you find yourself in a new world, where some are beginning, and others are finishing, their course; old men ruined, young ones without money, solicitors without credit, dreams, nothings, deceptions, vanities; and also hope, love, youth, carelessness, happiness! Every member of this little state lives in peace with his neighbour; they are not acquainted with each other; they live like recluses, each in his cell; they speak to each other, without ever asking names or rank; they go and come, they laugh, they sing, they are ill: one takes a dancing-lesson, in the next apartment to another who is dying: this man leaves, full of joy; that one arrives, with tears in his eyes. All the great coquettes of Europe, singing birds, cosmopolitan sylphs, all the heroes and heroines of the ballet, princes and princesses, pass and repass through the Hôtel des Princes; they go and return; they are always in motion; laughing—singing—*Bon jour!* —*Bon soir!*—is all you hear from them. What a singular world this hotel is! It is an open camp, in which you may see all kinds of ephemeral passions, transitory sorrows, and easily gratified ambitions. Chance and opportunity preside over this strange universe; *every man for himself* is its motto. But there is one hour in each day, one solemn hour, when all differences of rank and fortune are forgotten. At six o'clock, when the dinner-bell is rung, you may see the guests assembling, from every part of the house: this one comes from the first floor, that one descends from the garret; no matter—they will sit together, and eat with the same appetite. The table is long, spacious, and splendid. To see the golden candlesticks, full of wax candles—the interminable table-cloths, so beautifully white—the rooms decorated with flowers,—you would think it was some splendid fête: it is the daily fête, or, more properly speaking, the daily dinner. What a problem to solve! For a

sum, hardly large enough to pay for a meal, at some restaurateur's in the Palais Royal, you have the use of the long table, the well-warmed room, the numerous servants, the dazzling candles, the large service of plate, the experienced cook, the three courses, in which nothing has been forgotten, that earth, forest, fresh water, or salt, could produce;—all these are at your service, traveller! And at the same time, the soft voices of well-dressed and clever women are around you; great names, both French and foreign, are pronounced in your ears; the French wines—those wines, which have had at least as much effect, in making France popular, as the language of the country,—sparkle and shine in their beautifully coloured crystals. What enjoyment! what eaters! what admirable egoists! They talk of our freedom, at the American tables d'hôte; those who speak of it with so much bitterness, have never dined at the table d'hôte of the Hôtel des Princes. It is quite true, that as soon as dinner is over, French politeness is attentive, and eager to show itself. They have eaten the best fruit at table, without offering any to the lady next them; yes, but then they would never consent to pass before her. The French are more polite than the Americans, perhaps, but most certainly they are equally ill-bred.

When I reached the Hôtel des Princes, I was in that state of stupor, which the sudden view, of a variety of striking objects will inevitably produce. Nothing is more fatiguing and wearisome, than prolonged admiration. Thus I saw nothing, the first evening, of what I have now described to you. I allowed myself to be conducted to the apartment, which, in the opinion of my host, would suit me; for it is he who gives the final judgment, as to what number in his universe you shall occupy, at so much per day. As soon as I entered my room, which appeared to be a very tolerable one, I opened the window;—it overlooked one of the most curious boulevards of Paris; but it was the hour when the city, tired with the labour and the

feelings of the day, had resigned itself to sleep; it was the hour of silence, of repose—the hour when every thing is hushed, even ambition. I closed my window, saying to the sleeping city, *à demain!*

I called, and the waiter obeyed my summons. After having given him my orders, I went into my bedroom. "Will Monsieur sleep here?" said the worthy man, with a look of slight alarm. "Why do you ask," I replied, "and what is there so frightful in sleeping here?" The man hesitated a moment, and then said, "If Monsieur does not like his accommodations to-night, he can change his room to-morrow."

He left me, and I went to bed, in that state of delightful sleepiness, and almost oriental stupor, which is natural to a man who has travelled fifty leagues, before reaching Paris, and who, within the three last hours of his life, has seen more incredible wonders, has picked up more foreign news, and has found out more of social greatness and misery, than he ever saw in his childhood, imagined in his youth, or will see again, through the rest of his days.

CHAPTER V.

THE VISION.

And now I had a vision, sweeter than I could possibly have conceived. I slept. How long I had slept, I am ignorant; but suddenly, in the midst of my first slumber, a repose I had been anticipating for twenty days, while I was still gently rocked, by that delightful motion of the post-chaise, which follows the traveller even to his couch, I heard, or thought I heard, the most touching and refined melodies. It was indeed exquisite harmony; and I can speak upon this subject as a connoisseur,—for every great idea which has proceeded from the head and heart of talented musicians, I possess, in my head and heart. Music has been the great study, or what amounts to the same thing, the great passion of my life. Beethoven and Mozart, Haydn and Gluck, Weber and Nicolo, Paësiello and Rossini,—I am well acquainted with them all. Nevertheless, I was now listening to marvellous harmony; and, strange to say, it was quite new to me. The hand that played this invisible piano, if it was a piano, had a firm bold touch, with an admirable mixture of judgment and passion. At first it was a timid and mysterious sound, but soon it became clear, grand, and natural. I did not even try to ascertain, whether I was

awake, or whether I was indulged with a dream; I listened, and admired, and very soon wept. What a vast number of ideas in this extraordinary performance! How full of genius were those sounds! The man went from one passion to another, from grief to joy, from a curse to a prayer, from hate to love,—and still continued, without taking breath, without stopping: he played in the true style of genius!

What a man! Thoughtful even in his transports, spirited even in his stillness, he carried to the greatest extent, the expression of Christian charity, and the frenzy of vengeance. I knew nothing of this lamentable history, of which the principal details were passing confusedly before me; but I heard enough to understand, that it was full of catastrophes. What was his end—his plan—his dream?—To what vengeance was he advancing? I could not tell. He was not bewildered by the expression of so many grand thoughts; nor by the chaos, into which he could, with one word, throw light. On the contrary, he sported with the disorder; he blended and confounded, at pleasure, all the elements of this imposing work. Alas! without suspecting it, I was present at the completion of one of those immortal things, which men call masterpieces.

I was dumb, confounded, delighted; I held my breath, and said to that sweet sleep I had so much desired, Begone!

But sleep rested upon my moistened eyelids to listen.

The invisible genius stopped. You would have said, to hear him so abruptly quit this nocturnal drama, that the passionate inspiration he had been obeying, had suddenly left him. The man was evidently possessed with some great idea, which he had difficulty in thoroughly realizing; but he was one of those persons who are not easily discouraged. I heard him walk his room with measured steps; then he threw himself into a chair, as if he would sleep for an hour. Vain effort! there is no sleep for the work of a thought, which is not yet complete. He returned then to his labour, but this time with an energy which had in it

something of despair. And what a scene, or rather, what a drama, did he pourtray that night! What touching sympathy! what terror! and what love, were expressed by these sweet notes! Cries of grief came from his soul, but they were so sad, so tender, so terrible, that he himself felt the sob, to which he gave utterance. What rapture, what transport, and what depth in this passion! Pure and melancholy voices ascended from this abyss. You could hear the sounds of the condemned from this open pit. There were a thousand terrors clashing with a thousand hopes. I was bewildered by it, and cried out for mercy and help! But at last all ceased, all became calm, all died away, and sleep again took possession of me; or rather, my dream continued, and I dreamed of you, ye harps, spoken of in scripture, hung upon the willows of the Euphrates!

The next morning, when my host came to my room, to ask *if Monsieur wanted any thing*, my first word was, *Who is it then?* I was pale, bewildered, transported. I frightened the man. "Ah Monsieur," cried he, clasping his hands, "I see how it is, they have given you the room next to Meyerbeer!" And it was really he—it was Meyerbeer! It was the inspired author of *Robert le Diable*, the celebrated poet of the *Huguenots;* Meyerbeer, the king of modern art, the man who has made even Rossini draw back, the triumphant Meyerbeer! And do you know what music it was, that I had heard during the night? It was the already burning sketch, the first cries, the sudden griefs, the passions of that new drama, called *Le Prophète*, which no one has yet heard except myself, in my sleeping-room at the Hôtel des Princes.

Such was my initiation into the mysteries of Parisian art; it was a happy commencement.

CHAPTER VI.

MORNING.

When I awoke,—or, to speak more correctly, when I thought it was time to awake, for I had scarcely closed my eyes, to escape from the enchantment which surrounded me,—all Paris was stirring near my hotel. It was no longer the promenade of the evening before, so listless and so idle, under the trees of the boulevard; it was the quick and jostling motion of an immense city, which hastens to its business. There is no city in the world which passes more easily than Paris, from motion to repose, from business to pleasure; she is as ready to gain gold, as to spend it liberally. In Italy, when the *angelus* rings (the bell which announces the commencement of a particular prayer), every profane thought is immediately arrested. The young lover forgets to press the hand of his mistress, that he may make the sign of the cross; the next minute, every passion takes the upper hand, until the *angelus* rings again. The Frenchman of Paris is a kind of idolater, like the Italian of Naples or Rome; only, that which stops him in the midst of his perpetual motion, is not the *angelus*, it is pleasure. There are times in the day when the busiest Parisian necessarily reposes. For instance, at five o'clock in the evening, all the

labor of Paris, so active and so ardent in the day, ceases and stops suddenly, as if by enchantment; but to make amends for this, at seven in the morning, life, motion, eager speculation, the gambling of the bourse, intrigues round the ministers, intrigues in the saloon, the labour of thought, the labour of the body, the hurried races through the city, the life of the manœuvrer, and the life of the statesman,—all commence at the same time; suddenly the deserted streets are filled with a crowd of sellers and buyers; the Parisian silence is broken, by a thousand different pitiless cries.

At this hour, every thing is sold in the streets; the milk-woman arrives, drawn by her horse, and establishes herself under a porte-cochère,—there surrounded by her tin cans, as a sovereign king is surrounded by his guards, and defended by her faithful bull-dog, much better than the King of the French is defended by the police;—the milk-woman is enthroned, and reigns for two hours. This was my amusement every morning. How many times I have placed myself at the window, only for the purpose of seeing this youthful and solemn peasant, distributing here and there, right and left, with an avaricious hand, her *pure* milk mixed with fresh water! Round the milk-woman, crowd incessantly the chambermaids of the neighbouring houses;—these are, for the most part (I speak of those in the Rue de Richelieu), young and pretty girls, with fair skins, rosy cheeks, good figures, mischievous looks, and little feet. There is a whole future of three years of love, in all these young and pretty slaves of Parisian coquetry. They come, one after the other, or at the same time, for their daily supply of milk, holding in their hands, jugs, more or less aristocratic, by which the mistresses they serve, may easily be recognized; for the pretty girls themselves, all wear a similar costume, namely, flowing dresses, fine white stockings, fanciful neck-handkerchiefs, and round their small heads, Indian foulards, coquettishly and tastily arranged, turned, and twisted, so that nothing is

prettier or more graceful, than their little mischievous heads, enveloped in silk, variegated with a thousand colors. And what excitement in those little heads, and what beatings of heart under these transparent handkerchiefs, and how well those small white necks are set off by the black glossy hair! It is a charming female population, truly!

Some of them come, alert and joyous, carrying beautiful china jugs;—they scarcely condescend to look whether the measure is full; they hardly appear to recognize the haughty milk-woman. These are the aristocrats of the ante-room; they will soon themselves become great ladies, and have servants in their turn. Such changes of fortune are not rare in Paris. Beauty, youth, this *gentillesse*, as it is prettily called in French (and I know no English word that will express it), bring about these changes every day. She who was the servant, becomes the mistress of the mistress. Then she throws aside her Indian foulard for an Italian chapeau, her printed calico dress for a silk one, the blooming joy of her twenty years for a cold prudish look. All the waiting maids of Paris will become great ladies, naturally and without trouble, if you will only give them the opportunity!

After these noble waiting maids, come other servants not so high, but equally good-looking; these are in attendance upon the citizens. They have scarcely one foot in Parisian luxury. Until their ambitious views are realized, by admission into the establishment of some fine lady, they do as they can, and serve a whole household. The morning is, for these young persons, the hour of liberty; they tell the milk-woman their little vexations of the previous evening, their hopes for the day; with these ephemeral beings, the whole of life is summed up in these words, *last evening, this morning!* They never say *to-morrow*;—to-morrow is so far off!

Very soon arrives, in her turn, the useful servant,—that serious, melancholy being, whom the Parisian, by a singular

irony calls his *bonne.* The *bonne* is the tyrant of the house; she only, has a will of her own, and does just as she pleases. She beats the children, she scolds the husband, she is a spy upon Madame, she favours certain friends of the family, and shuts the door upon certain others. This cruel despotism is, nevertheless, tolerated by all the poor citizens, who do not know how to shake it off, without being obliged themselves to undertake the little details of household economy. As to being free men, I know nothing less free, strictly speaking, than the citizen of Paris. He obeys every body, except himself. He obeys his wife, who, up to thirty years of age, is a frivolous coquette, and when past thirty, is peevish and spiteful. He obeys his children, who are all little prodigies; he carries them in his arms while infants, and afterwards upon his shoulders. He obeys his *bonne,* and this is a perfect obedience; he only eats when his *bonne* makes him, he only drinks when his *bonne* allows him, he rises and goes to bed, at the command of his *bonne,* even the dog of his *bonne* he must take out to walk, and woe be to him, if he forgets to caress her cat. Poor man! And perhaps you think these are all his tyrants? Undeceive yourself. There is below, at the door of his house, a tyrant, a spy, a calumniator, always ready, always awake, always prejudiced against the citizen. This tyrant, this spy, this calumniator, is the portress, or the porter of the house; sometimes, it is both combined.

The portress leaves home after the *bonne,* and when the waiting woman has returned with her milk. The waiting maid is too young, and has too many pleasant and fine things to do, to sympathize much with the *bonne,* who is forty years old, and the portress, who is sixty. There are some virtues which it seems natural, and therefore easy, for youth to practise. Thus the young servant condescends to take very little part, in this dirty babbling, this underhand slander. Lisette or Julie is rather the friend of her mistress than her servant; she knows

her most concealed secrets, she is naturally initiated into the mysteries of this boudoir which she shares. It is she who dresses her mistress in the morning, who undresses her at night; she sees the tears in her eyes, she hears the sighs that issue from her heart, she notices her joyous smile, she is always on her mistress's side, that is, for the lover, and against the husband. These are the employments, the pleasures, and the business of Lisette. Young women understand each other, so easily and so well. They are so fond of any thing connected with love! Love equalizes ranks so quickly! How then could Lisette join with these two rapacious, discontented, jealous old women—the portress and the *bonne?* Lisette, when she has obtained her milk, slowly ascends the staircase, and goes to prepare her own breakfast, and that of her mistress, recalling meantime that Madame returned yesterday very late, and without her bouquet; that she had forgotten her right hand glove, and was so agitated, so happy. Lisette and her mistress breakfast, this morning, from the same bread, from the same supply of milk, and perhaps from the same cup. People at twenty years old eat so little!

Do you see that equivocal being, with inquiring looks, slanderous mouth, and twisted hair? That is the portress. The portress is naturally a malicious being. Every house in Paris has its portress nestled in a hole at the foot of the staircase; and from the bottom of this hole, this bloodshot and malevolent eye observes all who go in, and all who go out. These ears of king Midas listen to all that is said, and all that is not said; she questions, she expounds, even silence; and from the bottom of its hole, this poisonous serpent's tongue casts its venom, on the most irreproachable people in the house. The portress is calumny personified; she tears, with her black nails, every reputation that is entrusted to her. Listen! Hear her repeating, at the corner of the street, to the milkwoman, all the histories, true or false, of the house that is under her care. On the first

floor, the bailiff will pay a visit to-morrow; this mother beats her children; those children beat their mother; this gentleman quarrels with his wife; that wife steals her husband's clothes. Do you know why the people on the third floor have bought a pot of flowers? And that person on the fourth, who came home the other day, in a hackney coach with the blinds down? Every day, a flood of calumnies pours round the milkwoman, I will not say like her milk, but like the mud in the streets. The *bonne*, not to be outdone by the portress, improves upon the stories of the latter. The *bonne* knows fewer histories than the portress, but then she knows them better. She sees her victims nearer. She recounts then, how her master, the other day, pawned his plate; how her mistress borrowed a shawl or a veil, of one of her friends, to wear to the theatre. And these horrible Megæras descant principally, on the misery of their masters. It seems to be their greatest delight, to calculate the ruin of the man whose bread they eat, and under whose roof they dwell. Is it not sad and painful, to see such a debate carried on, every morning, round a can of milk? Milk, that innocent beverage, that drink of the Idyl, that poetical emblem of purity: milk, so often sung by Theocritus and Virgil; milk, which thus becomes in every corner of Paris, a sort of muddy stream, round which are collected all the ante-room falsehoods, and all the kitchen slanders of the neighbourhood!

And what will surprise you not a little, is, that in Paris, all the houses (I mean the richest, and handsomest, and best inhabited,) are subjected to this frightful despotism! Here is the hotel of a nobleman; the exterior is magnificent; gold and silk glisten in the drapery of the windows; the court is full of English horses and richly emblazoned carriages. Enter. Before seeing the master and mistress of this beautiful place, you are forced to come in contact with a dirty portress, who is washing her linen in a tub, her child, who is roasting meat at the corner of the fire, or her husband, who is making shoes in

the darkest corner of his den; all which proves, that nothing is perfect under the sun.

And when each house has thus received its supply of milk, the stove is lighted, the morning coffee is made, and it is not until the coffee has been sipped, that the Parisian day begins.

To speak the truth, this café au lait is sorry stuff, and very difficult of digestion. It is composed of a little hot water, resembling milk, a black roasted powder, pounded and pulverized at the grocer's, and beet-root sugar,—and is accompanied by a small piece of bread. Such is the current and daily breakfast of cits and citesses, servants and masters. A great politician has calculated, that the surest method of stopping a revolution, or suspending a Parisian tumult, would be to close the barrier against the milk-women. This passion for café au lait is so great, that under the empire, and during the continental war, the Parisian paid eighteen francs a pound for coffee, and as much for sugar, that he might not be deprived of his usual breakfast. At that time, he who was rich enough, still to have his coffee and sugar, breakfasted at his gate or window, from vanity. Many took their coffee without sugar, as the Arabians do. Even now, when coffee and sugar are very common commodities, you may see placarded in Paris, *chesnut coffee, beet root coffee,* and all sorts of coffee, in which there is every thing *but* coffee. This horrible decoction has the double advantage, of affording no sustenance to the man who drinks it, and giving to the affected women who take it, a livid and sickly paleness, which much resembles the jaundice. I hope these are details à la Trollope, sufficient to please you.

What amused me most, in this study of the little Parisian world, was, to see the milk-woman, at last, when all her milk was exhausted, put her cans again into her little cart, gather up the reins of her horse, whistle to her terrible bull dog, and set out at a hand trot, throwing, as she passed, an ironical glance of contempt, at those foolish houses, where the young servants

are as coquettish as their mistresses, and where the old servants are so many insatiable despots. Stupid houses! that take Seine water for pure milk, and that nourish at their gates, those venomous reptiles called porters.

I fancied I could hear the milk-woman, a robust and intelligent peasant, speaking thus to herself;—"Fools! I take from your city, two things, which you would never receive from us peasants;—I carry off your money and your secrets."

CHAPTER VII.

THE CAFÉ DE TORTONI.

It is granted, then, that the Parisian takes but little breakfast. He has too much to do, and then his business is too important. He is persuaded that a more substantial breakfast would take from him the free exercise of his ambition, his projects, his avarice, and his passions. If a Parisian wishes his head to be clear, his stomach must be clear also. The precautions of the *man machine* are not pushed farther than this. There is however, one place, in Paris, much frequented, where people breakfast in earnest, or at least appear to do so. It is the Café Tortoni.

The Café Tortoni is known throughout Europe. It is situated on the boulevard, almost at the angle of the Rue Lafitte, or as it ought to be called, the Rue Rothschild, that money-making street. There is no stranger, who, on some summer's evening, has not rested, in the brilliant and lighted shadow of the Café Tortoni. It is the general rendezvous of the fashionable world;—stop there you must, on leaving the opera. Even the ladies resort there, in their elegant dresses, in the beautiful clear evenings of summer. At Tortoni's, in the evening, ice assumes all sorts of names, and every kind of form. The richest equipages surround this living ice-house, with a triple enclosure of liveries and English horses. This is the Tortoni of

the evening; but the Tortoni of the morning presents quite a different appearance. Yesterday, in retiring, the Tortoni of the evening said in a low voice, *Business to-morrow:* to-day, the Tortoni of the morning does not even take time to say, *Pleasure this evening.* Indeed the Tortoni of the morning, is nothing more than the peristyle of the Bourse, that great temple, or rather that vast gulf, of public fortune. To this café, you see hastening every morning, all the elegant exchange brokers, all the novices in banking, all the *marrons* of any weight. These gentlemen arrive, dressed and gloved, as if they were going to a ball. The horse stops before the door of the café, the master descends from it, and his first visit is to the sideboard, where he himself chooses his breakfast; but in giving himself up to this important occupation, he looks, listens, bows; he has a wary as well as a hungry expression. He calls aloud for the waiter, Quick, quick! I have no time to wait. Poor man! he has so much to do to-day. Nevertheless he seats himself at a table, and is soon surrounded by others. They say good morning to each other, without meaning any harm. Then, by a certain tortuosity, which belongs only to the rhetoric of these gentlemen, they question each other. "What is there new? What is going on?" "Really nothing." "Madame Stoltz was in very good voice, the day before yesterday.—M. Berryer was excellent in the chamber.—The king has gone to inspect the fortifications.—M. le Duc d'Aumale was met in the Rue Blanche.—M. de Chateaubriand is ill.—M. de Rothschild has just obtained the grand cross of the *Legion d'Honneur.* Have you seen the new pamphlet called *les Boutons de Guêtres?* It is very severe.—The little baron C—— has run away; he has lost a hundred thousand crowns at the Bourse.—What do you say? a hundred thousand crowns? Three millions, my dear Sir. My father-in-law's cousin is in for eight hundred thousand francs.—You know the news about the great tragedian?—The English are most certainly beaten in

India.—There is nothing new, besides this, except that the minister of war blew his brains out yesterday evening. What! the minister of war? Perfectly true. He was accused of wearing the cross of a knight of the Legion d'Honneur without authority. What! had not the minister of war a croix d'honneur? It seems not.—Nonsense; I have seen him with the *grand cordon.*"

Thus talk our two newsmongers, only they forget to name, that it is the Belgian minister of war, of whom they are speaking. You, however, an innocent foreigner, who happen to hear the conversation of these honest men, think them very artless and simple, and you do not understand that trifling and important things are thus mingled: you are a new comer, my friend. All these men, who seem so young, so simple, and so good,—who so unaffectedly eat their chicken's wing, and drink reddened water, —are not so simple as they seem: they are all knowing ones, amongst the most knowing. At the present moment they look as innocent as you really are. Well! There is not one of these artless persons, who has not read every newspaper, of every side; who has not listened eagerly to the most opposite reports; not one who, during the night, has not given his attention to the one ambition, the one glory, the one thought of his life, —money. To gain money, to gain much of it, to gain it always, in order to spend it, with a carelessness which savors of delirium, this is the trade of these people. And what care does it require, to watch, at once, over themselves and others! What judgment is necessary, to understand, at the same time, the most difficult truths, and the most opposite falsehoods! What unwearied patience, in seeking and waiting for the turn of fortune; and what great courage in striking the decisive blow, when the moment to strike, has come! What an absorbing ambition is this ambition for money; and what must be the torture, of these Tantaluses of the Bourse, who see flowing before them, the stream of French riches, and who

incessantly stoop, to draw plentifully from this flood of gold, which recedes before their dazzled eyes, and with what supplicatory prayers, do they ask of chance, the drop of water which shall refresh their greedy throats! It is curious to study these men. Their part is played with so much ease;—they are such excellent actors;—they have studied so closely, the grace and movements of the cat watching the mouse! However, as I told you, every morning, they affect to come and breakfast gaily, and with perfect freedom of heart and mind.

At this hour of the day, these money-hunters are still civilized men: they have the manners of the world; they salute each other with grace and politeness, with the grace and politeness of two professed duellists, who will very soon try to kill each other.

To strangers, the sight of this assemblage of speculators, is one full of interest and curiosity; the more so, because by the side of the wealthy financiers, you will find the youngest outside jobbers; those who make their first attempts, those who go every day, gleaning obscurely in the five per cents, picking up something in the three per cents, negotiating treasury bills, or the shares of the Banqué de France, buying or reselling the city bonds, of which they secure the first premium; dabbling in Neapolitan, Spanish, and Portuguese funds by small and imperceptible fractions,—Ouvrards and Rothschilds in embryo.

Suddenly a particular hour strikes mournfully. That very instant, all breakfast is stopped, all conversation is interrupted; he who had just put the cup to his lips, returns it to the table half full; another rises, without finishing the speech he had commenced; each mounts his carriage, and the horses gallop off.

These intelligent steeds—bankers in harness—know well the hour for the Bourse; more than one English horse, has become broken winded, merely in going over the hundred paces, which separate the boulevard from the Bourse. Money goes so quickly!

But there is something which travels even faster than money, and that is ruin!

CHAPTER VIII.

BUSINESS HOURS.

Some other day, we will go to the Bourse, but since we are in this splendid café, let us rest here a little. Already the streets of Paris are less full, than they were but a moment back. The crowd was on its way to business, which having reached, let us wait till it returns. Paris is as regular as the sea; it has its ebb and flow, at certain times in the day. The café, a few minutes ago, so full of silent passions, is now nearly empty. Some deputies of the *tiers-parti* breakfast quietly, without any fear of arriving too late, at the chamber, for the session will be very tedious; M. Fulchiron is to speak in favour of French tragedy, and to protect Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire, against the innovators. In another corner, you see a musician of the Opera, who is waiting for the time of rehearsal, and who is constantly looking at his watch.

In the street you may notice moving under the walls, with a light step, several fine ladies about to return home; the hour of the Bourse is to them the hour of liberty, and they profit by it, though ashamed of being such early risers. Those tall, fair, young people have just arrived from England, they are paying their first visit to Paris, and are surprised to meet so few people.

Here are Germans, who travel as philosophers; Italian refugees, who have saved from Italian liberty, that noble wreck, nothing but a hundred thousand livres which they come to spend in Paris, far from Spielberg; here are wretched, proscribed Poles, whose ancient fortune has dwindled into a million or two, carried off, by a lucky chance, in their pockets. In a word, this street is the rendezvous of all the rich idlers, or, if you prefer it, of all the idlers. A short time since, money was the theme of conversation; now they talk of canes, whips, dogs, and the newest fashions. As for horses, the great subject of Parisian conversation, this is not the place to talk of them. There is a club in Paris established expressly for this exciting gossip. But do not trust the fine young men who talk incessantly of their stables. In the Parisian fashionable world, "my horse" is, generally, an imagination,—price, two francs the ride.

If you are a person of ever so little observation, you will remark, in one room at the café, a small frame, of a very unpretending appearance. Within this little frame, are enclosed the advertisements of the Parisian dandies, in writing. On these small pieces of paper, you will read an endless succession of such announcements, as the following—To sell, a cabriolet *almost new*.—To sell, a tilbury *which has been very little used*.—To sell, an English berlin.—To sell, a set of Brune's harness, *as good as new*.—To sell, two horses.—A horse.—A pretty little mare.—A fowling piece.—An Etruscan vase. In this little frame, ruined young men put up at auction, their luxury of the evening before, for the purpose of half paying their creditors of the morrow. I was in need of a horse and cabriolet, and soon found what I wanted, in the frame of which I speak. Monsieur, said the seller to me, with your permission, I will sell you the horse and cabriolet, and give you the servant besides.

Monsieur, said the servant, three months' wages are owing to me. I soon obtained cabriolet, horse, and servant for very little money; but the horse proved to be broken winded, the axle tree

of the cabriolet broke the second day, and the man paid himself with my watch, for the three months' wages his old master owed him.

When I complained to the man at the café—Monsieur, said he, you would have had them all much cheaper, if you had waited, till Shrove Tuesday or Ash Wednesday. At that time, an English horse of six years old, will not sell for more than a hundred crowns, and you get the cabriolet into the bargain.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CHATEAU DES TUILERIES.

Since the revolution of July, the Château des Tuileries has increased in importance. Formerly, it was simply the palace of the king. This palace was surrounded by soldiers, the yeomen of the guard, Helvetiâns, with swords much longer than they were sharp, soldiers much more singular than useful; the body guards, beautiful gilt coats of mail, proof against every thing, noble hearts, skilful men; the crowd of ladies, who restored as far as possible the ancient régime, if not with the ancient French wit and grace, at least with the same obsequious obedience;—such were the inhabitants and masters of this vast château. The king was the principal person, shut up within the gates of his own Louvre, he was the chief slave of this restored etiquette, he submitted without complaining, and as one of the conditions of his melancholy royalty, to the daily assaults of those priests and gentlemen who imposed themselves upon the legitimate king in their right of legitimate clergy and legitimate nobility. In fact, these three legitimacies were of equal value,—they were all three built on the same sand. The Château des Tuileries, protected by the body guards, attended by the gentlemen in

waiting, filled with priests and women, asthmatic old men, and blue ribbons, was a kind of paradox, thrown out by some unskilful rhetorician, in this constitutional country,—an innocent and harmless paradox, and attached to truths certainly incontestable, but now gone out of fashion; the old monarchy, the old creeds, the old nobility. But a people less sceptical and less new were necessary for all these respectable old things.

Now that royalty, that mysterious soul of the political world, has undergone the greatest and most bloody outrages, how can any king whatever dream for a moment of escaping this new law of European monarchy, which says to him every morning, Remember that you are a king, that is to say, subject to all the vicissitudes of other men. *Nihil humani alienum!* And is it to be imagined that the French, during the last thirty years, have sufficiently outraged their old idol, their old pride, their old passion, nay more, their imperishable passion, royalty? No! nothing has been able to satisfy that sudden fury, which has seized the nation for thirty years, and which incessantly urges it to attack every power, good or bad, usurped or lawful; it is enough that the king has power. These Frenchmen, who were the Frenchmen, or rather the mutes, of that despot Louis XIV., went one morning to Versailles, to look for the king and queen, the royal child and all the family, predestined to misfortune; and brought them, amidst the loud execrations of the market women, and the furious curses of the faubourgs, through all that could easily be found, of vice and blood, cruelty, corruption, cowardice, and infamy, to this same Château des Tuileries, astonished at such fury; and which, from that time, has been nothing more than the great hotel of kings.

I speak not of Charles X., the improvident gentleman, or of M. le Dauphin, the last born in this city of the Bourbons, the last echo of so many powerful voices, the last effort of so much energy, the last representative of so many heroes; of the

Duchess de Berri, in spite of her devotedness, loyalty, and courage; but I do ask how the dauphiness, who had been tried by misfortunes, greater than the most pitiless dramatic poets ever imagined, the dauphiness, that spoilt child of adversity, which did not spare her, one of its most severe or most unjust lessons, how could she seriously take possession of the palace des Tuileries? How could she, the stoical Christian, restored to these walls by a miracle, dare to think of taking up her abode in them? Had she, like Charles X., and like the dauphin, forgotten the dreadful history, written in characters of blood, upon the walls of the Tuileries? There is in the garden of the Tuileries, a walk, across which the people put a green riband, to testify that it was separated, for ever, from the royalty of France. This was a wall of brass; no fidelity dared to cross it; an imprudent young man who had put his foot beyond this terrible rubicon, took off his shoe before the people, and with his coat wiped off the royal dust! The wind of seventeen hundred and ninety-three, carried away this green ribbon, but the sad barrier, between the people of France and the children of St. Louis, has never been removed; if the dauphiness had placed herself at the window, she might still have seen, with her eagle eyes, that impassable barrier; but from what window of this palace, would the dauphiness have dared to look upon the people of Paris? At each of its windows, king Louis the XVI., summoned to appear, had been personally insulted! At each of its windows, the queen, that unfortunate Antoinette of Austria, called by the drunken voices of the furies of the guillotine, was forced to appear, night and day, and hold out, to this abominable people, her supplicating hands and her child! I can scarcely conceive, while I think of it, that this family of proscribed kings, should have dared to pass the threshold, of the château des Tuileries, so filled with disastrous remembrances. In this palace, is a door, through which Louis XVI. entered, as if he were a captive thrown into prison; in

this palace is a door, through which Louis XVI. passed, on his way to the prison of the Temple; in this palace, there is the bed of the queen of France, which, while yet warm, was profaned by bloody bayonets. — And yet this was the palace they would inhabit, this was the bed in which they thought to sleep. Madmen!

Very soon this king, turned out of the dishonored palace of the Tuileries, was led from the prison of the Temple, his last palace, to the scaffold, his last throne. This time, at least, death saved the king from insult—on this bloody throne, they cut off his head, but they did not crown it with the cap of liberty! The blow, although more honorable, was not less complete. The men, who were at first astonished at the *abundance of tears shed by the eyes of their kings*, finished by being astonished *at the small quantity of blood contained in their veins*. This murdered king, descended into the tomb, a few hours before his clergy and nobility, whose heads were severed, by the same knife. Some months later, the queen herself,—yes, the queen, that noble wife, that sublime but unhappy mother,—laid down her head for the executioner: that head turned grey, alas! by grief, in four-and-twenty hours. Seven months afterwards, Madame Elizabeth, that excellent and pious young woman, ascended with a light foot the slippery steps of that sad altar, upon which, she was about to receive the crown of the martyr. Suddenly, the people, who were already inattentive to the royal blood, which was about to flow, (they had seen so much royal blood!) were struck with the bosom of this young woman, whose handkerchief had just fallen. But Elizabeth, rousing at last from the calm resignation, which characterized her, and seeing her bosom bare before this people, to whom she owed only her head, entreated the executioner to cover her. (Her hands were tied.) And the executioner, more humane than his assistants, the people of seventeen hundred and ninety-three, covered that

beautiful bosom, so agitated by modesty, which the fear of death had not disturbed. Does not this recall to you the touching lines of the French poet?—

> Elle tombe, et tombant, range ses vêtements,
> Dernier trait de pudeur, à ses derniers moments.

Meantime, the young dauphin, a child of seven years old, incapable of injuring any one, suffered the most cruel treatment, from the cobbler Simon, which finally ended in his death, fourteen months after that of Madame Elizabeth. And this is what the château des Tuileries did, with its last inhabitants!

Woe to the dignity withered from its root, by popular insult! Woe to the palaces of kings, destroyed even from their foundations! What is struck by a thunder-bolt may often be repaired. The spires of cathedrals have been broken off by lightning, but they have been restored to their places, by skilful workmen. Where is the workman, powerful enough to restore one of the four pieces of gilt wood, and change the piece of velvet, of which a throne is composed? Neither the palace of the Tuileries, nor that of Versailles, has ever recovered from so many regicides. When, by means of bloody liberty, by means of victories without, and defeats within, France had fallen under the despised and licentious yoke of the Directory,—the effeminate Barras and his worthy colleagues, those three men who possessed every kind of audacity, even the audacity of fear, dared not inhabit the château des Tuileries. Its solitude frightened them; the history written upon its walls made them turn pale, and tremble from the depth of their souls; they fancied there must be, at midnight—the hour for spectres—in these royal dwellings, royal shadows, beheaded ghosts, who

carried their crowns upon their necks, for want of heads; a royal widow, with long white hair, who returned from the dead, dressed in the short gown, which an actress was charitable enough to lend her, and the black robe which she had mended with her own hands, before marching to the scaffold. Barras was afraid—that ambitious profligate, who succeeded for an hour, because he found himself on a level with the vice of his time—even he, dared not take possession of the queen's bed; he was afraid that he should scarcely fall asleep, before the great king Louis XIV., impelled by the pride of his race, would cause the silent pavement to ring with his red heel, and would himself draw the curtains of the bed, and ask this wretched being, lying there in the midst of the Tuileries, and upon the fleurs-de-lis of France, what was his name of Bourbon, and what place his reign occupied, amongst so many reigns. The Directory left the Tuileries deserted; its life of every day—its nights of revelling—the intermission from its slavery—the combinations of this Venetian policy, Venetian from its vice and its horror—its alarms caused both by its victories and defeats;—the Directory concealed all these in the palace of the Luxembourg; that palace built in the Italian style, by the Italian Médicis.

A most interesting history might be written, of the château des Tuileries. In this city of Paris, which certainly is not credulous, more than one of the people will gravely assure you, that the palace of the Tuileries is inhabited by an evil genius, the little red man, who shows himself at certain fatal epochs. He was seen in 1814,—he was seen in 1830,—he was seen walking round the flag, the day the duke of Orleans died. Thus the château des Tuileries has now its legend; the people are afraid of it, they who usually fear nothing, and every new comer into power, feels the same dread.

It was only Napoleon Buonaparte, when he had played with fire and sword, who, (with the glory and the innocence of a

life, which had belonged neither to the past royalty, nor to the past republicanism of France, which were nevertheless the first foundations of his power)—dared, like a king, to take possession of the château of the Tuileries. This improvident great man, having reached the height of human power, fancied he had also attained the summit of royal power. He thought, that if there were breaches in the palace of the Tuileries, it was easy to fill them up with stone; that if there was blood upon the walls, they had only to purify them with quick-lime; that if its gates had been forced, they must be surrounded with cannon; and that for body guards and yeomen, he had Aboukir, Jena, Wagram, Austerlitz! He fancied that the history of France commenced with him, the emperor! that the royalty of France began with him, the emperor! that he had only to retake his crown from the treasury, his ampulla at Rheims, his oriflamme at St. Denis; and, if he had had time, he would have commenced an action against the ancient race of St. Louis, for having occupied his Tuileries, and for having usurped his throne so long. So strong was his belief in his own good fortune.

Who knows?—there is such an imperceptible influence in the places which men inhabit. But a few minutes back, you were gay and joyous; but suddenly your guide stops you on the ruins of some destroyed city, *campos ubi Troja fuit*, and at once your smile is arrested, and you have become quite pensive. I doubt whether Voltaire himself,—if he had, on a lovely summer's evening, entered a holy cathedral, half lighted by the sun's last rays, and if he had found himself alone in the shadow of the painted windows, amid the last perfume of the incense, and the last sighs of the organ,—would not have thrown himself upon his knees, like a devoted Catholic, at the feet of that Saviour, whom he had so often blasphemed! Thus perhaps the château of the Tuileries had its inevitable influence, upon the young first consul of a republic, already worm-eaten,

although it had existed but ten years. From the height of those solemn arches, descended upon Buonaparte, the constant remembrance of the absolute power which had raised these walls; the echo of the vast saloons incessantly repeated peremptory orders; and besides, this palace had been built by subjects for their master: thus the first consul, soon found himself in a position to be emperor. He occupied the Tuileries, then he was its master; he was seated on the throne, then he ought to reign; he sent therefore for the pope, to crown him emperor and king, as he afterwards sent for an archduchess of Austria, to make him an imperial dauphin. Would he ever have dared to say to the Emperor of Austria, "*Send me your daughter,*" if he had not inhabited the palace of the Tuileries—if he could not have scanned with a glance, this vast assemblage of domes, palaces, and gardens, if he had not said to himself, "This is surely a worthy kingdom, for an empress, for a daughter of the Cæsars."

But the emperor Napoleon did not feel himself sufficiently a king, to remain shut up within these noble walls. Scarcely did he give himself time, to people the Tuileries with chamberlains, guards, masters of the ceremonies, purveyors, pages, maids of honour, gentlemen, princes, dukes, barons,—in a word, scarcely had he peopled this palace of kings, according to the ancient royal etiquette, with all the useless, embroidered, and powdered frivolities, which compose what is called a court, before he left the palace to return to the camp, and abandoned his courtiers to rejoin his soldiers; royalty for victory! He thus escaped from this threatening dwelling, this sinister influence, this usurped palace; *the only thing he had usurped,* for he had conquered glory, victory, and power. So he fell for what he *usurped,* not for what he *conquered.*

When the Bourbons—recalled by the lassitude of France, by the arms of Europe, and by M. de Chateaubriand—returned at

last to the Tuileries, they could hardly believe their own happiness. They thought of none of the misfortunes of which these ceilings had been the indifferent witnesses; their first care was, to efface from the walls, the imperial eagles which unfolded their weary wings upon them, and which held in their enervated talons the leaf of withered laurel. The whole palace was assiduously scraped, as if an infectious person had just quitted it. Alas! it was something more melancholy than a man who had died of the plague; it was the greatest power of his age, who had been overturned. When the palace of Louis XVIII. had been newly painted stone colour, and his bed had been refitted, he took possession of his throne, and stretched himself upon his bed, feeling much more at his ease than he had ever been in his English kingdom of Hartwell. Louis XVIII., who was nevertheless said to be a man of sense, was so persuaded of the imperishable eternity of his legitimate rights, this new principle as old as all revolutions, which he brought back to light, that it never for a single instant occurred to him, that he was simply living in a prohibited house, an inn badly kept and badly guarded, always open to every wind of adversity. Worse still, he smiled complacently at the departure of the allied armies, his protectors; and instead of entreating the last Cossack to remain, he saw him set off with that Voltairian laugh which never quitted him. This king did not understand that, without Cossacks, his royalty was too old and his charter too young, to defend him. The consequence of this false security was, that a courier from the frontiers, knocked suddenly, one night, at the gate of the Tuileries. His knock was that of a man, who brought bad news;—he was told that the king slept, but his answer was, that he must immediately be awakened, for there had been seen on the road, a little man in a small hat, dressed in grey, with his hands crossed behind him, who arrived on foot and alone, with his sword in its scabbard, again to take the constitutional throne of France,

from its legitimate kings. Thus said the courier, and he would take no reward for the intelligence; he chose it should be an act of charity, to the house of Bourbon.

Louis XVIII. was obliged to quit this furnished house, as speedily as if it had been on fire. He did not even stop, to have the sheets taken from his bed, or to secure his prescriptions from his room. On the other hand, the emperor arrived so quickly, that he found the room in disorder, the physic scattered, and chicken bones half picked, under the bed. This last incident, I was told by a person, who entered the emperor's bed-room just as he was surveying it. "Look," said he; "as if it were not enough to make a kitchen of my bed-room, they have made a dog kennel of it."

How many nights, did the emperor Napoleon pass in the palace, of which he had thus regained possession? and how many hours of sleep, did he enjoy there? What exclamations of despair were heard by these walls? What groans repeated the echo? What did this great fallen emperor do, the night that he vainly sought in the skies, the eclipsed light of his star? He would have given the rest of his hundred days, for one hour's sleep. Yet Louis XVIII. had slept upon this volcano of the Tuileries, for it is a privilege, belonging to the divine right of kings, that they can sleep upon the divinity of their power;—it is the bolster upon which royal heads repose. But the emperor Napoleon, king by force of arms, made emperor by victory, upon what could he sleep, now that he had neither power nor victory, to protect his slumbers? Kings by divine right, even when they do not believe in God, believe in themselves. In themselves their divinity resides;—an infallible divinity. This is why, king Louis XVIII. slept on the eve of the hundred days; this is why, Charles X. played whist on the last of the three days. But the emperor, as long as he was a conqueror, believed in his royalty. He knew that his royalty, which had begun with him alone, would, in the same

way, end with him. He hoped nothing, either from the past, or the future; he had been simply the king of the present. He felt himself abandoned by the kings, his brothers; and the people, his children;—the kings who were afraid of him, and the people who no longer feared him. He had, at this fatal moment of his power, the knowledge of a dying man, (if it is true, that such have a clearer perception than others,) and now, having reached his best hour, he understood perfectly, that since glorious royalty was proscribed, the end of all royalty, and the time for liberty, had come; and that, if he, the emperor, had formerly been strong enough, to stop the progress of liberty, liberty was now too strong, not to carry away the emperor. Seeing this, he bent to the necessity he could not avoid, and resigned himself to it; only he laughed with pity, to think of this mouldering royalty of the house of Bourbon, which was about to oppose the emperor, without suspecting that it was, in reality, opposing liberty.

Once more, then, and for the last time, the emperor quitted the château of the Tuileries. What would he not then have given, never to have entered this fatal palace? The abyss of Waterloo was waiting for him, and he threw himself headlong into it, with his army, for which he had no longer any occasion, and which was no longer in need of him. There had been a truce in the wars of the world, a necessary truce; for the world was weary, and could bear it no longer. War needs blood and gold, and in 1815, there was not in all Europe, another drop of blood, or another ounce of gold, to be lavished in battle. We must therefore introduce here, a delightful blank page of ten years, during which France paid her debts, and healed her wounds. But ten years later, France, happy, repeopled, rich, and idle, suddenly discovered that she had been conquered at Waterloo, and that the emperor had just died at St. Helena. Then arose outcries, complaints, songs, regrets, reproaches, furious orations; liberty carried them back to the emperor.

Another melancholy thing was the departure of that Austrian lady who left the Tuileries; driven out and compelled to fly, as Marie Antoinette, her cousin, had quitted it: a condemned prisoner. The empress Marie Louise,—that woman, who, just the opposite of Marie Antoinette, was never on a level with her greatness, any more than she was with her misfortunes, fled from the throne, pursued by the very soldiers of her father. With her fled also, that child, half Buonaparte, who was born king of the French-Rome, and died an Austrian prince. This flight was melancholy and miserable. The princess was but little affected, except about the treasure which the Austrian soldiers wished to take from her. This treasure was some money, which she had saved from shipwreck, as if money were something royal.

To compare one flight with another, I prefer that of the king, Charles X. This noble king, this benevolent, courageous, resigned, good, man, this knight-king, was overthrown by a clap of thunder, which had been muttering over his head since 1820. Then, like a man always self-possessed, awoke with a start, Charles X. repeated his prayers, rose and said, as Louis XVI. had done, "Let us go!" and he set out, thus resigned. He felt sure that his household would follow him; and without shedding a tear, without heaving a sigh, he gained the coast of Cherbourg, where the sea awaited him;—that sea, crossed so many times, with such different retinues, and for such different reasons. He had so little money, that he, the king, had to borrow some of his majesty M. Odillon Barrot; and really it was time, that M. Barrot opened the purse of the nation, for the duke of Bordeaux had played so long, in the garden des Tuileries, before setting out, that he had no shoes to his feet.

However, in 1830, the people, who had not entered the Tuileries since 1792, were determined to have their revenge. They threw themselves, with all the weight of their anger and contempt, within these walls which they had so long respected. They broke every thing they met with, in their passage; they

drank, to intoxication, of the wine in the cellar, they ate the royal sweetmeats, they threw themselves on the royal eider-down, they took their seats upon the throne, they yelled out their songs, they did not even respect the dauphiness's room, that type of misfortune and Christian austerity. Then, when there was neither a bottle left to empty, nor a piece of furniture to break, nor a place to profane, some person, a man of sense, —who are always to be met apropos, when revolutions are finished ;—a clever fellow, who wished to get rid of these upstart heroes of three days, came and told the people, that the soldiers of Charles X. were waiting for them, at Rambouillet. At this news the people took up their arms again, and ran to Rambouillet, hoping to fight. There they found, nothing but guns thrown on the ground, empty bottles, a devastated palace. "It was not worth while to make us leave our Tuileries," said the people, and immediately the carriages of the king, were prepared, and they returned to Paris, as quickly as horses could bring them,—the horses of Charles X.

But during this interval, some dexterous person, one of those men, who guess beforehand, the monarchies which are about to rise, had already, on his own authority, closed the château of the Tuileries. Then the people, who were gaily returning to it, were told, that each must go back to his wife, and that the revolution of July would not answer, for the consequences of three nights passed away from home. So our conquerors threw down their arms, left their carriages, and set out in great haste for their dwellings, terribly afraid of being scolded by their wives, and called *lazy bones!*

Immediately an invisible hand possessed itself, of the guns of the conquerors of July, never to return them. The horses were taken back to their stables, the carriages into the coach-house, and the château des Tuileries was closed, as they say on the play bills, *on account of repairs, and in order that the new piece may be repeated.*

Thus, by degrees, this great shelter of so many scenes, and so many hastily fomented revolutions, re-assumed a royal appearance. After some little hesitation, and many pressing entreaties from M. Casimir Périer, his new majesty the king of the three days, consented to live, in the château des Tuileries. It is said, that he did not leave his Palais Royal, where he had re-made his fortune, without many regrets, and long adieux. Once in this dwelling of absolute power, Louis Philippe soon made of it, a liberal and hospitable house, betokening its double source, its royal and its popular origin.

Again the Tuileries are restored. After having studied this history well, and after having just read it, in the remembrances of the revolution of July, judge of my astonishment, when I saw every thing in its place, the soldier equipped, the trooper on horseback, the Carrousel all under arms; and, yet more, what is this long retinue of carriages which advance slowly? It is the royal livery; these are the coronation horses, when the present king was the duke of Orleans; it is the master of the ceremonies, who has been sent for, and now brings back, the ambassador from the Sublime Porte, his excellency Réchid Pacha,—Réchid, that Parisian of Constantinople, the graceful poet, whose soft elegies form the joy and the pride of the Bosphorus of Thrace, a statesman of calm foresight and fearless wisdom, English in his character, French in his language, his urbanity, and his politeness, and exceedingly popular in this France, where wit, grace, and poetry are sure to give you the right of citizenship. The literary men and the artists know his name, the beauties salute him, when he makes his appearance, the king has made him a great officer of the Legion d'Honneur, and the people see him pass in his beautiful carriage, at which they look with an admiring and somewhat sorrowful air, because they remember, that for three days, they themselves rode in equally splendid equipages.

CHAPTER X.

THE LOUVRE.

Let us leave the palace, and go into the garden of the Tuileries; let us turn from business to pleasure, from troubles without end, to harmless joys, from the new royalty of France to the royal infancy of France, which is blooming below, under those beautiful trees. The general prospect, from the château of the Tuileries is, if not important, at least magnificent. In order to have a good view of it, you must come through the Place St. Germain l'Auxerrois. After a sad salute, to the old church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois,—formerly the parish church of the kings, then laid waste and profaned, one day during the carnival, by men dressed as clowns and harlequins, at last restored and saved for some time, if future revolutions permit,—you see before you the colonnade of the Louvre, that chef d'œuvre which would be reckoned in the list of wonders, if, in the nineteenth century, any thing, or any person, could be considered a wonder. That front is so delicate, and yet at the same time so majestic; it unites in so eminent a degree, the two greatest beauties of architecture,—strength and grace,—that one is never weary of admiring it. But here is a sample of French improvidence! All this magnificence, in which breathes the great âge, is, at this

moment, and will be, for three centuries at least, surrounded by an inglorious wooden paling, fit for nothing better, than to protect a bed of cabbages. The whole palace is thus enclosed. You would say that the pearl of Cleopatra was preserved in the dunghill of the stables. Far from having planted magnificent trees, round these superb walls, as their great architect, Perrault intended, a thousand parasitical plants have been allowed insolently to grow, in this splendid shade. Instead of the fine fresh turf, which would have formed such a delightful border, to these carved stones, you have horrible thistles raising their menacing heads, against this delicate chasing. It is dreadful, to see such wealth and such negligence united. The thistle, the appropriate plant for ruins, which, from the depth of its nothingness, threatens this unfinished palace,—these noble walls, which nothing shelters, which have not even the shelter of a lime-tree, to refresh their heights, warmed by the sun, or a carpet of moss, on which to repose their weary feet! Four or five generations of kings, or republics, or empires, or charters, have passed under these arches, without thinking of planting a tree, sowing a little turf, or removing these barriers of painted wood. The revolution of July, embarrassed with its three days' corpses, dared to dig an immense ditch at the foot of this colonnade of the Louvre. Into this ditch, were thrown several cart-loads of dead. They were all promiscuously hurled into the same earth, and shared the same glory. The cannon of the Place de Grève still thundered; the tricolored flag had scarcely been set up, before this people, burnt by powder and sun, sought a priest at the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, to pray over this half-opened tomb. The priest arrived, dressed in his sacerdotal robes, and blessed those, who had just died for expelling from his rightful throne, the king Charles X. and his family. The tomb was closed, amidst tears and cries of joy; tears of grief, cries of victory. It was surrounded by black planks, on the top of which floated a tricolored flag. A stray dog, that

happened to be there, was tied to this funeral column, which was guarded by a sentinel, and an illustrious poet composed a song, upon the dog of the Louvre. Some days later, this tomb of the heroes of July, was enclosed within the wooden paling, which surrounds the Louvre. The sentinel, who guarded the tomb, had been relieved, without being replaced; the shaggy dog had been restored to liberty, and had gone to seek a new master; so that, of this ovation, at once heroic, religious, and poetical, there remained absolutely nothing, not even the song of the poet.

It must be owned, however, that the dead interred here, have only had to wait ten years, for the great day of a tomb and a recompense. A column has been raised to their memory, at the end of the boulevards, on the site of the Bastille. It is true that it bears no resemblance to the column in the Place Vendôme, that triumphant bronze, animated from top to bottom, by the most skilful sculptors; but at least it is better to be buried with honor in this place, than to be thrown into a corner of the Louvre, where you are scarcely remembered once a year.

When you have thus glanced upon these sad remains of an unfinished palace, upon this unlucky paling of pitiful boards, which spoils the effect of the Louvre, and makes all who pass, melancholy, you enter the court, by a large gate, which seems made for giants; and here, alas! is more desolation. This court of the Louvre, if you consider only its details, is perhaps the richest and most beautiful thing which Paris contains. It is decorated, from top to bottom, by those fairy hands, which the Italian sixteenth century sent to France, as the choicest gift they could make her. Jean Goujon shines and sparkles, in every part of these noble walls. Caryatides, bas-reliefs, festoons, statues, colonnades! you can scarcely believe your eyes. Fancy a whole poem spreading itself out before you; not one of those primitive poems, which are worth but little, except for a certain wild naïveté, a genius

without eloquence, passion without restraint, and enthusiasm without limit, and without discretion. We are speaking now, of one of those beautiful works, where art and taste meet and agree perfectly, where invention is controlled by order, and enthusiasm bows to reason. Rich and studied elegance; such is the court of the Louvre. But, alas! you must only glance, at all these chefs-d'œuvre; for if you approach nearer, what disorder! what destitution! There is nothing before you, but a ruin, and the most afflicting of all ruins, that of a monument, which has never been finished; the death of a palace, which has never lived; noble stones, which men have not inhabited; a great age, without remembrance; an echo, which has nothing to repeat to you; staircases, that no human foot has trod; a desert, that has been built; a silence, which had no beginning; the frightful void, in which you seek motion, noise, fêtes, glory, art, authority, misfortune, revolution, defeat, all that composes that nameless thing, which people call power!

Singular fancy of the French! to undertake every thing, and finish nothing; all fire at first, all ice afterwards. He who says to the French, *The Louvre*, says as much, nay, more than if he said to Mehemet Ali, *The Pyramids!* Well, in all this crowd of idlers or of busy-bodies, who pass and repass, who go and come, incessantly, under the wickets of the Louvre, there is not a man, who once thinks what a pity it is, how dishonorable it is to France, that the Louvre should thus be left unfinished; that if this wonder, so well commenced, were at last completed, Paris could justly boast, of possessing the most magnificent monument in the world. Fancy four palaces one against another, a whole city thrown open, decorated and chiselled, and brilliant, every art, every chef d'œuvre, every thing of renown, all glory, and all power, assembled within these walls. The Louvre, if it were united to the Tuileries, would form, without contradiction, the rarest, the most astonishing, and the most magnificent, collection, of the greatest and most

beautiful things in the world. What do I say—the Louvre united to the Tuileries? That is not the point in question. It is only proposed to finish the court of the Louvre; to clear it from the stones which obstruct it, to fill up the excavations which make of it, a puddle in winter, and a gravel-pit in summer. Finish the Louvre! We only ask, that its beautiful columns may be cleared from the plaster which covers them; we ask that panes of glass may be put into the windows of the palace; for, if you can believe it, the casements of this noble unfinished house have no glass in them; rain and wind enter, and whistle through this dwelling, as if it was an abandoned castle in the Alps. In the lowest windows of the Louvre, I observed that the large squares of glass had been replaced by four small ones, which cost less money—the economy of a grocer in his back shop; and thus this beautiful palace is given up to cold, heat, wind, mud, and dust; no one lives in it, no one repairs it; no one takes any interest in preserving the falling ceilings, the precious woods which are decaying, the rusty grates, and the slates which the wind carries away. The Republic, which made little pretensions to Atticism, placed in the Louvre a few artists and poets, whose wives took care to sweep down the cobwebs; the Restoration has turned out these poets and artists, and put no one in their place. At the present moment they talk of putting the royal library into the Louvre;—this would be rather a noisy place for study;—but at last the Louvre would be inhabited; if not by princes—but where are the princes?—whom do you call princes now?—at least by the princes of thought, by the kings of speech, by the gods of poetry and history;—Homer, Virgil, Milton, Shakespeare, Plato, Descartes, Demosthenes, Mirabeau, Clarendon,—the only kings who have not been dethroned, the only gods whose altars have not been broken.

From this first court of the Louvre, you pass into another large court, in a similar state of devastation. On the left, you

Eugene Lami. Charles Bellé.

A Soirée at the Duke of Orleans's

have the Museum of France, a noble museum; but to see it properly, we need a brighter than a winter's sun. Formerly, between the Louvre and the Tuileries, there was a space crowded with houses, hotels, and streets; — the emperor Napoleon, who had a mind capable of appreciating every kind of greatness, decided, that whilst he reigned, the Tuileries and the Louvre should form but one palace, filled with the same imperial and royal grandeur. Consequently, the emperor bought all the houses which stood in his way, but he had not time to have them pulled down; glory and Waterloo prevented. The Restoration, which was afraid of all Napoleon's schemes, thought itself too happy to inhabit the Louvre, such as it was; it quietly placed itself there, concealing itself as much as possible, lest revolutions should come and find it out: it would have been terrified, if any one had proposed to it to finish the Louvre, and to join the château des Tuileries to this sojourn of artists, by that route, through which the people passed every day. Louis Philippe, who is above all these pitiful fears, would like nothing better, than to undertake this illustrious task, provided he was worthily seconded; and assuredly the Louvre would be finished by this king, the protector of falling palaces, if only he had the old civil list of the Restoration at his service.

However, the present king indemnified himself for this restraint, by having the space cleared in front of the Tuileries. He pulled down the worst houses, whilst waiting till he could bring the Louvre to them, as they say the sea is, some day, to reach Paris. Every day the distance which the Louvre must pass, to shake hands with the Tuileries, lessens and becomes smoother. Come then with me among these ruins,—ruins amusing enough to see. First, we pass under a pretty little triumphal arch, badly placed at the gate of the palais des Tuileries; built according to the taste of the emperor Napoleon, and M. Fontaine, his architect. They erected it for the pur-

pose of placing on it, the horses taken from Venice, noble steeds which Venice herself had stolen from Constantinople. After the invasion, Venice retook them, and, instead of the horses of the emperor Constantine, Louis XVIII. had four race-horses put there, which are out of breath, pursuing, I know not what, phantom of glory and liberty. We are now in the court. The old palace looks at us through all its windows, or rather, all its windows are open, and we can see what passes within. Indeed you would say, that the king of the French lived in a palace of glass. You pass on under the vestibule. In the place of that narrow, mean staircase which leads to the guard room, there was formerly a truly royal staircase, which served admirably for all the pomp and etiquette of former times. Louis Philippe has banished the staircase, which he did not need, that he might build in its place, an entrance room, which was much wanted. This king is a man who prefers the ease of himself, and his family, to every thing else. In his opinion, the accommodation of the citizen comes first, and royal exhibitions afterwards. He is not displeased at being surrounded by a little etiquette, provided this etiquette does not interfere with the liberty of his movements. I do not know,—or rather, I do know well,—how he would reply, if his architect came and said to him: "Sire, you must give up a throne room, or a dining room." So much the worse, for the throne room; but, nevertheless, there is no citizen who loves comfort, who would not be frightened, to think of all the money, that Louis Philippe has spent, in building dining-rooms, kitchens, and passages. Fifteen hundred thousand francs, for the kitchens of the château de Fontainebleau, where he gives dinners twice a year; a million, for the kitchens of the château d'Eu, where he hardly dines once in two years.

Thus when compelled by Casimir Périer, who, in regard to kings, was said to recognize only the king living at the Tuileries, Louis Philippe established himself there, his first care was, to have this royal dwelling, which in many parts was exceedingly

dirty, thoroughly cleaned. They repaired the planks which had split open, changed the carpets which had not been beaten for fifteen years, threw on a level, rooms which had been connected by wooden staircases, and admitted light and air into those corridors which had neither. One room was yet wanted, facing the garden; Louis Philippe boldly ordered a large one to be built upon the very façade, so that the old front was destroyed by it; but this front was the masterpiece of Philibert Delorme. Imagine the outcry of the Parisian! To touch *his* château des Tuileries! To spoil at pleasure the façade of his Philibert Delorme! To replace these two delightful balconies, with heavy masonry! There was such an uproar throughout Paris, you could scarcely hear your own voice. Louis Philippe replied to all these clamours, by making for his own special use, a little garden, surrounded by a deep ditch with a grassy embankment. He maintained that it was not right, that he, the monarch, living in the Tuileries, should be the only person who could not walk in his garden, and that he ought at least to have his share of it. Then the outcries recommenced! The Parisian was furious! Not only to take away his palace, but still more, *his* garden. And not contented with taking his garden, they must dig a ditch round it. The king was planting trees for himself only! flowers for himself only! erecting statues for himself only! They could no longer go close under the windows, to see the court pass on its way to mass! And then the greatest crime of all, was, that they must go six steps further to reach the Pont Royal! The complaints were loud and fierce. Paris was on the point of a revolution.

The king replied to the complaints of Paris, by refusing admission into the garden of the Tuileries, to every man in a waistcoat or a helmet, and to every woman whose head was uncovered, or who wore only a cap. Thus was re-established the watchword of the ex-king Charles X.

The people lost that day, the last of the rights which they

had obtained from the monarchy, in the three days of the revolution of July;—their right to enter the garden of the Tuileries, in a waistcoat and without a bonnet!*

When once the king had proved, that he was determined to make use of the Tuileries as he pleased, the complaints ceased. The Parisian who was so tenacious of his garden, gave up the point, lest the king should insist upon having a larger share. When the winter came, Louis Philippe gave balls to all Paris, in the room which he had built upon the façade of the Tuileries, and Paris then discovered, that he had been quite right in usurping this magnificent ball-room. Spring appeared, the trees blossomed, the flowers in the king's private garden burst forth, the formidable ditches were clothed with new verdure, and Paris found out, that the king was quite right in having this pretty little garden, which every body could see, and which its proprietor never entered. The fashionable ladies and gentlemen were very well pleased, that they should not now mingle in the same walks with Abigails and workmen; people no longer talked of Vandalism, or rebelled against M. Fontaine in favour of Philibert Delorme, but every one was satisfied.

How many Parisian tumults, the king, single-handed and without striking a blow, might have brought to a favourable conclusion, if the police had only allowed him to act!

* This prohibition is not now enforced, but no person carrying a parcel, is allowed to enter the garden of the Tuileries.—E. T.

CHAPTER XI.

THE GARDEN OF THE TUILERIES.

THE garden of the Tuileries is the most delightful place in the world. How often I have said to myself, as I walked there,—that never, in all my travels, had I witnessed a more beautiful assemblage, under finer trees, surrounded by richer edifices, or in a more superb city. Whoever you are, stranger, who have just arrived in Paris,—without waiting to take your letters of introduction from your portfolio,—go into the garden of the Tuileries, and you will immediately find yourself, in the centre of the largest and richest saloon in the world. A gravel brilliant as gold, carpets these long alleys, which form a promenade throughout the year, for the most beautiful women in the city; in the summer, because the garden abounds with shade and flowers; in the winter, because it is one of the places where the sun shows itself,—pale and watery, it is true, but still it is the sun. In this sweet spot, at each season of the year, all ages of life have their favourite walks, where you are sure to meet them every day, at the same hour. A long terrace, bordered with young trees, runs parallel with the Rue de Rivoli. This terrace is the daily resort of the sun and the old men. The sun, banished from the garden by the large trees, or by the winter,

takes possession of this terrace, which is still left to him: the old men, banished far from the large trees, by the cold, come to this terrace, to enjoy the sun and the noisy street. At two o'clock, the street is a gay and animated scene. All the rich carriages of Paris stop, and put down,—not their masters, they are still at business;—but their elegant mistresses, in that careless half dress, for which the Parisian lady is so celebrated. On this terrace, the old man walks slowly with his friend the sun; amusing himself, at the same time, by looking at these young women, who glide before him, without deigning to bestow a glance upon him. A young girl dreads equally, the sun and old age; the sun, because of the blemishes he produces, the old man, because of his smile; she therefore flies, not under the shade of the limes, for Galathea chooses to be seen, but to the long alley where all the young men pass and repass; this is called, the great walk; it is the only part of this large and magnificent garden, which the young men and women will consent to visit. The ladies, carelessly seated upon straw chairs, talk about fashions and plays; they tell each other what is the newest material;—what novel has made them weep,—what play at the Gymnase, they must witness this evening. The Parisian lady has at least, two kinds of conversation; gossiping in the open air, and the rambling sarcastic eloquence of the saloon. In the garden of the Tuileries for instance, or at the theatre, they say nothing but what all the world may hear. No slanders, no jokes, nothing bitter; it is a harmless discourse, in which no one is concerned, and in which all may join. This is the effect of a tact wholly Parisian. But the most beautiful women in Paris, repair daily to this great walk in the Tuileries. They are constantly met, and saluted, en passant, by some gentleman of their acquaintance, but only for an instant, and this salutation is considered a visit. You would find it difficult to recognize these ladies,—so simple, artless, and gracious are they in the Tuileries. At home, the Parisian is full of grace, but

withal rather serious; when visiting at the house of a friend, she is cautious and demure; it is only in the great walk of the Tuileries, that she is unreserved and artless. For this, she retains her most simple attire; her object in going there, is not only to be seen, but also to see; not to be admired, but to please; it is her hour of freedom and repose, when her husband is absent. Here the Parisian has no rivals, she has only friends; she exhibits no luxury, but much taste. What a charming creature, is the Parisian lady in the great walk of the Tuileries!

All, even the young men, appear to feel something, of the happy influence of this delightful shade. I am no great admirer of the young men in Paris; I find them idle, self-conceited, full of vanity, and poor; they have too little time, and too little money, to bestow upon elegance and pleasure, to be either graceful or passionate in their excesses; besides this, they are brought up with very little care, and are perfectly undecided between good and evil, justice and injustice, passing easily from one extreme to the other; to-day prodigals, to-morrow misers; —to-day republicans, to-morrow royalists. At the present time, the Parisian youth, usually so courteous to ladies, cares for nothing but horses and smoking. It is the height of French fashion, not to speak to women, not to bow to them, and scarcely to make way for them when they pass. I except, however, from this censure, the young Parisians who resort to the great walk of the Tuileries: these still esteem women, that is, they still love them. They come here to see, in their careless morning dresses, the young ladies with whom they danced at the ball, in all the ornaments of beauty. They pass respectfully before them, for it is only here, that the ladies have preserved their dominion;—any where else, you may consider them nothing, you may forget to bow to them, or to admire them; but you are compelled to admire them, to salute them, and to respect them, in the great walk

of the Tuileries. This walk is inaccessible to the Lovelace of the Boulevard de Gand, the dandy of the Bois de Boulogne, and the frequenter of the gallery at the Opera: it is as positively closed against them, as against the waistcoats and helmets. Here the women protect and sustain each other; they only look complacently upon those who deserve it, by the respect which they pay to them. Here match-making mothers bring their daughters, and the young men come to see these very daughters. The wife is accompanied by her husband, but the gentlemen make their appearance even while he is with her: in a word, what little there is left, of chivalry and courteousness, of respect amongst men, and reserve amongst women, of innocence and youth, of simplicity and conjugal love, in the Parisian world, has taken refuge here. Every year the Académie Française has to decree a prize to virtue, in compliance with Montyon's will, and every year they are perplexed to know, who is entitled to it. Let them give it to the great walk of the Tuileries!

Beyond this oasis of decorum and good taste, quite at the end of the garden, is a wood of large trees, melancholy in winter, and dark in summer. This distant forest forms, so to speak, the desert of the garden. Many diligent walkers do not even know that there exists, such a cluster of austere and silent trees. You can hardly believe yourself in the centre of one of the most populous, and above all, one of the noisiest cities in Europe, when you happen to find yourself, concealed beneath the shade of this almost druidical forest. No one visits it, for the simple reason that there is no one to be seen. Occasionally you may meet a few solitary walkers, who bring with them their ennui, which is almost always caused by love. More than one statue of white marble, rises amongst these plane trees.

The garden is full of statues. Ancient and modern times, Greece, Rome, Paris, marble, stone, bronze, copies, and original statues, are all scattered here in profusion. Continue your course. Leave

on one side the large basin, in which red-fish are playing, and after ascending a flight of steps, you will find yourself on the terrace, which runs by the side of the water, parallel with that of the Rue de Rivoli. This terrace is also appropriated; it is the promenade of the philosophers, the resort of the thoughtful, in the happy moments when their thoughts are concentrated; here the poet dreams of his verses, or prepares his drama;—how many poisons are distilled, how many harmless stabs have been given, upon these banks! More than once, this walk has been paced by the statesman, while anticipating his attack and his consequent reply. This promenade is cheerless and solitary: the Seine flows gently beneath it, while the noisy Rue de Rivoli forms a striking contrast, by the side of the opposite terrace. Such is the diversity of this delightful garden; there noise, here silence; there action, here thought;—and between this noise and silence, between this action and repose, between the Rue de Rivoli and the Seine, between the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile and the château des Tuileries, you will find a melancholy, happy, lover, who dreams and hopes. And what signifies to him, power and obscurity, glory and noise, the Arc de Triomphe and the palace? He is the happiest and the wisest man in the world, or rather, he is the only happy one. He, alone is wise, powerful, glorious,—he loves!

But come to the end of the terrace by the water,—listen! Do you hear the joyous cries rising in the air? Long may the happiness they betoken, continue! Here you behold the most beautiful children in Paris, enjoying their sports. Come on, come on; leave behind you, your philosophical meditations, your oratorical reveries, your profound thoughts; let the young lover even forget his attachment; come and see these pretty children dancing, the spring of the year in blossom. We are in *La Petite Provence*, on the borders of the lake, where the white swan spreads his snowy wings to the wind, not far from the little garden, designed by the emperor Napoleon for the

king of Rome, a diminutive kingdom of some square feet, which the imperial child lost, the same day that he lost Paris and Rome, France, Italy, and the world.

There is nothing so delightful to see or hear, as these little Parisian children. They come to the Tuileries, accompanied by their mothers, and immediately take their joyous flight to the daily rendezvous. You would see, at once, that they were of high parentage, so plainly visible is their noble blood, in the dauntless looks, the rosy cheeks, and the skin radiant with health. The mothers of these happy children have exhausted all their ingenious maternal coquetry, in adorning them: they lavish upon their persons, lace, embroidery, or velvet: while the children, themselves, careless, as is natural at their age, thinking only of pleasure, engage in a thousand games of skill, and a thousand trials of strength, in which they already show their dexterity and their courage. The boys challenge each other, to run races, play tennis, or to wrestle; they clasp each other in their arms, they roll upon the gravel, like beautiful serpents interlaced; their arms, their legs, even their hair, can scarcely be distinguished; it is a delightful confusion. And in these honorable wrestlings, there are no cries, no tears, no alarm; he who is beaten, rises and recommences the fight. Others less petulant dispute already, in imitation of the philosophers in the gardens of Academus. All the instincts of these children are revealed at this time, and you do not need much observation to see, that already they are noble and honorable. Amongst the girls, you will, in the same way, find all the preferences of the woman. This one, young as she is, is nevertheless a coquette, and delights in her little white frock waving over two small feet that can hardly be seen; that one, pensive and solitary, dreams of heaven, as she repeats, in a low voice, the beautiful verses of Lamartine; others, spirited and bold as the boys, mingle heedlessly in their games, and,—tyrants at nine years old!—bend them to all their childish caprices. How many have

I seen, who in ten years will be exquisitely beautiful, with their graceful figures, their luxuriant hair, and their small hands! The mothers watch them, with tears in the eyes, and joy in the heart. The Parisian mother is proud of her son; she is happy in her daughter. A young mother, who holds by the hand, her boy of six years old, walks along as proud and as satisfied, as if she had the arm of a marshal of France. A young mother who sees her daughter of six years old, seated at her side, is as uneasy, as if that daughter was twenty. There is no city in the world, where children are treated more like rational beings, than in Paris. They themselves understand, wonderfully, all the dignity, I had almost said all the majesty, of childhood. Their servants speak to them respectfully, their parents tenderly; the boys are saluted just in the same way, as if they were men. As many obsequious flatteries are lavished on little girls, as on young women. The Parisian child dines with his father and mother, he passes the day in his mother's room, by her side, he walks with her, he sees her tears and her smiles; he is proud of his father's success; while yet young, he knows the history of his family, his fortune, his hopes, his reverses; he is grave, and yet what distinguishes him above all other children, is, that while in his very infancy a man, he remains for a long time, completely a child.

But what has so suddenly reversed the scene?—the garden is deserted and silent; even the most quiet pedestrians are leaving in haste. Hark! the sound of clarion and drums bursts upon the ear! military music is heard! summoning every regiment to arms. There is a fête at the Carrousel. The king is just about to hold a review. A review at the Carrousel! This was the custom of the emperor Napoleon, before undertaking any new expedition, or framing any new law; he descended into the court of his palace, to receive the honor and respect of the old soldiers, who had just come from battle, or of the young recruits who were setting out for war. It was

his delight, to see them pass in their military accoutrements, to salute the standard pierced with bullets, to recognize the soldiers by a smile, the officers by a look; to say to himself, "It is I who am reigning here, between the royal château which is mine, the museum which I have conquered, the Arc de Triomphe raised to my glory, the marble horses taken by me at Venice; it is I, who am seated upon this dazzling throne, these soldiers whom I have formed, belong to me, I am their emperor, and if I please, I will hurl them against the world, and they will bring me back, capitals and kingdoms, and will think themselves rewarded, far beyond their merit, when I have said to them, *Many thanks, brave friends!*"

Though less a warrior, the satisfaction of the present king of the Tuileries, is quite as great, when he sees himself surrounded, saluted, and recognized, by the soldiers and the standard of France. Although a peaceful king, Louis Philippe has been a soldier, and remembers it too, perfectly well. From the way in which he watches the martial movements, you can see that he loves them, and remembers them with pride. If he is not embroiled with all Europe, the king of the French has at least within his reach, an active, impassioned, constantly renewed war, that with Africa. In that, he has enclosed the martial ardour of France, and keeps it on the alert; there he sends each year, battalions of the élite, to learn the dangers, fatigues, battles, treasons, and assaults, of that great game called war. Round the king, on review days, when not absent on service, press the young lieutenants-general, whom the army recognizes with pride, as brave skilful officers, worthy of commanding; —first comes, the duke de Nemours, well versed in all military sciences; he is never at his ease, except in the camp or in battle; look at him; he is fair, very reserved, he must be saluted first, before he will salute any one; he looks just like some fine captain of the French guards, at the battle of Fontenoy; but at the first sound of the drum, his coun-

tenance is animated, his head is raised, his step becomes firm. The soldier, who understands men, would laugh at you, if you were to say, as the women and the deputies do, that the duke de Nemours is proud. As for that beautiful rosy youth, whose mustachios are yet so fair and so thin, do not deceive yourself, he is a brilliant colonel, who has smelt gunpowder more than once, and has already proved his bravery,—it is the duke d'Aumale, a fine young man, so gay, so happy to live in the world, and to wear a sword and epaulettes! He was brought up a scholar, and taught with much care and success, ancient languages, history, all the fine arts; but no sooner had he escaped from his tutor's hands, than he gave himself up, to dreams of wars and battles. *Forward, march,* is the motto of this noble young man. If the soldier has no better officer than the duke de Nemours, he has no better companion than the duke d'Aumale. Thus the review passes, as reviews always do in France. To see marching before you, a crowd of soldiers, well clothed, well armed, very numerous, dressed with all their military accoutrements, cannon rolling over a pavement which trembles beneath them, proud standards, unfurled by the wind, waving in the air,—to see the horses wheeling about, and to hear them neighing,—to look at the cuirasses shining in the sun,—what a fête! what enjoyment! The Parisian, in this solemn contemplation, forgets even his wife, who calls him, and his dinner that waits for him.

CHAPTER XII.

BUSINESS AND POLITICS.

NOTHING would please me better, than to walk still in these delightful gravelled alleys, in the midst of the elegant crowd, or to keep step with this military music, followed by the battalions which pass, presenting arms, into the Carrousel; if it was necessary, I would even consent, again to walk round the château des Tuileries, or to count the muddy precipices in the court of the Louvre, without thinking it very fatiguing, or very painful; to see and observe, and then simply to tell you what I have seen and heard,—this is the pleasure of travelling; but, alas! this is not all the duty which I have imposed upon myself. After pleasure comes business. If modern society presents, sometimes a frivolous appearance, it has also its serious, and occasionally its cruelly serious aspect. If Paris is the city of the fine arts, it is also the city of politics. There are in Paris at least as many statesmen, as painters and sculptors; the French rostrum is not less worthy of attention and interest, than the French opera. By the side of the garden des Tuileries, where the fashionables are walking, there is the château des Tuileries, where the king works, night and day. Let us quit, then, the peaceful garden, the delightful

shade, the joyous cries of these pretty children, wafted to us by the air, mingled with the perfume of the orange-trees, and cross, if it please you, the Place Louis XV., which saw Louis XVI. perish on the scaffold. At the corner of this place, you will find a bridge, ornamented by handsome chandeliers. This bridge connects the two rich quarters of the city, the Faubourg St. Germain and the Faubourg St. Honoré, the Madeleine and the Chamber of Deputies;—you have now the Chamber of Deputies before you, on the ground and close by the side of, the ancient palace of the dukes of Bourbon. Pause an instant, before this monument, raised on a vast colonnade, itself placed at the summit of a noble flight of stone steps. Contemplate this building with respect. It is founded on the constitutional charter of the French. Within these walls, the glorious echo of which, has repeated so many brilliant and eloquent speeches, have been proposed, debated, and digested all the laws of the vast, intelligent, and powerful country of France. Within these walls, all the brightest geniuses of the country, have taken their places; on the noble seats of this noble house, every passion, good and bad, has been excited. What cruel, and what honorable wrestlings! what violent attacks! what angry defences! All the principles which divide the world, have reigned there, supreme, each in its turn. Every generous ambition has been revealed, within this enclosure. Every great power has left it a conqueror, and has returned to it defeated; the royalty of Charles X. rested upon this immoveable basis of the constitution. Imprudent men! they wished to touch these sacred foundations;—suddenly one stone is detached from the edifice, and it has crushed with a single blow a monarchy of fourteen centuries. *Et nunc reges intelligite; erudimini qui judicatis terram*, as Bossuet reiterates.

I went often to the Chamber of Deputies,—that noble counterpoise to the château of the Tuileries,—and I never returned from it, without having my admiration and respect excited, for

so many eloquent speakers, the honor of this rostrum, which occupies so prominent a position before the world. Parliamentary eloquence is one of the invaluable conquests of 1789. She is the daughter, the companion, the protector, the advanced guard, of political liberty. Mirabeau, that fiery tribune, sprung from the nobility, that orator inspired at once by past malice and present anger, that man who, with a word, a look, a gesture, overturned the throne supposed to be the most firmly established in Europe,—Mirabeau was the first to teach future orators, how to ascend the rostrum, how to remain there, seated or standing, and how to speak from this height, to the world which listened in silence. It was an entire change in human speech, a revolution complete, active, incredible, skilful, unforeseen, as revolutions usually are. Strange event! The France of the sixteenth century, which had listened to such eager disputants for and against Luther;—the France of the seventeenth century, which had, for so long a time, marched to catholic conquest, under the eloquent banner of Bossuet;—the France of the eighteenth century, which had listened, open-mouthed to Jean Jacques Rousseau, Diderot, Montesquieu, those great orators;—all these generations;—blended and confounded in the same study of classic antiquity, who had sounded in their most profound depths, the learned address, the well turned, harmonious, and all powerful periods of Demosthenes, of Cicero, of St. Jean Chrysostôme, who had, from the very cradle, translated the histories of Titus Livy and of Tacitus; strewn with those oratorical masterpieces, which have raised ancient history to the dignity of eloquence,—had yet failed to understand, that eloquence could be any thing but a brilliant flash of wit, and thought, at the bar, or in the Christian pulpit. Eloquence, with the French, before Mirabeau's time, was merely a brief, a sermon, or, at most, an oration at the French academy, in honor of Lafontaine or Duguay-Trouin. Mirabeau appeared, and introduced into

France, an eloquence unknown to the ancients. He showed, by his example, that every man, who comes into the world, with a passion and a belief in his heart, is born an orator. He laid aside Cicero, Demosthenes, Titus Livy, Tacitus, Chrysostom, Bossuet, Jean Jacques Rousseau, all models. He taught that art was not necessary to speak on business; that rhetoric was an idle and ridiculous resource, as applied to the government of a great people; that words spoken, ought not to resemble words written, and that the former, lively, passionate, bold, unbroken, partake but little, of the periphrasis, circumlocution, and regular order of the latter. Mirabeau also taught future orators, never to draw back before anger, never to sacrifice thought to metaphor, fact to periphrasis, strength to grace, or passion to art. He thus raised the French tribune, higher than even the Christian pulpit had been raised, by the eminent orators, who were the honor of the language; after which the great Mirabeau, having reached the extent of his abilities, fell under the edifice which he had built.

Mirabeau dead, the new art which he had inculcated, and demonstrated, in so powerful a manner, was rapidly developed. Every thing served, at the same time, to fertilize this noble seed of parliamentary eloquence;—the triumph of some, the defence of others, the death of all. All the orators, young and old, guilty or innocent, Camille Desmoulins, Saint Just, the two Robespierres, Danton, Collot-d'Herbois, Fabre d'Eglantine, all the Girondins, died satisfied;—they left behind them an eloquent word, an echoing voice, a bloody arrow thrown from the height of the scaffold. There were even women who attained easily to eloquence, so great an influence has fear over the human faculties. Thus eloquence overflowed in France, like one of those new torrents, which the labourer, accidentally, causes to gush forth, by a blow of his spade—water at first fertilizing, but which soon becomes an inundation. Buonaparte arrested this inundation, as he did so many others. He made

the five hundred orators, who were troublesome to him, even by their silence, jump through the window. At the orders of the emperor every independent voice became silent ; eloquence was stopped, as well as thought. They dared no longer do any thing but sing the Te Deum, oratory gave way to dithyrambus, prose to verse :—prose belongs to serious business, verse is the idleness of flatterers, who have nothing to say. People of spirit, who, under the empire, might have been orators or political writers, became soldiers, in order to have a good reason, for neither speaking nor writing ;—every thing gave way, in republican France, to the passive obedience of the soldier to his chief. What the man of spirit would not have granted, to the head of the nation, without blushing at his own weakness, the soldier would willingly yield to his captain. This accounts for the fact, that there were so many good soldiers and so few passable writers, under the empire. It was because, as long as Napoleon lived, such a captain contented himself with going to war, who was born and made his appearance in the world, solely to be a great orator, or a great writer. Thus Napoleon had misappropriated all the noble instincts, and had forced all the splendid intellects, to the profit of his own power and supreme will. The proof of this, is, that—Napoleon fallen,—French eloquence, that forgotten power, suddenly made its way, through so many ravages. More than one eloquent voice made itself heard, from the wrecks of armies, which foreign cannon had overwhelmed in the dust. The charter of Louis XVIII. restored to France, political liberty, and with it, eloquence. The first orator who presented himself, in this noble arena, was a soldier, a companion, a friend of the emperor's ! It was general Foy, he whom France has deplored, as she never deplores her kings, and whose wife and children she has pensioned.

However, thanks to me, you are now in the diplomatic tribune. Here you can see the whole Chamber of Deputies,

a large circle, over which presides M. Sauzet. It is not yet one o'clock. The deputies arrive slowly, one after the other. Since the Revolution of July, they are not obliged to wear the uniform, and you see before you, only honest citizens, for the most part, very carelessly dressed: as time advances, the seats are filled;—the first comers walked slowly, but now those who enter, run. What is to happen, and what is to be said? It is very difficult, even for those best acquainted with the subject, to foresee; it must depend much upon the caprice, the talent, the skill of the orators. Sittings, which promised to be very stormy, have, more than once, terminated, without striking a blow. Others at first unimportant, have became so embroiled, between the most eager and the most eloquent, that the Chamber did not know to which to listen. Combats in speech are true combats, subject to the same chances, the same accidents, the same unforeseen reverses, the same unexpected victories, as real battles. It is a blank page on which no one knows what he shall write; it is a drama in which each is ignorant, of the part he is about to play. What constitutes the principal interest in the sittings of the Chamber of Deputies, is, that all which you hear there, is really and truly unpremeditated. Occasionally, however, they allow orators to deliver a speech, committed to memory, the day before; the Chamber then gains in good language, what it loses in sudden thought. But this permission is rarely given; he who speaks, must speak extempore, and must take up the point in question when he rises. Every thing is clear, settled, precise, even in the incoherencies of this Chamber. The stratagems of the profession are so well known, as to be instantly discovered, and, as quickly, the speaker is called to order. In this way, they gain much more time than they lose. Besides this, they usually speak, here, without emphasis, but not without elegance,—without research, and without preparation, but not without a strong wish to convince, and to succeed. It is at once a conversation and a

discourse; a conversation in its clearness, and precision, a discourse, in the arrangement of the words, and the extreme gracefulness of the delivery. One of the great characteristics of French wit, is, ridicule; an appropriate joke may ruin a man. Now, at the Chamber of Deputies, ridicule is always ready to seize on its victim; irony incessantly watches for the slightest gesture, the least word, always ready to fasten on any absurdity:—this strongly excites the eloquence of the rostrum. The speaker knows very well, that he can extricate himself from a blunder, but provincial French, a doubtful connexion, will never be forgiven him. What sad instances there are, of popularity lost, by a word mis-spoken, in the rostrum! How many good men covered with indelible ridicule, for an expression, which they have innocently transplanted, from their own province to the Chamber! One says *nonante-cinq*;—he is hissed throughout Europe. Another is pointed at for having said, *important*, when he ought to have said, *illustrious*. One minister was ruined by calling the censorship, *a law of justice and of love*. In France, it is wit which makes the orator;—in Rome, it was courage. *Pectus est quod disertos facit*, as Cicero says.

But silence! each is in his place. The president of the Chamber arrives, preceded by his ushers, with the noise of the drum, and the *portez armes* of the soldiers and the national guards,—the ministers are in their seats,—all conversation is stopped,—the bell rings,—the sitting is opened,—the oratorical battle has commenced. But what does it signify to you, who have only come here from curiosity, and wish rather to see than to hear:—your first astonishment over, you will endeavour to find among the crowd, some of those well known names, which form in themselves a whole creed, names overlooked in peace, but grown great in war, and which have so much influence over the destinies of men. Whom will you seek? The first, I am sure, will be M. Thiers, and M. Guizot, heads of two parties, men eminent in this country,—to whom nothing is wanting

necessary for success,—neither words, nor style, nor history, nor plebeian origin, nor suspicion, nor belief, nor public hatred or sympathy. Both of them, after having followed with unwearied steps,—M. Guizot the monarchy of Charles X.,—M. Thiers the France of 1789, now meet in the same victory. They are the two children of their works, they are two new comers, as M. de Talleyrand said, two glorious and powerful new comers. Friends to-day, enemies to-morrow, France follows and abandons them by turns, Europe attends and listens to them, always. The future belongs to them, but under different titles. M. Guizot is the director of peace, he commands the tempest, he calms Europe with a look, he has already pronounced twice, not, without being obeyed, the political quos ego; M. Thiers is the man for riots, times of insurrection, menacing wars,—you will see him galloping on horseback upon the balance of Europe, in the midst of every kind of destruction, heaped up by his caprice and his genius. M. Guizot has a stern, calm will; M. Thiers, a young and fiery inspiration. The one with a sure step advances to his point, which is the voluntary obedience of the people;—the other pursues his object, by fits and starts,—it is the obedience of kings to their ministers; the former does not hate a king who reigns and governs, the latter wishes to govern alone. Take from these two men, royalty, which forms their counterpoise and their security, make them strong and powerful, not by words and conviction, but by power and the sword, and you will have something, as much resembling the struggle between Sylla and Caius Marius, as the Chamber of Deputies resembles the Capitol.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

The sight of all these men, the representatives of such a country as France, assembled under the same roof, causes feelings which it is impossible to describe;—what passions, what wants, what prejudices, what fortunes, what miseries, they represent! As a stranger, I knew but little of the Chamber of Deputies;—it then presented to me, only a confused and noisy scene; nevertheless, such as it was, its appearance was imposing;—above all is this the case, now that distance, and the contemplation of other interests, give it all the importance of a luminous back-ground. I therefore shall not bring this outline before you, chapter by chapter, although it would be a very curious one, but, as far as I can, man by man; in order that you may have—not a portrait, but—a faithful sketch, of all these parliamentary heads, amongst which, are some, capable of leading the world.

Look, for instance, at that man, with the quick, dauntless glance, the capacious, bold forehead, the animated and loyal gestures;—he stands almost alone in the Chamber, but is the object of general attention. Admire the beauty of this head so easily carried, although so full of facts and ideas, of courage

and generosity; it belongs to, perhaps, the greatest orator of modern times—the conquered, but not the discouraged, Cicero of legitimate royalty,—it is M. Berryer. He is a model of fidelity and courage: he was born a royalist, he remains one in spite of the revolution, he will die in his belief. Obstinate, if you will, but obstinate from conviction, his perseverance is the more to be admired, from the fact of his being a royalist from instinct and duty, and not from necessity and origin. M. Berryer sprang from the people, he was born at a time of revolution, he was brought up at the bar, in the midst of those eloquent plebeians, who will acknowledge no superiority amongst men, except that of the toga and square cap. While a child, Berryer discovered his talent for speaking, without knowing whence he had derived it: he was soon struck with the pomps and misfortunes, of the old royalty of France, passing from the scaffold to banishment, from the throne to exile, from exile to the throne, and then, again exchanging the crown for banishment. As he saw, that each served the legitimate king, with the powers which heaven had given him,—this one with his poetry, that one with his sword, another by his nobility,—Berryer promised to serve him, in a way more powerful and useful, than all the others united,—by his eloquence, and he has kept his promise. When he left the bar for the rostrum, private for public business, Charles X. was still the most powerful king in Europe; and as is the custom with powerful kings, he interested himself very little, in this new defender, who came to him, in the midst of his prosperity. What was Berryer under Charles X.? A young avocat, full of talent, it is true, but who wished for advancement, in order that he might one day become powerful. But when Charles X. had fallen, and the royalty of France had been re-conducted to Cherbourg, by a Parisian avocat, M. Odillon Barrot; then, legitimate royalty learnt to appreciate Berryer, its advocate in exile, the last defender of its misfortunes. M. Berryer perhaps

owes more gratitude to the revolution of July, than even M. Thiers. It made M. Thiers a minister of state;—it made M. Berryer the head of a party, a noble party, but one which was dejected, conquered, crushed,—unfortunate on all sides, as respects courage, public opinion, and devotedness. Was not this a touching, a noble action of Berryer's? When every body abandoned the legitimate king, when the royalists of France could do little but vent their dissatisfaction, in useless puns, when each royalist landed proprietor, a royalist in his very nature, thought of nothing but increasing his revenues, and renewing the leases of his farmers, when M. de Chateaubriand himself, fatigued with a struggle of sixty years, bade adieu to the political world, when egotism was met every where, in the France of the royalists, Berryer, Berryer alone, presents himself and mounts the breach; alone he undertakes the defence of these annihilated interests; alone he dares to raise his voice in favor of this discarded opinion; alone, when the duchess de Berri doubly compromises her son's cause, by her courage and by her weaknesses, Berryer appears, and covers this noble woman, with his pardon and his esteem. This is what the revolution of July did, for M. Berryer the avocat. It made him the defender of the widow and the orphan,—but it was a royal widow, it was an orphan who was the king of France, the grandson of St. Louis and of Louis XIV. Thus the eyes of all royalist Europe were fixed upon M. Berryer; every word of his resounds to the very heart of thrones; kings invoked him in their anguish, as the mariner in the shipwreck invokes *Notre Dame de bon Secours.* But he pursues his own path, and follows, without any deviation, the line which he has marked out for himself; he accuses, he attacks, he condemns, with all his power, what he calls, the thunderbolt of July. He takes a bitter and malignant joy, in gathering up all the deceptions, all the falsehoods, all the impostures, all the paradoxes of the revolution, which overturned the throne of Charles X. He

attacks it on every side, he gives it no quarter; he turns often to the new powers, and when they complain bitterly, that all authority is broken, that royalty itself is despised, and that the people of France have entirely lost the principle of obedience and duty, Berryer rises in the midst of the Chamber, and darting around him, that ironical and fiery glance, so perfectly irresistible;—"*It is you,*" says he, "*you who have first broken authority, degraded royalty, destroyed obedience; do not then complain of reaping, what you have yourselves sown!*" At the same time, and with perfect grace, he returns affectionately to the good days of the Restoration, and speaks of them as Ovid spoke of Rome, and the golden age. Attentive to his least words, without believing them, moved and delighted, and yet mistrusting itself, the Chamber listens to this man who speaks so well; it feasts on the sweet honey, which hangs on the edge of the vase, while it carefully abstains from swallowing the liqueur, with which it is filled. This Berryer is such a great and eloquent counter-revolutionary! His voice is deep and thrilling, as was the voice of Mlle. Mars; his action is noble and elegant, often he is impassioned even to delirium, but it is a well-ordered delirium, he is himself moved to tears, and these tears are almost shared by those around him. He gives himself up, in good conscience, that is to say, in perfect liberty, to the intoxication, the audacity of his position, which is superior to all others in this Chamber; he invokes to his aid, all the powers of the past, all the illusions of time vanished, and not one of the principles he invokes, fails him. His passion is wise and well regulated, his very confusion is logical. Although admirably concealed, his powers are great and dauntless. Excellent improvisator as he is, he yet knows, very well, at the first word of his speech, what he seeks, and by what means, he will attain the end he proposes to himself. His reasoning is governed by laws, from which he never swerves. He commences in a calm and simple

manner, he lays here and there the first foundations of his dilemma; by degrees, but without letting it appear, he draws the circle of Popilius, in which he intends to stifle his adversary; then, at last, summoning all his strength, as a powerful wrestler would do, he crushes his adversary, under the redoubled blows of this eloquence, so calm in its exordium, so formidable and so immoveable in its peroration. The crushed man struggles in vain under this eloquent passion, the approach of which he did not feel.

At other times, M. Berryer, who forms the greatest amusement of the Chamber, plays with his audience, as the cat does with the mouse. He leads the attentive assembly, through a thousand flowery paths, showing them half his thought, under a thousand different aspects, all full of interest. The Chamber soon yields itself, to the delight of listening at its ease; but suddenly, Berryer stops and breaks off the sentence he had just commenced;—he returns, as if he had forgotten his duty to follow pleasure, he challenges the minister, who, just now, hung upon his words open-mouthed, like any simple mortal, and as his is a memory which retains every thing, without suffering one point to escape him, the orator now seizes his prey, tears him to pieces, and throws the shreds, amongst the deputies who listen to him; and these same deputies, led away by so much eloquence, conquered by so much boldness, have more than once, forgotten that they were the majority, that they were the friends of the minister, and have applauded this implacable enemy of the revolution of July.

However, he is a man to be pitied, and we Americans, above all, pity him sincerely, for we do not understand, how there can be even one useless person among all the eminent men who are in the service of such a country. We do not understand how an enlightened country can say to a man—"You will never "think as I do; and I shall never think as you do! It is "impossible for you and me to be of the same opinion, our

"obstinacy is equally great. If you were a more eminent "orator than Demosthenes, all your eloquence would not "change my opinion by the hundred thousandth part of a line. "Consequently, you are good for nothing to me, you are per- "fectly useless to me, I can dispense with your speech, as I "can with your concurrence. My business will be transacted "without you, and in spite of you. However, you speak like a "great orator, and it is delightful to me, when I can lend to "your futile discourses, an attentive ear;—your speech, without "influence over me, is far from being without charms. Speak "then, I will listen to you;—speak, I will applaud you;— "speak, and during the whole time, I will share your indigna- "tion, your enthusiasm, your hatred, your anger;—speak, there "is no danger of your swaying my opinion;—but you please "and enchant me, a hundred times more than my own orators!" And do you not think, my Yankee brothers, that so great a man as Berryer, is to be pitied, when to such an address, he replies—*J'accepte.*

Not far from M. Berryer, there was but lately, another royalist, of a good family, but who had all the right in the world, to be a royalist. He had, I was told, a noble head, a serene look, an appearance of mingled dignity and sincerity. He was indeed a nobleman, and in his generous veins, flowed some drops of the royal blood of England. With much intellect, an enlightened mind, an easy elocution, a simple, natural courage, he was called the Duc de Fitz-James. Only to see him,—his head raised, his undecided step, at once haughty and easy,—you would recognize one of the types of the old French nobility, which are disappearing, never to return. The duke is called James, after that king of England, who reigned in the château of St. Germain, by permission of Louis XIV.; and indeed, king James was his ancestor. He was, by birth, a duke and peer of France, under the legitimate king; but when royalty had passed, the duke thought, there was no

longer a peerage in the country, that these two inheritances sustained each other; and that the legitimate king exiled, it was necessary, that the peer of the kingdom should, at least, leave the palace of the Luxembourg. He then became a citizen and a landlord. However, after a little reflection, M. de Fitz-James changed his mind, came to the conclusion, that it was granting the enemy too great an advantage, to abandon his party, and entered the Chamber of Deputies. Thus placed, among the newly-made masters who governed France, M. de Fitz-James represented, alone, the ancient aristocracy, which is vanishing day by day; he had its elegance, its wit, its irony, its generosity, its good sense full of ingenuity, its exquisite manners, its diction somewhat heavy, but yet clear and lucid. In the midst of this hall, filled with citizens of all classes, he had preserved that exquisite politeness, which forms such an impassable barrier between a nobleman and his inferiors; in the Chamber he acted like a well-educated man, who did not wish to annoy any one, but who, at the same time, would not be annoyed himself. When he did the Chamber the honor of addressing it, M. de Fitz-James was quite at his ease, and spoke with the most delightful freedom. He showed a grace, exceedingly careless, but at the same time, so delicate, that his hearers must have been very badly educated, not to be pleased with it. In a word, when in a slow, quiet voice, he repeated to the Chamber, a speech made beforehand and learned by heart, the great fear of M. de Fitz-James was, to pass for an orator; thus, when he was eloquent, and this happened often, it was always without knowing it, and above all, without wishing it.

Whoever wished for a striking contrast with the Duc de Fitz-James, would certainly have chosen M. Dupin. M. Dupin! he is the rough, obstinate, violent, haughty citizen. He is so happy to have attained the point of teaching the world! He is so proud of his power, so proud to see the highest heads bowing before him! He is so filled with his own importance!

He is called Dupin, Dupin *l'aîné*. Speak to him respectfully, —as for him, he respects no one; speak to him with trepidation,—he fears no one. He is familiar even to insolence. I am told, that one day, when he was with the king, he struck Louis Philippe's shoulder, upon which, the king, who is almost as great a lord as M. de Talleyrand, said, pointing to the door, *Sortez!* M. Dupin did go out, but the next day, he was at the king's *petit lever*, humbly asking after *his Majesty's health.*

This man, who is one of the most eminent men in France, is full of contradictions. He possesses every kind of courage, and every kind of weakness. He is an orator, he is a buffoon; to-day Cicero, to-morrow Odry; he passes from the *quo usque tandem?* to punning, with admirable facility. He is prouder of his old lawyer's gown, than the Duc de Fitz-James was of his mantle, ornamented with fleurs-de-lis, as a peer of France. He has a common ordinary appearance, the small-pox has literally ploughed his face. The peasant of the Danube was not worse dressed; nevertheless, thus built and covered, the *procureur-général de la Cour de Cassation* carries his head high, and, more than once, has asked in a low voice, if M. d'Aguesseau had as good manners as he. Finally, he has his fits of devotedness and courage, he has his days of true and sincere modesty, his moments of self-denial. His life is strict, studious, quiet, and creditable. To see him, you would recognize a man of probity. He has all the virtues of the family, and all its fanaticism.

By an unusual happiness, the two brothers of M. Dupin l'aîné, are eminent for their science, and for their talent. He who is called the baron Charles Dupin is, so to speak, the inventor of a science quite new in France, that of statistics: M. Charles Dupin is decidedly, one of the eloquent *avocats* of the Parisian bar. He gives himself up completely to his work of each day, in the Chamber of Deputies, at the bar, in the

world; full of ideas, mind, eloquence, bons mots, fine repartees, —above all, an avocat. Thus, the mother of these three, justly popular and celebrated men,—a woman happy and proud above all other women, chooses that this inscription shall be written upon her tomb, containing all the encomiums of her children—*Here lies the mother of the three Dupins.*

To return to M. Dupin l'ainé, he has had the happiness of lending his aid to noble causes; he was the generous defender of Marshal Ney, and that itself, is an honor. His very trifling has served to make him popular, he engages and animates his audience, not like M. Berryer, by the beauty of his speech, but by its drollery; he has an excellent judgment, sound and correct powers of reasoning; he is a man of good sense, of common sense, and therefore a man of business; a worthy person in the main, full of vanity, but incapable of a bad action, passionate, but easy to appease, despising revolutions as excesses which cost too much, honoring gentlemen with his hatred, having but little affection for soldiers, and despising money-hunters. A secret instinct makes him love power even when it is not he, M. Dupin, who is the power. A man equally hated and loved, he is loved with hatred, if I may be allowed to say so—it is at least thus, that he is loved by the king Louis Philippe, whom he calls his friend, and who is afraid of his clownishness. When at the palace, he makes a thousand blunders, that he may appear to be at home; he is not at his ease, and in order to conceal this, he is bearish. He is the animal in the fable giving his paw. The queen, has much difficulty in behaving herself with this ill-bred man, who will neither be a citizen nor a nobleman. In business, he is a troublesome man, but one, with whose assistance you cannot always dispense. He is wilful, headstrong, obstinate, passionate, illiberal, to-day triumphing in his insolence, to-morrow prostrate in his fear. In order that people may say he is impartial, he suddenly abandons his

friends, and passes to the opposite side. At the Chamber of Deputies, he resembles Harpagon's servant, who changed his dress, by turns,—now a cook, now a coachman. He leaves his president's chair, to mount the rostrum, and then speaks in such a way, that he is called to order! When he wishes to speak seriously, the man of business shines. He would have been an excellent orator, if he had not been so clever an avocat; and would have been an excellent avocat, if he had not possessed so many qualities, necessary to form an orator.

He is a member of the Academie Française, and writes French, like an attorney's clerk.

"Monsieur," said I to my left hand neighbour, "can you point out to me, a man, who played an important part in your last revolution, M. Dupont de l'Eure? Is he here? Show him to me, that I may be able to say, I have seen him?" As I spoke, I tried to discover that austere grey head. "Monsieur," replied my neighbour, "do not seek Dupont de l'Eure in this assembly; M. Dupont de l'Eure no longer forms part of the Chamber of Deputies, he has left it since the day, the unfortunate Dulong, whom he loved as a son, was killed in a duel. In that place, below, was Dulong seated, when he pronounced, loud enough to be heard, those imprudent words. Unhappy youth! He had attacked a soldier, honor required blood; twenty-four hours after this sad meeting, Dulong was dead, struck by a ball in the forehead. And I, sir, I, who speak to you, followed the funeral train, I mounted the sad heights of the cemetery of Père la Chaise. What a collection of unhonored tombs, of splendid mausoleums, of foreign inscriptions. You are a stranger, sir, well! do not leave Paris, without having visited this immense Campo-santo, so pitilessly opened, to devour all Parisian grandeur. Picture to yourself a boundless city, of which each house is still, gloomy, and closed; there, nothing is wanting, neither bronze, nor marble, nor turf, nor flowers, nor statues erect upon their pedestals, nor any thing

which constitutes grace, ornament, and beauty,—nothing is wanting, except life and motion. Poor Dulong! so young to reach this last asylum! Thus we conducted him to the appointed spot, and once there, the funeral oration took possession of this melancholy booty. Adieu, Dulong! adieu, young man! adieu, joy of thine aged father! adieu, energetic defender of compromised liberty! Sir, you may take my word for it, public interest has sustained some severe losses, within ten years,—Benjamin Constant, Lamarque, Dulong, Casimir Périer himself, and finally, Armand Carrel."

So said my neighbour, and as his grief was real, and deeply felt, I respected it, and contented myself, with my own feeble resources, for studying the physiognomy of the Chamber of Deputies.

That tall man, who is half bald, and yet whose hair hangs loose, (reconcile that if you can,) whom you see seated in the president's chair, with a look of good-natured self-satisfaction, is M. Sauzet. M. Sauzet is the exact prototype of a provincial avocat. I am quite sure that in court, at Lyons, he has often heard himself compared to Cicero and Demosthenes—and who knows? perhaps even to Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox, and that he has allowed these comparisons. He is a man of considerable mind, but thoroughly imbued with that vulgar oratory, which foams and ferments in him, with so much glitter and noise, throwing out less fire than smoke, and producing more froth than alcohol. That he has entered the world, with many great oratorical thoughts, and above all, with a thorough mastery of the French language, no one can doubt. But for eloquence of such magnitude, space was wanted. Fancy the column of the Place Vendôme, transplanted into the centre of a Norman farmer's poultry yard,—and you will have some idea of the eloquence of M. Sauzet, condemned to the petty quarrels, and party walls of the city of Lyons. You will then see, that M. Sauzet would soon have been spoilt by the citizens, the

Eugenie Lamb. W. Wallis.

Interior of St Etienne du Mont

Paris.

most cruel of all passionate admirers. Nothing but principle has restrained him, and he passed easily, and by an imperceptible transition, from the school benches to the bar. He found every path open, and every ear ready, to listen to him. Above all, he is a happy man; happy to live, to breathe, to walk; and so happy to be called Sauzet. He reached Paris, from the seclusion of his province, to take at once an important part, in the greatest drama, which has been played in France, since the eighteenth of Brumaire. I refer to the trial of the ministers of his ex-majesty, Charles X., in 1830; a memorable and solemn proceeding, in which all the dignity of justice was displayed, at the very time when all the popular fury was fearfully roused. Imagine the Chamber of Peers,—that last support of legitimate royalty, that still lively image of proscribed legitimacy,—assembling to judge, first and finally, the last ministers, and consequently the last will of Charles X., who had been the favorite monarch of the peerage. At the same time, imagine the people of Paris, after their triumph and exultation of three days, surrounding the Chamber of Peers, well armed, and seeming to dictate, by their menacing attitude, sentence of death. For the Chamber of Peers, this was a terrible alternative; it was judge in its own case, and woe be to it, if it did not decide justly! It was the same Chamber, which had put Marshal Ney to death, the hero of the campaign of 1812, the friend of the emperor, *the bravest of the brave:* by what right, then, could they save this unpopular ministry, who had laid violent hands, upon the charter and upon the people? On the other hand, how could the peerage, —which had been the support, of the now subverted throne, and which, perhaps, had secretly shared its hopes and its delirium,—how could it escape public disgrace, if, too obedient to popular malice, a malice which had been accumulating since 1815, it sent to the scaffold, the king's ministers, deputies, peers of France, men of their own rank and standard? The

dilemma was terrible, death or dishonor, but we must render this justice to the French peerage, that between these two difficulties, it remained calm. In vain, the people gathered at the Luxembourg, in vain, the national guard, the dictatorship of the revolution of 1830, talked loudly of exigency,—the Chamber of Peers listened, deliberated, and weighed. When M. de Polignac appeared in the seats of the accused, that great lord, who had defied, with a contempt which almost amounted to insolence, all the hatred of the French nation, the Chamber of Peers was neither abashed, nor did it lose its composure. It neither leaned to the people, who were crying under its windows, for blood, nor to the accused, whom, a few days previously, it had called brother. It was at this awful moment, that, making his way, with much difficulty, through the furious crowd that opposed his passage, a provincial avocat, —who had never pleaded any thing but provincial causes, before provincial judges, and at provincial bars,—found himself suddenly transplanted into the first court in the kingdom, a supreme court, and called to speak in a cause, in which the whole revolution was concerned. The ministers of Charles X. —did they exceed their powers, in signing the ordinances? Acquit them! but then, observe what follows: *the revolution of* 1830 *is a felony!* It was well for M. Sauzet, that he was born the most courageous of men, and that he had such an excellent opinion of himself, as not to draw back, even had he been in the presence of Mirabeau. At this time, his ignorance of what was fitting, in the society around him, his profound contempt for all that was not M. Sauzet, was of great service to him. Nothing astonished him,—neither the people so agitated, nor the assembly so calm, nor the judges who were the judges of their own honor, nor the vanquished ministers, whose heads were demanded;—a party wall, or a water course, or a question upon mortgage, would not have found M. Sauzet more calm, or more at his ease. Thus, whilst his colleagues hesitated, whilst

one of them, instead of defending his learned client, found it more simple and natural to faint, like a coquette who knows not how to reply, M. Sauzet took up the discourse, and calling to his aid, a brilliant train of high-sounding words, dazzling periphrasis, and antithesis, lavishing, here and there, in rich confusion, the newly-blown flowers of his provincial rhetoric, M. Sauzet astonished and confounded his audience. The judges, so pre-occupied with the sentence to be passed, were amazed at the copiousness and composure of this new comer, and the longer he spoke, the better were they pleased with his speaking. Indeed, this long discourse, in such circumstances, was something more than a discourse, it was a respite, a temporary cessation of the storm, a shelter during the tempest. The judges of M. de Polignac, while M. Sauzet addressed them, had time to look at each other, and the longer he spoke, the more apparent was it, that a cause which could be defended for so long a time, and with so many reasons, was not so desperate, as had at first been imagined. Thus the verbose sang-froid of the avocat, rendered an eminent service, to the Chamber of Peers, and the revolution of July. To the Chamber of Peers, M. Sauzet gave time to recover, and to save, itself, by a sentence, which was neither a cowardice, nor a subterfuge. The revolution of July, in sparing the lives of the accused ministers, deprived itself for ever,—and what a triumph was this, for a revolution which had been guilty of so few excesses! —of the disgrace of political executions. French society, seeing that, in this great struggle, no one was killed, and better yet, no one was dishonored, breathed more freely, and began to hope for better fortune. As for M. Sauzet,—incapable of understanding what was passing around him, and not knowing very exactly, either what he had said, or what he had done—he rubbed his hands with pleasure, and said to himself, that since he had spoken so well, on behalf of ministers, he should some day become a minister himself. Which has not failed to happen.

Do you see, on the seats of the moderate opposition, that man, who, more frequently wears an old hat, than a new one? He looks very proud, very witty, and very sarcastic, and his mind keeps all the promises, made by his appearance;—that man is M. Mauguin. He also is an avocat, but he is fluent, eager, generous, nay more, he speaks from conviction. What does he wish? No one knows; he does not know himself. Where is he going? He is as ignorant on this point, as the other. Whence comes he? The question would be foolish, he cannot tell you. He is chimerical and capricious, but resolute and generous. Like any man who understands it, he loves political strife; he finds nothing but pleasure, in oratorical battles; he gives himself up to them with delight; he has studied much, and learned but little; however, he is less ignorant upon all points, than the greater part of his fellow-members,—he has made ministers, and yet has not wished to be one himself;—this is a great point of difference between him and M. Sauzet.

Thus left to himself, floating between the two extremes of his opinion, a republican this evening, a royalist to-morrow, eager and idle, sometimes speaking like an orator, sometimes like an avocat; a man of the world, in reality, but not in appearance; M. Mauguin seems to be placed by the side of M. Odillon Barrot, to show off the faults and virtues of the latter. You can see, at once, that M. Odillon Barrot is not of the same school as M. Mauguin. He has a quiet, severe, almost imposing look. He possesses some of the finest qualities of an orator, the power of enchaining his audience, the courage, the conviction, the strict and sound principles, the integrity, and disinterestedness, and withal, but little wish for the exercise of power. His voice is one of those most listened to, and most loved in the Chamber, for it is honest and sincere. If the United States were in want of an orator, and had permission to choose one from the whole Chamber, I would advise

them to take M. Barrot. He is the prototype of real orators. His logic is earnest and hurried, he is the most hardy tilter in the world, his indignation bursts and thunders, but always with a certain measure, which persuades you the more easily, because this very indignation has taught you something. The warmest partizans of M. Odillon Barrot, reproach him with this one fault only, his eloquence has too much grace, too much clearness, too much learning, and is too much studied.

Among orators who speak but little, and whom very few have heard, you have M. de Cormenin. The enemies of M. de Cormenin gravely reproach him, with having been a viscount; and honestly, a serious man, an American, smiles with pity, when he hears a man reproached, with having been a viscount. Reproach a man, if you will, with his bad actions, his cowardice, his perfidy,—but to reproach him with being, or having been, a viscount,—is perfectly ridiculous. Nevertheless, this is the policy of France, at the present time. However this may be,—whether M. de Cormenin has been, or has not been, a viscount, or whether he is one no longer,—one thing is certain, that he is, and long will be, an insidious and dangerous writer. He was brought up in the school of a terrible pamphleteer, Paul Louis Courrier, who much injured the Restoration; and he copies wonderfully, his tone, his turns, his style, his manners, his indignation. Not but what such a style would be wearisome, for any length of time, but in their novelty, pamphlets thus written, quickly produce an irritating impression in the mind. M. de Cormenin knows this, better than any one, and as he is incapable of pronouncing four consecutive sentences, in the rostrum, he makes himself amends for this forced silence, by a succession of little pamphlets, very bitterly written, which have their popularity, and their dreaded influence. M. de Cormenin is, above all, the sworn enemy of the king, Louis Philippe, and the princes, his children. He reckons in livres, sous, and deniers, their revenues, their public and private

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expenses; he disputes the civil list, inch by inch; he does not choose that the king should be better dressed, better lodged, or better fed, than M. de Cormenin. He is terrified when any one says, *the children of France;* and is as thorough a republican, as if he had never been a viscount. He is, without contradiction, a man of lively and ingenious, but malicious disposition; one of those men who can hurt, who can never serve, and who are good for nothing but evil: men whom Plato would certainly have banished from his republic, but without giving them crowns of flowers, as he did to the poets.

We must not forget,—in his corner, his obscurity, and his silence,—one of the most dangerous malcontents in the Chamber of Deputies, M. Royer-Collard, the originator of the *doctrinaires;* unhappy father! so cruelly outreached and conquered by his own children. People talk of the ingratitude of republics, but I do not see, that under a monarchy, the ingratitude shown to public men, is much less. This man, of rare wit, of strong virtue, has been, by his merit alone, one of the most imposing men in France. Seven electoral colleges appointed him deputy, the same day, an almost incredible, and a distinguished honor. He was, at once, the head of the new philosophy, and the modern politics,—he first united those two words on which still rests the whole future of France. A *constitutional royalist,* he fought, for a long time, under this double standard—*the Charter and the King!* It may be believed, that when at last, the charter had superseded the king, M. Royer-Collard was not a little astonished, and unhappy, at finding one, of the two objects of his worship, broken and overthrown. Thus, since all equilibrium has been lost, between the constitution and royalty, M. Royer-Collard is ill at ease, and miserable; he has lost the double passion of his life. He does not know, whether to rejoice, at the triumph of the constitution, or to be afflicted, at the fall of royalty. He loved the royalty of the Bourbons; he loved their ancient origin, their great actions in

peace and in war, their chivalrous disinterestedness, their loyalty, which had passed into a proverb, and even now he cannot understand, how Charles X. could have violated the charter, which he had recognized by his oath. Sometimes, M. Royer-Collard reproaches himself, in a low voice, for having perhaps driven to the last extremity, this feeble and obstinate monarch, and says to himself, that perhaps with a little less rigor, the old royalty of France would still be erect, and that thus the constitution might have gained the point, of not being violently separated, as it had been, from the royal principle. What a sad and venerable position, is that of this man, who is a royalist in his heart, who believes in legitimacy, with all the powers of his mind, and who yet, sees himself carried away, by a revolution which he has brought about, without wishing it.

This sketch of the Chamber of Deputies, incomplete as it must necessarily be, when taken by a man like myself,—but little acquainted, with the very complicated and confused affairs of a country in revolution, which has not yet had time to recover itself,—nevertheless interested me highly. I trembled to think, that all these men, so different in manners, opinions, and fortunes, agitated by so many opposite feelings, were destined to make the laws which govern such a country as France. I was alarmed at this interesting confusion. Here, M. Arago, the most learned man in Europe, who descends from the observatory and the sky, to mingle in all the troubles of earth; there, M. de Lamartine, the Christian poet, thinking and speaking, marvellously like a very clever economist, of taxes, of agriculture, and of railroads. A little farther, M. Bugeaud, the soldier, the inexorable, mounting the rostrum, as if he were about to storm a fortress, and menacing his adversaries, at the same time, with his pistols and his opinions, his sword and his speech. M. Dubois, a gloomy spirit, full of pedantry, who, because he was, for six months, a writer in a journal but little read, and an obscure philosopher, fancies that he is always

an author and a philosopher. M. Duvergier de Hauranne, one of those men who are born grumblers, of a gloomy temper, deadly anger, friendship little to be depended upon, unyielding logic, and surly speech, the worthy great-grand-nephew of that severe abbé de St. Cyran, the tyrant of Port Royal. M. Hennequin, an avocat, but an avocat of elegant language, and good manners, who has read Cicero, and remembers it. M. Humann, a German from Strasbourg, speaking German in French; but with a voice so powerful, that the shields move at the sound of it, and range themselves in order, as formerly the Theban walls did, when Amphion played upon his lyre. M. Isambert, one of the most noisy, and least active ministers of the Chamber, a man who much needed legitimate royalty, that his opposition might have some appearance of valor;—such men as he have been buried—themselves and their importance — under the wrecks of the throne of Charles X. M. Jaubert, a sort of van-guard orator, who throws himself headlong into every question, where his courage urges him on. M. Theodore Jouffray, a fine head, and a noble heart. He is dead, overwhelmed by work and a pitiless disease, which gently led him to the tomb. M. Theodore Jouffray was the best pupil in Plato's school,—he had the sweet gravity, the charming unction of his master: a man wrapped up in modesty, who concealed, with the most original care, his science, his ideas, his eloquence, all, except his melancholy and his good nature. M. de Keratry, a rough gentleman from Bretagne, who looks exactly like a well-educated blacksmith. The opposition has acknowledged M. de Keratry, for one of its heroes. And, whom else do you see in the crowd? A man who has been the master of France and of opinion, who has doubly reigned, by the power of speech and of money. He walked through France, more envied, and above all, more loved, more honored, than a king. When he happened to pass through the streets, the crowd was silent, and pointed him out with a respectful

look, saying, in a low voice, "There he is!" Rothschild is, they say, the banker of kings; but they are wrong to say that he is the king of bankers. The king of bankers was M. Lafitte, when he was the banker and the business-man, of the whole opposition. M. Lafitte made himself the avowed Mecænas, of all the talents, which were formidable, or which promised to be formidable, to power. He had furnished the first capital, for creating the *Constitutionnel*, that old catapult, —rather ruinous at present,—so powerful, fifteen years ago. He entertained at his house a certain finance officer, called Béranger, who has since made singular havoc in men's minds. This house of M. Lafitte's was a sort of harbour, whence they started with all sails set, for battle, and to which they returned after the contest, loaded with crowns. One day, landed at M. Lafitte's, full of hope, and light of purse, a new-comer from the southern provinces. He had the proudest look, the boldest speech, the most easy and animated gestures, the most lively eloquence, the most brilliant style, the best-informed intellect, the happiest hope, that can easily be seen. This new-comer was M. Thiers. He installed himself at M. Lafitte's, as in a great inn, open to all restless minds, and the éclat of which, could only be paid at the price of a revolution.

But while we are studying these countenances, and these thoughts, four or five orators have succeeded each other, in the rostrum; each of them has spoken with eagerness and warmth, as convinced men do speak. What have they said? The Chamber scarcely knows; she hardly listens, except to the great orators; to all the others she is inattentive, impatient, cross, and when at last, the *côté gauche*, the *côté droit*, and the *centre*, have each given their best reasons, the Chamber proceeds to the ballot, and the law is passed.

CHAPTER XV.

THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

THE palace of the Tuileries is not far from the Chamber of Deputies;—these two monuments are, by turns, friends and rivals, who look at each other, sometimes with hatred, sometimes with love. There was a time, when the Chamber of Deputies rose proud and menacing, against the palace of the Tuileries. It was a strange struggle of stone with stone, column with column, the results of which, a by-stander might have studied, hour by hour. The palace of the king,—proudly enveloped in its majesty, surrounded by its statues, its guards, its old chesnut-trees, and its forest of blossoming orange-trees, —covered with its contempt and its disdainful shadow, the Chamber of Deputies, exposed to the sun, and guarded only by some pitiful stone statues, which adorned the Pont de la Concorde. At the first glance, an inexperienced man would have believed that the humble house, sad and naked,—without exterior defence, without guards, without shade,—would never have dared to struggle with these royal and magnificent dwellings, surrounded by ditches, yeomen, and body-guards. What could these four or five dozen of chattering avocats do, against the king of France, the legitimate king, the master of

thirty-two millions of subjects, the head of the state, the restorer of authority and belief? So thought frivolous observers, those who see nothing of strength but its appearances, and who think a man is a Hercules, because he has the height and the countenance of one. But it is not only strength of muscles, which makes a Hercules, it is courage. It is not cannon, soldiers, guards, ditches, all the framework of majesty, which protect palaces most successfully, it is the will of the people. That Chamber of Deputies which looks so pale, on the opposite shore,—that house, pitiful even in its size,—that silent façade, that great wall, pierced by a little door,—those large staircases, up which six thousand soldiers might mount to the assault;—all this appears very feeble, and as if it would offer very little resistance;—all this, nevertheless, is strength, it is power, it is authority, it is France. This humble house — in which all the laws are passed, in which are discussed, one by one, all the crowns of the annual thousand million—looks without fear, at this palace of the Tuileries which faces it;—one single fragment of stone, falling from this humble house, upon the king's palace, would suffice to crush it. The Chamber of Deputies knows very well that it protects, and feeds, and shelters the palace, against storm and tempest. It is not, then, without a certain interest, that, placed on one of the numerous bridges, which unite the palace of the Tuileries to the Chamber of Deputies, you compare these two monuments, the one so large, so grand, so formidable, so royal, and nevertheless so feeble, compared with this house of legislators.

Well then! in July, 1830, some discontented orators raised their voices, within this enclosure of the Chamber of Deputies, apparently so peaceful. These few voices already menacing, demanded that royalty, led astray by fatal counsels, should rest in the constitution. Royalty replied by a *coup d'état.* The château des Tuileries would impose silence on the Chamber of Deputies; immediately the Chamber of Deputies opened its

doors, or rather it half opened that wretched little door, through which the lowest gentlemen in waiting on Charles X. would not have deigned to pass, and through this half opened door a revolution escaped. Scarcely had this terrible revolution left the Chamber of Deputies, before it threw itself on the palace of the Tuileries, but already the palace of the Tuileries was deserted. After its first moment of insolence, the old royalty had fled, never to return. Immediately the saturnalia commenced. The people took possession of the palace, they reigned a second time in the same places where they had formerly sought king Louis XVI., the martyr king, that they might carry him to a detestable scaffold, on which, fear and cowardice, each day, heaped victims upon victims. The people recognised *their* Tuileries, and treated it, according to their custom and their right; they broke, they spoiled, they tarnished, all they met. They seated themselves on the venerable throne, amid shouts of laughter; they called to their aid the king's cellar, and very soon, the ground was strewed with empty bottles, and intoxicated heroes. The palace was filled, for three days, with this monarch of such awful majesty; the third day, when there was no longer a fleur-de-lis to efface, nor a bottle to empty, two or three men drove the sovereign people out of the walls, and these terrible conquerors of three days returned home, trembling with fright, lest they should be scolded by their wives. The French people, even in their greatest disorders, always preserve a marvellous sense of propriety. They remained in the Tuileries just long enough, to recognize the places they had visited forty years before, and may France willingly accept this bargain, forty years of authority and obedience, for three days of delirium and fury.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE KING OF THE FRENCH.

But how then can we describe Paris, without speaking of the king of the French? It is a difficult task, full of uncertainty and peril, and yet we will attempt the enterprise, in order that this rapid coup d'œil, thrown upon the Parisian world, may be as complete as possible. You have already seen, that ever and anon, at every turn, in the city and out of the city, every where, the king of the French has presented himself to our notice, to our remembrance, to our study;—let us then give him a chapter to himself, it will not be the one the least read, in this sketch of Paris.

The king of whom we speak, has been tried by every kind of fortune,—exile has passed over his head, without bending it. Like all the French, he has been the very devoted subject of his majesty Louis XVIII., and his majesty Charles X. of august and sainted memory. He has acted like a man, in the opposition; but his opposition was calm, austere, patient,—for in these days, it is by patience, that crowns are gained and saved. But what courage and what composure are necessary, thus to wait for forty years, until the hour of royalty has struck for you. Thus his majesty, king Louis Philippe has been more than

patient, he has been an honest man. This part, of first prince of the blood royal, of first subject of the king of France, suited him admirably; it suited his manners, his tastes, his wish to re-make a ruined fortune, and to bring up, as he thought proper, the young and numerous family, reserved for this illustrious destiny. You would deceive yourself, then, if you fancied the duke of Orleans, dreaming of the crown worn by the king, his cousin. He neither waited for it, nor hoped for it, and more still, he did not desire it. This throne attacked, but attacked by other means than legal opposition, would have found, in the duke of Orleans, a loyal defender. Was he not, in fact, the worthy grandson of the regent of Orleans, that loyal trustee of the crown of France, an honest gentleman, prouder to preserve the throne to its rightful heir, than to place upon it, a prince of his own house?

It is impossible, then, to say that the royalty of the duke of Orleans was foreseen by him. Three days before the "three days," no one knew,—not even M. de Lafayette,—that he was about to ascend the throne of France. However, in his moments of humiliation and anger,—for he was often ill-treated at that court, so full of power and caprice,—the duke of Orleans must have said to himself—"God protects France, but He also protects me. He has brought back from exile, myself and my children, but He has brought me back in the retinue of the king; to the king, God has restored his crown, but to me, He has given a numerous family, full of life, strength, courage, and the future; I have near me, to draw all hearts to me, a wife loved and honored by all; in this country, where fortune is every thing in the estimation of men, I am the richest landholder; I belong to the old liberals, by the remembrances of '89; I belong to *la jeune France*, by my five sons, whose honored names resound each year, in the collegiate struggles; I belong to the most ancient houses of Europe, by my name of Bourbon; I am a master in the painter's *atelier*,

on the bricklayer's scaffolding, in the poet's study; and if a man of talent is crushed in his ambition or his glory, that man of talent I take under my protection. I am as strong a sceptic, as my wife is a Christian; and now let me wait, like a man of honor, like a good father of a family, like a faithful subject, for whatever the future reserves for me."

You know the thunderbolt of the three days of July, 1830, and how, with one blow, fell, that benevolent, devoted, inoffensive monarchy, to whom ungrateful France had been indebted, for fifteen years of glory, of liberty, of repose, of almost incredible fortune. It was broken, with the senseless delight of children, who break a play-thing, which pleases and charms them. However, it was necessary to replace this king of France, who had returned into exile. These hours of interregnum are grievous, and terrible, for a people who need order and authority. Whom shall they obey? How can it be arranged, so that among these thirty-two millions of kings, which France contains, each shall be contented to abdicate, in favor of one? Between the dynasty which leaves, and that which arrives, between the noble vanquished of Cherbourg, this king so great in defeat, so calm, so touching, who returns into exile, with a step as firm, as if the château of the Tuileries had been at the end of his voyage, between the king crowned at Rheims, and the king of the revolution of July, what an abyss! However, people cry, *Vive le roi!* from necessity, from remembrance, from habit, from the instinct of a fellowship which is imperishable. *Vive le roi!*—say what you will, this will always be a saving cry, in France. At this conquering sound, the France of 1830 is appeased, Europe is quieted, the old monarchies feel less unstable; the citizens, proud and happy with their victory, shut themselves up in their entrenchments; the people, satisfied with themselves, return to their daily labors. In this France, so thoroughly overturned, every thing recommences at the cry of *Vive le roi!* And certainly, France ought to consider itself

very happy, to have met, at this terrible and awful moment, this popular king, who comes, through torn-up pavements and the anger of a whole city, to put every thing in its place, after the revolution of three days.

It is not, that this gentleman king, in spite of the revolution which crowned him, has not, in his mind and heart, all the instincts of royalty. On the contrary, he loves royalty, like a man, who knows how to hold a sceptre, and to wear a crown; he loves its pomps, its fêtes, its ceremonies, and its privileges. He seems never to have enough grandeur, and enough éclat around him. His delight would be, to surround himself with a brilliant court, to which crowd all the great monarchical names. He knows exactly how much warmth and deference, is due to new men, and new virtues. He has the two-fold instinct of the gentleman and the Parisian citizen, the grandson of St. Louis and the king of the revolution of July. His life is grave, industrious, and serious. He often rises before daybreak;—as soon as he awakes, his work begins. He reads the despatches of his ambassadors, he prepares the labor of the day, you see that he acts, from a knowledge of the importance of one additional day in his reign. He reads very few newspapers, except the English ones, but he tolerates them all. You would find, in the king's antechamber, by the side of the sheets which defend his government, with the greatest amount of conscience and courage,—the vilest and most atrocious pamphlets, against his person. He says that every one must live, that a pamphlet never killed any but dead men, and that he accepted the inconveniences, of the liberty of the press, in accepting its advantages. His breakfast is soon finished, after which it is his ministers' turn: with these, he lives in the greatest familiarity. The man, whom he adopts, has at once, at all times, a free admission to the king; he is received, at any hour of the day or night. The king espouses the cause of his minister, as he would his own: he takes an interest, in his success in the rostrum, in his success of every kind; he

defends him warmly and sincerely, and when he is obliged to displace him, he never says *Adieu*, but *Au revoir*. These gone, he adopts those who come, as he had adopted their predecessors,—so accustomed is this constitutional king, to the complicated and difficult mechanism, of a representative government.

The king prefers this chatting without ceremony, but not without advantage, with each of his ministers, to the imposing discussion of a cabinet council; when he is tête-à-tête with a man, he is almost always irresistible. He is eloquent, he conquers, he takes captive every will; if the king wishes to gain a man, he accosts him in the way most likely to suit him, and when once he wins him over, he succeeds in his end. It is incredible, what he did, with M. Lafitte, in the first days of the revolution of July. *Follow us, gentlemen!* Thus spoke he, to the members of the Chamber of Deputies, while holding M. Lafitte by the arm. *Follow us!* This was making M. Lafitte, a partaker of the throne of France. Thus General Lafayette knew him well. More than once, he repaired to the new king, quite ready to show some of those puerile discontents, which have formed a large part of the popularity of General Lafayette; he returned from him, overwhelmed and astounded.

Thus the life of the king is spent,—in studying, in the morning;—in reflecting, during the night, upon the feelings of the day;—in defending himself, during the day, or in making new friendships, for he does not disdain one friendship, in his kingdom. The workman, who passes him, or the peer of France, who salutes him, must go away, satisfied with the king. His familiarity is, at once, dignified and frank. His good sense is exquisite, even its severity is tempered by a grace, only to be found in him. He detests the smoke of tobacco, and thinks that, in a royal château, the smell of it is abominable; but as every one smokes, at the present day, he has found a way of complaining of it, which offends no one. One day,

Marshal Loban came, his clothes being impregnated with the smoke of a whole corps. "Stop," said the king, "they say that I have a will, and yet I cannot prevent my footmen from smoking in my ante-chamber, which annoys me." He likes to see himself surrounded by visitors, solicitors, people who are departing for, or returning from, a distance,—and it is very rarely, that he does not speak to them, fluently, in their own language, or that he has not himself, seen the countries which they visit.

From noon to three o'clock, he receives those who wish to speak to him. He has for all, a word of encouragement, of precedent, of advice. As he has sustained the greatest reverses of fortune, he also can say, *Nihil humani a me alienum;* and he speaks to each, appropriately;—to the artist, of paintings and statues; to the manufacturer, of workmen and machines; to politicians, of M. de Metternich, of the emperor of Russia, of all those men who lead the world, and he affects, when he speaks of them, to be full of courtesy, for he is well acquainted with all the hard speeches which are made against him, at the courts of Europe, but he consoles himself, with the thought, that, but for him, the courts of Europe would have had other occupations, than slander and calumny. His learning is extensive, his memory tenacious, his look imposing; he is easy of access; whoever wishes to see him, has only to repair to the Tuileries on public reception days. You may enter, by giving your name at the door, and putting a little embroidery on your dress. At first, his Majesty walks round the saloon, saying something polite to each of the invited ladies, speaking to each in her own language, and sometimes, at every step, he is obliged to change the question and the language! Then, in their turn, the gentlemen pass before the king, when he raises his head, fixes his looks upon you, and awes you by the dignity of his manner.

Around him, every thing is naturally arranged, with a view

to future history. He has discovered an admirable method of doing several great things; it is, to save from their ruin, the monuments which are crumbling to dust, it is to finish those, which are begun. Thus he saved Versailles; thus he placed the last stone, on the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile.

France would entreat him to commence the Louvre, but the king hesitates to undertake this immense work at his own expense; but when the sad day comes, that he is taken ill, a sure method of giving him ten years more of life, would be to vote him the twenty millions which he asks, to add to the sixty, which he himself is willing to spend, in finishing the Louvre. What he has done with his private houses is admirable. At the château d'Eu, where he goes once a year, he has repaired and rebuilt every thing, from the chapel in which the old Guises are buried, to the kitchens, which, one would fancy, were dug for some Charlemagne, accompanied by his knights of the Round Table. He has just sent a marble statue of the good Henry, to the château de Pau, one of the cradles of the house of Bourbon. And the château de Fontainebleau, what a wonder! The brilliant art of the sixteenth century, aided by the magnificence and gallantry of king Francis I., had produced nothing more ingenious and more magnificent; but time and the emperor Napoleon passed that way; time had destroyed, the emperor Napoleon had arranged every thing according to his own fancy, and in its repairs, still more than in its ruins, the palace of Fontainebleau could not be recognized. The king has saved it, he has brought out, from under this rubbish and this daubing, Richelieu and Jean Goujon. In this way, he is always thorough in his repairs, just as he is, in those things which form the luxury and the comfort of life: the king is the most finished of men. He gives a dinner every day, at which he receives all the great people of Europe. He chooses that his table should be handsomely served: people quote, as models, his

cellar, his dining-room, his kitchens, his plate. He loves to receive visitors, as well as to give dinners; his rooms must be lighted with as much brilliancy as the rooms in old times, at Versailles: he never thinks enough wood and wax candles are burnt in his house. His guests must be surrounded with profusion, and served with unwearied attention. Enter his abode, and were you the most obscure of his visitors, the hundred valets in the ante-chamber would rise suddenly, as one man.

In the numerous *réunions* of the Tuileries, when business prospers, when his ministry, at the longest computation, is safe for five or six weeks, the king is a happy man. He has a natural love for all superior men, of whatever kind; he seeks them, he draws them to himself, he gives them good places by his side; he is never at a loss; his speech is easy, his memory prompt. He has seen and studied much, and better still, he has learnt much; he has been tried by good and bad fortune; a prince of the blood, a soldier, an outlaw, an exile, a schoolmaster, a king,—he has been on a level, with all these various conditions. The movement and the variety of his life, Louis Philippe carries, in his thoughts and conversation. He has friends, true friends, in all parts of the world, in the United States, in Italy, in Germany, above all, in England, where he has recently received a large inheritance called the Stanfield Museum; and he is the host of all these friendships. A politician, attentive to the least murmurs of men and parties, he understands with wonderful precision, what this man who enters the palace, with a smile on his lips, thought yesterday, what that one who leaves, will think to-morrow. Finally, he is accessible, prepossessing, and gracious, never forcing his politeness upon any one, but, on the contrary, waiting until he can be affable, without losing any thing of his dignity; he is never more at his ease, than when surrounded by all these passions, and rival ambitions: then, he is truly a king. To

calm one, to excite another, to restrain this one by the remembrance of the past; to stimulate that one, in view of the future; to extol youth to the young men, and age to the old ones, to defend at once both the Empire and the Restoration, to exalt Napoleon, to pity and protect king Charles X., and to re-unite all these opposite sympathies round the revolution of July, of which he always speaks with an exalted gratitude,—these are the happy moments of the king. In his palace of the Tuileries, when the whole city is there, pressing and pushing, when his large saloons sparkle with a thousand fires, when Parisian conversation shoots, and is lost, in the boundless fields of French wit, grace, and imagination, it is an interesting sight to see the king passing from one to the other, moving in all directions, among these groups so attentive to his words, persuading, convincing, laughing, praising, blaming, talking, and even thinking aloud. You have then, and only then, the highest possible idea of France, such as it is, in all its meridian glory; the zenith of authority, of aristocracy, of fortune, of wit, and of art.

Above all, this man, so surrounded with labour and dangers, is the father of a family. His peculiar province seems to be, to bring up, instruct, and enrich his children. He early understood that a large family, in our days, is, for princes, the most excellent, the least ruinous, and the most easily pardoned, of all luxuries. Not long since, he had no less than five sons, the pride and support of his throne. They were all brought up, at college, among other children of their age; they followed the same courses, contended for the same prizes, and of these prizes, so envied and so disputed, they have had their share, but not without great difficulty, and hard study. All these children have been, for the king, a delightful subject of paternal diligence and zeal: he has followed them, step by step, in their studies; he has directed them one after the other: these children have been his joy and his pride; he has loved them, at the

same time, with passion and prudence. Those who are dead, he has mourned in such a way, as to draw tears from the most insensible. Amidst these unexpected griefs, the death of his daughter, the princess Marie; the death of his son, the duke of Orleans, the prince-royal; the courage of the king has not failed him,—but how touching has he been in his tears, how great in his grief!

By the side of the king, looking like the guardian angel of this royal family, is the queen, that modest, amiable, clever woman, who has contributed, not a little to the popularity of her family. The queen, a daughter of kings, married the duke of Orleans, when he was only a fugitive. At that time, the house of Bourbon had but little prospect of re-ascending the throne of France. It had fallen from too great a height, to hope to rise again from such a depth. The marriage of the duke of Orleans and his wife, was founded, then, much more upon mutual esteem and affection, than upon interested motives. The duchess of Orleans loved her husband, at first, because he was unhappy, because he was poor, a wanderer, an exile, exposed even to the reproaches of those relations, among whom he emigrated. She loved him next, for the fortitude with which he supported his ill fortune, for his patience, for the noble life which he led, in the enjoyment of domestic happiness. These two distinguished persons were admirably suited, to be always supporting each other, a little above their position, whatever that position might be.

Once upon the throne, the duchess of Orleans acted and thought like a queen. She had been consulted by her husband, in all the important speculations of their life, as landholders and capitalists; she is equally consulted in the management of political affairs. She is queen, as she has been mother of a family, without ostentation; on the contrary, though very laborious and devoted, she has taken care to conceal her labors.

But alas! what are we about? Of what use is it, to speak with so much pleasure, of the happiness of the royal family of France? At the very moment that my pen rapidly traces these remembrances, something has occurred, to interrupt this felicity. Twice has mourning spread through this house,—the princess Marie of Wurtemberg is no longer an inhabitant of this world. She has carried with her to the tomb, all that great art and genius, which had made her so popular an artist. And now, suddenly resounds throughout Europe, the mournful cry, "The duke of Orleans is dead!" But we will speak of the prince royal, as though he were still living. This is what we should have said of him, before July 13, 1842.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PRINCE ROYAL.

THE prince on whose head rest so many hopes, and whose life is reserved for so many difficult struggles, the prince royal, is a fine young man, with a tall good figure, of that style of English beauty which is so much admired; he has the appearance of a well-educated man. The duke of Orleans, the eldest of the royal family, has been brought up with almost unnecessary care, and strange to say, what he is most reproached with, is, the having attempted too many kinds of knowledge at once. The prince royal has followed with zeal and scrupulous exactness, all the courses of the Parisian colleges; there has been nothing superficial in his classical studies. He reads Homer in the original; he is a very good Latinist; he has learned history, as a scholar ought to learn it, before studying it, as a prince ought to know it. His exact and judicious mind early led him to turn his attention to arithmetic, geometry, algebra, and similar sciences, every branch of which he readily embraced. He has studied chemistry under the first masters, and has no fear either of a furnace or an alembic. He speaks fluently several of the living languages, he draws, with the greatest ease, the drollest little figures, and the most humorous sketches worthy of Cruikshank. At the same time, he is a bold and elegant horseman; understands the use of a foil, a

Eugene Lami. Charles Smith.

A Parisian Family

fusee, or a sword; manœuvres an army like an old general; and enters into all the details of war, infantry, cavalry, sieges, and artillery; he is no stranger to political affairs; he often goes to the Chamber of Deputies, to the tribune reserved for the king's family, often to the Chamber of Peers, where he shares the labors of the Committees;—you see that he must have much readiness and intelligence, to suffice, at one and the same time, for all these different pursuits. He is an excellent young man, full of kindness, whom you are always sure of finding in case of need; who never forgot the slightest friendship he had formed, but who knows very well how to forget an injury; he is obliging and polite as the worthy son of his parents; urged onwards by a natural love for courage and greatness, he is modest, grave, retired in his habits of life, and has never given rise, to any of those scandals, which are so easily pardoned in young men and princes; full of respect and devotion for his father, he has taken his place as the natural protector of his brothers, who respect and obey him, although he would willingly dispense with their deference. He has always been the assiduous attendant upon his sisters, on whom he lavishes the most affectionate kindness; he loves the life of a soldier from instinct, but without daring to yield himself to this passion for arms, lest he should pass for an imperial counterfeit; in a word, I do not think, it is possible to find more good sense, more science, more maturity of mind, without pedantry, in a prince of thirty years old.

It is more difficult to accost the duke of Orleans, than the king himself; and even when with him, it is not every one who can discover all his concealed virtues. He neither gives himself up to you, nor does he try to surprise you. There is, in all his intercourse with those who approach him, so much apparent honesty, that the clever cannot believe, that there is so little art in it. Like a well-bred young man, he knows how to render to old men, all the respect due to age. He speaks deferentially of the old generals of the empire, the glorious

remnant of so many victories. He has a great esteem for old politicians, and used to accost M. de Talleyrand, that Nestor of the European diplomacy, with so much respect, that he suffered himself to be moved by the good manners of this young man. At the same time, youth has great charms for him. He understands that the present is his father's, and that if any thing belongs to him, it is the future. Thus he loves, and seeks from preference, every promising person and thing, he wishes for the spring of the year, he is the prince of youth.

Those who knew, that he was educated in the midst of a turbulent college, by numerous masters, and among familiar schoolfellows, never would have suspected that the duke of Orleans was so skilful, in commanding and in making himself obeyed; this is, nevertheless, one of the great talents of the prince. He has a strong, decided will, gives positive orders, and has a great facility in swaying the minds of men:—an excellent quality, in a prince who wishes to accomplish great things! He has already, several times, sustained the fire of the enemy with much courage. At the siege of Antwerp he was in the trenches, and the shells passed very near his head. He was nearly killed in Africa, by a ball which touched him, and by several other blows, from Arabian fusees through which he passed, without disquieting himself as to what might happen. On one occasion, when stopping with two others at a spring, to quench their burning thirst; they were surrounded by a band of Arabs, and closely pursued, but soon boldly made their way through the horde. If the Arabs had known, however, that it was the son of the French king, who was in their power, most certainly, they would not have suffered so goodly a prey, to have escaped them so easily. In the same campaign, he was brought to the verge of the grave by the fever, the fatigue, and the privations of every kind, which he endured;—but the approach of death drew from him no repinings. On

his return, his father was astonished to see him with a volume written entirely by his own hand, in the tent; in which, he gives an account of the expedition, in the same style as the *Commentaries*. This account has been read by some of the king's friends, and they consider it written in a clear, natural, penetrating style, and that, without any other person's assuming the office of an historian, it relates all that is necessary to be told.

The great passion of the duke of Orleans, if he has a passion, is the modern one, which has seized the French, for old furniture, old remnants, and old relics of past ages. I could here recount to you,—in the frivolous part of this book, which will have its frivolous part, depend upon it,—the history of this singular passion, which agitates millions, and at the head of which marches one of the most eager and most skilful antiquarians, the duke of Orleans. He has arranged with much luxury and taste, the pavillon which the duchess de Berri formerly inhabited, in the Tuileries. He has profited by the contempt which the king exhibits, for these brilliant toys, by having the garde meuble of the crown, and the royal castles well searched, and worm-eaten woods, broken cornices, faded gildings, laces in holes, discolored tapestry, and relics of the ages which are no more, are brought to him, whenever they can be found. He, however, with an indefatigable perseverance, repairs, restores, and regilds, all these old things, and when they have attained the desired brilliancy, he gives them an honorable place in his palace, and is enraptured before these porcelains, bronzes, and marbles, which have, with so much trouble survived a whole revolution. If the king delights in stone, plaster, masons, and their retinue of noise and dust, just as eager is the duke of Orleans for antiquities, curiosities, old pitchers, polished iron, and china. They both restore; the father, palaces,—the son, moveables. The king smiles as he sees this antiquarian propensity;—the duke of Orleans, who

never laughs at his father, cannot understand the paternal taste for scaffoldings and house-painters. They are no less divided, in their manner of judging arts and artists. The king loves nothing in the arts, but the Italian school, Italian paintings, and Italian architecture,—the severe works of the beautiful school of the seventeenth century,—he is just formed for the noble and pure taste of Louis XIV.,—Versailles appears to him the chef-d'œuvre of chefs-d'œuvre,—and, except the regent and the French revolution, he sees nothing before, or after, the reign of Louis the Great. The duke of Orleans, on the contrary, recognises and admires sincerely, every age of his country's history; but with respect to art, he prefers Francis I. to Louis XIV., and I am not quite sure, whether to Francis I. he does not prefer Charlemagne. The Gothic appears to him the most beautiful of all the arts, and he would give ten palaces such as that of Versailles, for the powerful cathedral of *Notre Dame de Paris*. In this, the father and son are equally exclusive: both have made their choice among cotemporary artists, but each according to his idea of the beautiful. The king has adopted for his painter, M. Horace Vernet, the beautiful colorist, the ready improvisator; the duke of Orleans has given all his sympathies to an admirable disciple of Raphael's, M. Ingres, who has always been a great draughtsman. Such contrasts might be found for ever, between the king and his son, if it was our business here to draw a parallel.

But alas! what is the use of this easy parallel? We need no parallel, no historical portrait; the duke of Orleans claims now, only our homage and our tears. Since the prince royal is dead, it seems to me, that we ought to grant more complete praise to the noble prince, whom all Europe has wept. To write the history of the prince royal, would be to write the history of Paris, for the last twelve years. The duke of Orleans represented the Parisian youth better than any other young man of his age. From all the pages which have been written upon

him, during the month of July, I gather the following, as the sincere expression of a unanimous regret. A writer cotemporary with the duke of Orleans speaks thus.

He was the fellow-student of many among us. In the college wrestlings, his presence and his name were found to be a great encouragement, and more than one, has been excited to perseverance, by beholding the grandson of so many kings, carrying so lightly the heavy burden of study. From only seeing him at first, lively, animated, happy, simple in his mode of life, full of grace, artlessness, and intelligence, his companions began to love the young prince; neither he, nor they, could foresee the great destiny which was before him. He was, like all of us, the subject of king Charles X., and he was his first subject, and therefore exposed to all the suspicions of ill-established royalties. He left the college, and became a soldier; his fellow-students dispersed here and there, to gain their livelihood, each in his own way. To-day the companions of a prince of the blood royal, and sometimes his happy rivals, tomorrow exposed to all the chances of the world;—such is the course of events in constitutional kingdoms.

On one of the three days of 1830, in the midst of torn up pavements, wrathful spirits, and exasperated minds, suddenly appeared the young duke of Chartres, at the head of a regiment preceded by the tricolored flag. When the people heard the name of this new comer, into the battle of July, and that he had been the first to plant the triumphant colors, they began to cry *vivat!* In the streets, the conquerors of the day, recognised their old fellow-student, and made room for him by their side; thus they went all together, to the Palais Royal, where the duke of Orleans received his eldest son, as calmly, as though he had returned loaded with college honors. Ah, those college days were happy days! Sweet and peaceful crowns, which could honestly be applauded, without groans and without tears! At this hour, the laurels gained by her son, form

one of the most precious ornaments, of the queen's house at Neuilly!

Thus the prince royal became suddenly, the prince of the French youth. He was our prince even before his noble father became the king of the French. The prince royal knew all the names of *la jeune France,* just as Julius Cæsar knew the names of all the soldiers in his army. He was well acquainted with its vows, and its hopes, its fears, and its ambitions; the strictest friendship united him with the young intelligences of the nineteenth century; like them, he was innocent of all past crimes, of all the voluntary slavery, of all the acts of cowardice, which had been accomplished; in his quick hopeful sight, every thing shone like the lightning shot from heaven. Do you remember what he was in 1830? What fire! what courage! How his great mind showed itself on every side! How calmly and tranquilly, he looked at the new honors of his house! How his father was always his father, and not the king! Never was the prince royal more amiable or more excellent, than in those first days of a royalty which saved France; and each might have said of him, in the language of Virgil, with which he was so familiar, *Tu Marcellus eris!*

Very soon there came a war, or at least a citadel to take. The citadel was strong and bravely defended: now, the prince was happy. He was one of the first to arrive under the walls of Antwerp, he opened the trenches, he waited for the bullets and shells, he learned under a good master, the difficult trade of war; at the same time, he made himself beloved by the soldiers, for his courage, his presence of mind, his art of saying every thing, of encouraging, blaming, rewarding, consoling, and comforting. Under the walls of Antwerp, he showed himself to be at once a bold and modest soldier. Marshal Gérard, in his admirable despatches, hardly named the prince royal, and it caused much joy to the duke of Orleans, that he was not more praised, than if he had been a simple soldier in

the army, or if he had been marshal Gérard himself. Thus his first military beginnings were serious; a citadel to overthrow, a revolution to support, a new throne to raise, and all these labors at the very gates of France, without taking any part in the struggles of parties, which were already murmuring in the distance.

But if he has had his days of glory, he has also had his share in the days of misery. When the city of Lyons rose, as if it had been a capital city, when it was necessary to defend himself in these revolted walls, when there was civil war in the midst of that France which so much needed concord, the prince royal was sent there by his father, that he might watch closely, how the terrible anger of the people rises, and that he might early learn, how it is calmed by means of firmness and compassion. He was humane, charitable, serious, patient, modest, moderate; he already understood all his duties, which were immense; he returned to Paris, peace re-established, order secured, and even the conquered blessing him. A difficult and painful victory, but he accepted all victories, and even that. This kind of victory over a tumultuous population, was in the destiny of his father and himself!

At the time of the cholera,—when the hospitals were encumbered with the sick, when the passer by dropped in the street, struck with a sudden, inexplicable death; when the physicians fell by the beds of the infected,—the first who dared run to these hospitals of despair, was the prince royal. He touched the sick with his own hands, he had all kinds of consolation and hope for them; thus he showed himself on a level with his fortune. *Morituri te salutant;* those who are dying salute you, from the bottom of their souls, Monseigneur. Death,—which respected him in these melancholy days of plague and misery, when he was but a very young man, when the paternal hopes for him were scarcely raised,—why was it that it took him thus suddenly, when married to the noblest daughter of Germany, the father of a family, with so many brilliant qualities of a captain

and statesman, at the very moment when France had learned to look upon him, as her future king.

Africa, subdued at last by the French, will always remember the prince royal as a conqueror. On this barbarous spot, he gave himself up entirely to the courage which urged him on, the military instinct which he possessed, the noble chances which he loved, the chances of a war in which all paid personally, a war full of dangers, and in which each risked his head.

By him the Portes-de-Fer were crossed. The army of Africa alone can tell, how many of the virtues of great captains, the prince royal possessed. He had won all hearts, by the vivacity and energy of a natural eloquence, which suggested to him, at the right moment, the best thing to say. As for danger, he sought it, like a man who has not much time to give, to the lively joys of gun-shots, surprises, sieges, and all the excitement of battle. More than once, he was nearly killed, upon this desolate earth. Cruel death! But France would have preferred even this, could she have foreseen that her beloved prince, would fall within two steps of the paternal mansion, and that his father and mother in despair, and all those young men who so loved their brother, would only have an insensible body to remove, from the dust of this avenue of Revolt, through which the body of king Louis XV. passed, when it was carried in such haste, and with so much fear to the tombs of St. Denis. But as Louis XV. passed, the people clapped their hands in token of joy, and hailed the aurora of a new reign, which was about to deliver them, from the dominion of a tyrant worn out by luxury and vice. On the contrary, if we now cross the avenue of Revolt, we shall behold silence, grief, alarm, remembrances of the past,—the workmen removing the grocer's shop by the queen's orders, as carefully as though it belonged to the dead body of her son. . . . . Melancholy details! but at least they prove, that there are public sorrows, unanimous griefs, against which even French gaiety cannot prevail.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PRINCESS MARIE.

To you, who are distracted from the business of the world, and who occupy yourselves exclusively with poetry and art, there is no occasion to describe the princess Marie. In the high position in which heaven had placed her, she remained the most simple, natural, and honest of artists. You only, can tell all the worth of this young mind, so skilful in understanding every thing, all the genius concealed under a royal name, all the energy of that white hand before which the proudest bowed, and which more than once, even in the evening receptions, still bore the rude and glorious mark of the sculptor's chisel.

For you early learned to acknowledge, in this young girl, your rival, your equal, your superior. In this world of power which she inhabited, few knew all her value. She was never at ease, except in that other kingdom, of the arts, for which she was born. There she lived, there she reigned, there she was eloquent, there she could say, as she struck her foot, "The ground on which I tread, is my own." But when she remembered, that she inhabited the Tuileries, that she was the daughter of the busiest king in Europe, that her brothers were princes of the blood, and that she herself must follow the trade of a princess, smile on all, accept as authorities these miserable nullities, listen to the vain talk of

idle courtiers, hold out her hand to bewildered citizens in the saloon of the Marshals,—then her pure white forehead was dimmed by a slight cloud; then the look, just now proudly turned towards the free sky, was sadly bent upon the ground; her eloquent thoughts were arrested, her smiling lip assumed an expression of involuntary contempt. The courtiers, or if you prefer it, those who are called courtiers, said that the princess Marie was proud. Proud of what? Alas! she had the noble pride of pre-occupied thoughts, the ambition of great minds. But these things are beyond the comprehension of the vulgar. No, she was not proud to the courtiers, but she was annoyed with them. And will you tell me what they could say to her? She spoke a language unknown in the strange world of the Tuileries.

This young woman, who will always be regretted, had all the feelings necessary to form a great artist; above all, she had the feeling of independence; she had a decided preference for familiar conversation, study, silence, obscurity. In the palace which she inhabited, she had made for herself a profound retreat, which no one would have discovered, if the very entrance to this distant apartment, had not revealed a higher taste than the rest of the château. Like a great artist as she was, the princess had fitted up for her own use, a handsome atelier, which might have been taken for the atelier of some unknown Michael Angelo, so skilfully had she concealed the heavy masonry, of this unnatural palace of Philibert Delorme's. There, provided they left her in peace, and did not send for her to do honor to the strange politicians who thought to govern France, the princess was happy. There she laid aside all restraint and all inconvenient ornaments; she realized in the clay before her, her brilliant dreams. When she was thus engaged in imparting to clay, life, motion, and thought, —you might sound drums and clarions under her windows, you might defile before the palace of her father, armed squadrons, you might fill it with peers of France, deputies, ministers, and repre-

sentatives of all the European kings;—the royal sculptress would not bestow one thought upon you.

Her life was thus passed, in the laborious and innocent contemplation of the fine arts. To the praise of the great talent which France has lost, it must be said, that no one in the country, not even the most illustrious, has brought more intelligence and more perseverance, to these rude studies of the fine arts, without which, the greatest abilities are almost always thrown away. She had silently dared all the difficulties of her art, she had felt all its thorns one by one, she had plunged her hand, and that a firm one, into this earth, which must be thoroughly kneaded, if you would do any thing with it. She did not even spare her self-love some severe lessons, and when she had attained her place among the masters, she would take pleasure in relating how, more than once, she had sent anonymous works, to the *Exposition* at the Louvre, and how the public had coldly passed before these first attempts, and not only the public, who never flatter, but the courtiers who always flatter. She would tell also, the just severity of the criticisms upon her, for unlike the greater part of her competitors, who incessantly attack criticism, the princess Marie paid deference to it, saying that truth was not so painful to hear, as might be supposed. And with how much enjoyment would she repeat, that at one of these *Expositions*, to which she had sent an anonymous painting much valued by her,—when she passed before the despised work, and stopped complacently to look at it,—a flatterer who accompanied her, said, "Ah princess, you who understand such matters, how can you stop before such baboons?"

It was by degrees then, without any other protection than her talent, any other recommendation than her genius, that she reached that popularity, which is the sweetest of all rewards; she acquired renown as it ought to be acquired, by her works, and without any extraneous recommendation. By her advanced mind, by her somewhat German taste, by the poetical instincts which so characterized her life, the princess Marie was a disciple of that

young school, which formed part of the school of David. She had early learned, that the pitiful imitation which attaches itself to costume and armour, was a miserable thing, quite unworthy of any real talent: she understood all the compass of those great names, Michael Angelo and Dante; for in her imagination, she never separated the poet from the artist, thought from form, or the inspirator from the inspiration. She was devoted to all that was young and new; she preferred inspiration, and even wandering inspiration, to any thing formal;—every new attempt was sure to please her; she was the first to examine it, and by no means the last to praise it. Thus she saluted with transport, young poets, and young artists, and there was some merit in this, for she was the daughter of a king, who had also his literary system, and who when he had time, occupied himself with art and poetry; and more than once, I fancy there must have been between the father and his beloved daughter, a long dispute; the former defending his idea like a man, who was acquainted with revolutions, and who felt that revolutions depend upon each other, the latter proclaiming progress to be the most invincible necessity of mind, and dreading nothing in the arts but the *statu quo;* the one satisfied with art as it was, the other thinking only of what was to come.

Thus this beautiful, noble mind, now immortalized, had made herself an animated, energetic, and benevolent mediator, between the throne and the young poetical school; she taught her father the names of the new comers into the arena; she accustomed his rebellious ear to new verses, new prose, the modern drama;—she showed,—with the proofs in her hand,—that the France which has produced Lamartine and Eugène Delacroix, M. de Lamennais, yes, M. de Lamennais himself and Madame George Sand, (for she even spoke to the king of Madame Sand,) was not without honor, as respects literature and the arts. And you will imagine that the father, proud of his daughter and his kingdom, would easily suffer himself, to be convinced by the former, in favour of the latter. Nevertheless, who but the princess Marie, would

have dared thus to sustain the poetry, the literature, and the fine arts of this century, compared with the French eighteenth century, so dear on so many accounts, to the men of 1789? Of this valuable encouragement, given from so great a height to the cotemporary school, by the princess Marie, I shall give but one instance, which is, however, exceedingly honorable and touching. You are doubtless acquainted with the books of Edgar Quinet, that German, who, without exactly knowing how, writes some of the most beautiful language of the time. This man is a young, enthusiastic dreamer, full of passion without aim, and ill regulated enthusiasm; he walks alone, in the narrow path he has marked out for himself, between Herder and Klopstock; at certain periods of his life, he appears with a poem in his hand; then he retires, to return after a long interval. One day, he happened to be at the château des Tuileries; he had come to visit one of the queen's maids of honor, and was on this occasion more than usually melancholy. He had just produced a philosophical epopee, that strange poem of Prometheus, enlarged and developed in such a way, as to form the history of humanity, for in these days, humanity does not need histories, from Prometheus to the fall of an angel. Suddenly, as Edgar Quinet was telling the maid of honor, his agonies and his martyrdom, saying that he also, had a vulture at his heart, the poetical vulture,—more furious and more inexorable than the other, a young person entered, so simple, so fair, so candid, so naturally elegant, that our poet ought immediately to have recognized her. But we must pardon M. Edgar Quinet; he was so absorbed in his grief, that he could see nothing. However the new comer took pity on his sufferings, and began to talk to the poet of his new book, with much elegance and feeling, and told him,—what is always said of poems which do not succeed, but which she nevertheless believed,—that it was an excellent work, perhaps the best the author had ever written, and she even knew by heart, several of the rustic verses, extemporised, as bards extemporised before the mead.

Imagine the delight of our poet at hearing her thus speak! She seemed like an apparition in white, from the other side of the Rhine. Seeing that her conversation pleased him, she suffered the healing balm to fall, drop by drop, upon the wounded heart. By degrees she proceeded, and she was quite right, from the poem in verse to the poem in prose; she passed from Prometheus to the touching legend of Ahasuerus, that masterpiece of poetical legends. "Stay," said she to Quinet, "follow me, and you will see whether I love this poem." Immediately the two ladies arose, and the poet followed them, with the same melancholy respect, as though he had been following the white lady of Avenel; and thus they entered the Gothic atelier, filled with incomplete drawings, and unfinished sketches. The Bible, Homer, and Dante, were her only companions, in this cell. And imagine the joy of the poet, when four admirable bas-reliefs, taken from his poem, were pointed out to him! Yes, his heroes themselves, in the very attitude, and exhibiting the very passions, which his poetry had given them! Here, then, is the giant giving himself up to revelling at the instant of his return, while at the gate of his tower, knocks old Ocean most imperatively—the king offers to his importunate guest his purple mantle, but Ocean prefers his mantle of froth. Farther on, Christ comes into the world, and the wise men, led by the star, go to the stable at Bethlehem,—while on their route, the red-breasts sing their morning song. Then appears the wandering Jew, he who has neither seat to sit down upon, nor fountain to quench his thirst; as he passes, Babylon and Thebes take a stone from their ruins, to throw at him. Following him, come Attila and the barbarians, those other wanderers, who chasten Rome, and revenge the world. On the shores of the Rhine, the watcher sings, under the tower of king Dagobert. In a little cabin, old Mabb torments young Rachael; Rachael personifies vengeance, Mabb hesitation. And thus this history is unfolded, through the labors and the lamentations of men; and thus

you arrive at Christian Rome, when the eternal city is finished, and filled with living souls. Then only, does Christ pardon Ahasuerus, and grant him that repose of an eternity, which he so much needs.

To describe to you all the delight of the poet, when he saw his ideas thus understood, thus reproduced,—to tell you all his emotion when he saw one after the other, his dreams pass thus, before him, in their natural and mystic attitudes,—would be quite impossible. And then what happiness! to trace his own poems, to touch, with the finger and the look, the wandering works of his imagination; to see them thus clothed in the mantle, spun for them with the gold and silken thread of imagination! To say to himself, "*There they are walking!*" and to see them, in fact, acting and thinking, was delightful! such was the admiration of the poet. But what were his feelings when the young artist said to him, with her sweet vibrating voice, *This is your work, take it with you;* and when he could read, at the bottom of these exquisite bas-reliefs, the royal name, *Marie d'Orléans?*

In point of royal rewards, I do not think there is a greater than this to be found, in the history of the arts. We have heard of a great prince, who held the ladder for Albert Durer; of a powerful monarch, who picked up the pencils of Titian; we know that the sister of a king of France kissed the lips of Alain Charlier while he slept;—but this great surprise given to a poet, the reproduction of his poem, this unhoped for, and consolatory gift, the infinite grace of the young girl, the princess, the great artist, this is certainly a thing which cannot be too much admired.

If you remember at what age the princess Marie died—if you recollect that she shared all the agonies, and all the anxieties of this new throne so cruelly tried,—you will be confounded with the number and the variety of her labors. After having drawn for some time under the direction of a skilful master whom she had herself chosen, she began to paint; to her, the French are indebted for several of the beau-

tiful church windows executed at Sèvres, and amongst others the windows of the chapel at Fontainebleau, which you would suppose to have been stolen from some Italian dome, in the sixteenth century. But her greatest love was for sculpture,—she had divined all its secrets, she modelled with unequalled firmness; under her fingers, the obedient clay took every form. She understood thoroughly, the science of details, and knew exactly how the queen and her page were dressed, how the knight and the squire were armed. In compliance with her will, the clay thus modelled, became armour or velvet, sword or lace. Her first attempt in this style, was the statue of Joan of Arc on horseback. The horse is a very fine Norman one, calmly and vigorously placed; the young warrior armed cap-a-pie, holds in her hand the terrible sword, which she has just used for the first time. There is here an exquisite idea, which would not have occurred to any sculptor of our time,—it could only enter a young mind filled with the softest feelings;—when Joan of Arc, leaning from her saddle, has cut off the head of the first Englishman who presents himself, suddenly the warrior disappears, the young shepherdess is seen under her cuirass; the terrible sword nearly falls from the trembling hand; astonishment, mingled with alarm is seen on her lovely countenance. It is not she, who has killed the man, it is her sword. I know nothing more animated or more ingenious than this little group, which is concealed in one of the minor apartments of the château des Tuileries.

She adopted Joan of Arc, then, as her hero. When she played as a young child, upon the green turf of that château d'Eu, which has received her mortal remains, she might have seen among the portraits of her family, Joan of Arc herself, shut up for a moment, in the château d'Eu, when the English took her to the city of Rouen, where they burnt her. She early learned this fatal and glorious history, and acquired a strong love for the young heroine, whose misfortunes equalled her courage. Thus when the king her father undertook to raise from its ruins, the

palace of Versailles, which had been the tomb of a monarchy, after having been its most illustrious theatre, the princess Marie wished to assist. In these galleries, consecrated to French virtue, she has chosen her place and her heroine. This statue of Joan of Arc has already made the tour of the world.

The maid is standing in an easy, natural posture; she is simply dressed, and under her warrior's garb, you may even detect that of the shepherdess; her beautifully pensive, oval head is bent under her long hair; her two hands are exquisite,—so delicate and yet strong,—there seem to be iron muscles in these small, slim fingers! She holds her sword so boldly and so positively. But its point is turned towards the ground! The heroine is evidently recollecting herself, she is expecting the enemy, she is waiting for the oriflamme to be unfurled. It is impossible to describe, the powerful effect of this simple marble in the midst of so many furious and declamatory ones!

But she is dead! Far from her beloved country, far from her father, her mother, her brothers, and her sisters! Pisa will long remember the great artist who died within her walls; the old dome will recall that pale and beautiful creature, kneeling on the cold marble; the leaning tower will weep over her; the Campo Santo, motionless, will be moved with pity; all the centuries, interred there, will be melted at this sad loss. And doubtless, if France had not claimed the illustrious body, the countess Beatrice would have risen from the borrowed urn, which she had occupied for three centuries, to make room for the grand-daughter of Andrew of Pisa, of Michael Angelo, and of Orcagna.

Had not pitiless death spoiled all, she would have bequeathed to France, a statue of Bayard. You cannot say, that she did not know how to choose her heroes!

But she is dead! She has fallen in all the strength,—not of her age, for she had hardly begun life, but in all the strength of her talents. It seemed as though all her happiness was in France, and that every other sky, even that of Italy, was fatal to her.

She had scarcely followed her young husband into Germany, that Germany so charmed and delighted to hear its language so well spoken, to see its poets so well understood, before she was driven from her house by fire, and in this fire, what was it she lamented? She wept her lost albums, beautiful drawings brought from France, as a remembrance of her absent country; she wept her favorite books, which she knew by heart; she regretted the letters of her much-loved family. It was the first time in such a fire, that no mention was made of pearls or diamonds, or ornaments. And therefore, the French artists were much more affected at the news, than if a crown had been left among the rubbish, and with an honorable eagerness, they set themselves to make a new album, for the noble fellow-student who understood them so well.

As she felt ill, and suffered more than she ever owned, she returned to Paris, where some happy days yet awaited her. She again saw all those whom she loved; again she felt around her, that active motion of mind so necessary to her; once more she assisted at the daily production of those ideas, which raise, enlighten, agitate, and disturb Europe; again she found her favorite artists, and I leave you to guess, with what a charming smile, she recognised them all. Once more she took the road to her atelier, and saw, not without tears, the works she had commenced;—how many times did her anxious mother take from her hands the sculptor's chisel! for without any pity for herself, the young princess still moulded the damp clay, with her poor emaciated hands. She wished also to visit the château de Fontainebleau, which she loved, and in which she sought less, the kings who had inhabited it, than the artists who had left their names in, and upon, the walls; once more she would ride on horseback through this beautiful forest, and when on horseback, you know how unwilling she was ever to dismount. Poor woman! who that saw her still so happy, taking such an amiable interest in those who were dear to her, would have supposed that she was about to die?

Frederick Heath

Eugene Lami

CHAPTER XIX.

THE OPERA.

But I forget that I did not come to Paris, to penetrate into the mysteries of politics. Others will tell you what is passing in the palaces of kings; my object is to instruct you in the manners, the elegances, the comely joys of the great Parisian city. Nor must I forget the good and faithful companions of my journey, the painter who draws, and the engraver who reproduces the work of the artist; let us try then, all three of us, to dive into some of the mysteries of this immense capital of taste, art, form, mind, and good sense. There is one place, in Paris, into which, when evening comes, the crowd pours itself,—I mean the beautiful and well-dressed crowd, the world of the happy and the rich, the idle world, which does not know how to kill life, and whom the evening surprises, like an unforeseen accident. This rendezvous of the Parisian fashionables, this resort of every evening, is the opera, the Italian theatre. Let us go there immediately. It is a great monument, to which nothing is wanting but a front; it is a theatre lost among three or four passages, which surround it with all kinds of merchandize of great display, and little worth. The Opera-house is immense,—gold and light, those two indispensable foundations of all public

fêtes, dazzle and sparkle on every side. Hardly have they arrived in this rich enclosure, before the first care, of the spectatresses, is, to take the position which will best display their beauty. Each one exhibits what she has,—her arm, her hand, her white shoulder,—and while the women show themselves, and the men look at them, suddenly rises from the midst of a formidable orchestra, one of those pieces of music, which I need not describe to you, for once adopted in France, they make the tour of all Europe, as if it were only a new hat or a new dress. Indeed, you know the names of these musical works, some of which are masterpieces: *Robert le Diable*, an opera which has silenced Rossini, and reduced him to the necessity of writing nothing but romances for churches; *La Juive; La Muette; Guillaume Tell*, the opera which caused so much grief to its master, and under which fell Nourrit, the greatest singer France could boast; and occasionally, from time to time, but rarely,—for any thing truly admirable soon tires these frivolous Athenians,—you see re-appearing, in all the passionate rapture of their eternal youth, the Don Juan of Mozart, or the Freischutz of Weber. Thus the opera confines itself almost entirely to five or six pieces of the ancients and moderns, and certainly the execution of these wonders of art is sufficient,—and often more than sufficient,—for all these voices united, and all these various talents. We must not forget, however, that our sole object in coming here, is not to listen to Madame Dorus, who sings with so sweet and airy a voice, or even the clever Duprez, whose voice nevertheless often belies his strength and his courage; and less still to see all these *débutants* who pass and repass, without ever stopping,—stars of a day, throwing their brilliant phosphorus from these musical heights, that they may acquire the right, for some future time, of illuminating the province. You may love singing and the musical drama, and magical conjurations, and the movements of triumphant armies, as much as you will; for it is the custom in the modern opera, to show

some kind of movement, a whole army passing in review;—but for the stranger who spends but a few days in Paris, there is an object of interest, a hundred times greater than chanted dramas; there are other heroes besides the singers and songstresses; the great interest is the dance, it is those who compose the ballet, not the *danseurs*, who are hardly looked at, who jump in the most awkward way, and throw themselves about most sadly in their corners; but the *danseuses*, the airy, flying group, that nameless thing, which plays so conspicuous a part in the romances of every country. To see from a distance, this flying squadron in gauze dresses, and as naked as they can be, you ask yourself, if this is really a public institution, and if these naked arms and legs, these unveiled bosoms and shoulders, are not an optical delusion? Then you are seized with an abominable wish, to have a nearer view of the gauze, the silk, the satin shoes, the artificial flowers, the long hair, the endless smiles: but this is not so easy; it is not every one, who can enter the dreaded sanctuary. The entrance is defended, not by a rose, as might be imagined, but by a horrible thorn under the appearance of a vulgar porter. Those only, are welcome to knock at this door, who belong either to diplomacy, the press, or finance, the three great powers of this century;—to be admitted, it is necessary to be the bearer, (what almost rural innocence!) of an ivory counter, covered with allegorical emblems, crooks, shepherds, bagpipes, sheep. Florian could not have done better. You ascend a dirty staircase, you pass through a greasy door, and find yourself tête-à-tête with an old bald *figurant*, or worse still, with a fantastically-harnessed horse. After so much labor, you think you have attained your object, and you promise yourself to hold your heart with both hands; useless trouble, you have many other dangers yet to encounter. First you must cross the theatre, and this is a most perilous journey; for abysses yawn at your feet, and over your head are suspended,—ready to fall,—seas, whole cities, edifices of marble and gold; you must go quickly, and yet

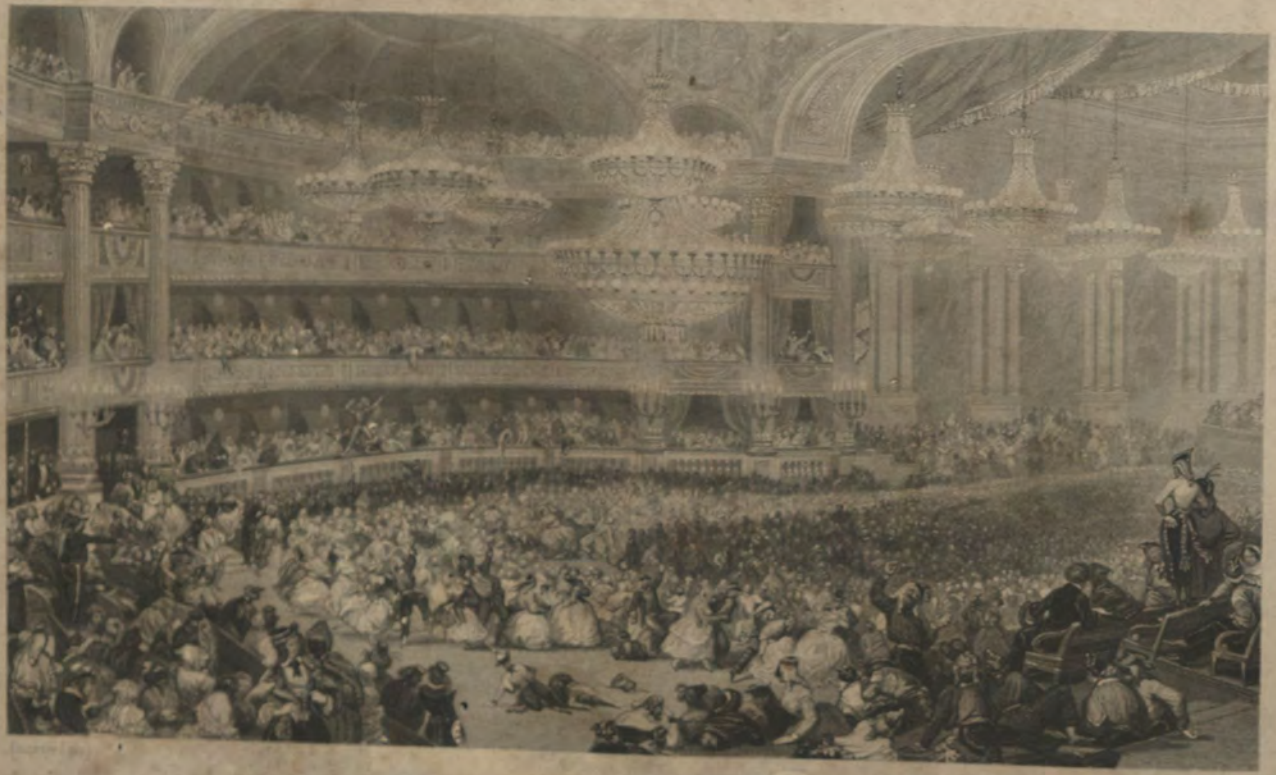
softly; the machinist is there, scolding his people, and cursing you from the bottom of his heart. At last, here you are in the green-room of the Opera: you have only to descend five or six steps, enter then. This green-room, which still bears the rich remains of former painting and gilding, was once the saloon of the duke de Choiseul; it has seen more serious magnificence, before becoming the asylum of these choregraphical splendors. On entering, your first care must be to uncover yourself, and to keep your hat in your hand, for by an ingenious fiction, once in the green-room, you are in the house of the king, not the constitutional king of the French, but better still, in that of his Majesty Louis XV., a king who, of all his dynasty, has preserved nothing but the etiquette with which he pensioned the green-room; thus any ill-bred Frenchman has a right, not to salute his Majesty Louis Philippe as he passes, and to refuse the queen a bow, but no one may keep on his hat before these Opera ladies, who however will take care not to acknowledge your civility. They will scarcely bestow a side glance upon the stranger who presents himself in the comic kingdom; you, however, who are wise, when you see these ladies so occupied with their *jetés battus*, will forget your intended conquests, and indeed you are quite right, for all of them,—the ugliest and the most beautiful, she for whom the public waits to throw at her feet its delight and its homage, and she whose name it will never know,—are fully engaged, without asking you who you are. At this moment, they belong to the public, he is their only master, they think of no one but him, they would give all their love, past, present, and to come, for a round of applause, or even less than that, for a favorable murmur; so that if, in the green-room, you fancy yourself in the presence of simple anacreontic divinities, you are in great error, you are in the presence of women who sing or who dance. However your choice is soon made, you return to what you were a short time since, an attentive spectator, but a spectator in the first boxes; and now your amusement is, to recognise them one

after another; the elegant Fanny Elssler, in her Spanish costume, half silk, half lace, without speaking of the brown skin which is seen through this light dress; Pauline Leroux calm and pensive; Carlotta Grisi light and active; the two Noblets; the beautiful Dumilâtre; with the subalterns, who are not the least pretty; and around these stars, the wandering satellites;—this one obtains a smile, that one a look, another is acknowledged aloud as a conqueror,—but silence! The dance is called for, the public waits and is impatient; at this signal, these birds with brilliant plumage fly off, uttering a little cry of joy; they fly light as air, and in this saloon, recently so full, nothing remains, unless it is a flower fallen from the figure, a ringlet unfastened from the long hair, a pinion which has broken off, all sorts of appointments, jokes, love-pledges, and nothings; but they, the sylphids, what are they now doing? They accompany the sylphs into the air, they repose in the old palace of the sleeping Beauty in the wood, they swim into the azure grottos of the Daughter of the Danube;—they have introduced revolt into the seraglio of the Grand Seignior, disordered revelling into the ruined monastery of Robert le Diable; wherever they go, they carry with a bird's flight, every passion and every love. Oh these Frenchmen, and these Frenchwomen, how they can make much out of little!—a great singer out of a cooper, a *danseuse* out of a piece of gauze, a lyric poet out of M. Scribe, and a *danseur* out of the first comer.

CHAPTER XX.

PARISIAN AMUSEMENT.

THE Opera is not only the temple, consecrated to music and dancing, a profane and noisy temple to which repairs every soft Parisian passion; it is besides, on certain days, marked out by human folly, the most frightful pandemonium which has ever appeared in the dreams of foolish youth; certainly, Paris is, above all others, the city of thought and labour, she is the head of France, she is the heart of Europe. In this supreme city, are manufactured in one day, more revolutions and more ideas, than in all the rest of the world in a month. Every morning, this terrible city is in need of an immense number of facts and ideas to live upon; the most distinguished writers are occupied, night and day, in discussing politics and literature, in shaking monarchies, in ruining poets, in manufacturing systems of philosophy, in founding new, or ruining or defending old, systems of religion. The expenditure of wit, rapture, imagination, and style, each morning, in order seriously to amuse this great city, is incredible. All the kingdoms, and all the kings of Europe, all the soldiers, all the legislators, all the poets, are called upon to play their part in this human comedy called the *Newspaper*, and in order that the show may be interesting, and somewhat amuse



the Parisian,—that satiated and weary spectator,—this comedy is seasoned, as much as possible, with calumnies, hatreds, and injuries. Parties attack each other, fight, and slander desperately; every reputation is torn in pieces, every glory is annihilated; it is like the cry which resounded through the city of Jerusalem: *Woe to you! woe to you! and finally, woe to myself!* Such is, each morning, the Parisian's first pleasure. At the bottom of these said newspapers, have been placed for some time, all kinds of romances and histories, filled with the most tender and most touching turns of love. It is a strange, incredible medley; a black line suffices to separate, in the same sheet, political anger and languishing love, the Chamber of Deputies and the boudoir of the coquette; here they declaim against the oppressors of the people, a little lower down they tell you, of the doings of fine gentlemen and beautiful ladies. In the columns above they defend the throne and the altar, in the columns below, they teach you the paths of vice. There is a supply for every taste and for every age, without reckoning great crimes full of mysteries and paradoxes, when they happen, and such occasions always afford much pleasure to this immense city. Witness that pretty poetical poisoner, who has alone, done more to amuse it, than all its poets and artists united. After this first relaxation, Paris amuses itself with a solemn and awful game, the game of coquetry and money. The women are occupied in making themselves beautiful, the men in making themselves rich; the former go to their milliners, the latter to the Bourse: the two desperate and delightful games of fortune and beauty.

On the part of the players, the joy is great. To turn over the marvellous finery, the laces, the ribands, the rich velvets; or to know that with one word all the money in the kingdom will lessen or increase; to return home, laden with flowers, hopes, fresh tissues, with a new bonnet, or an eastern shawl; or to return after having gained a million, and to know that that million is there, following you, trembling, obeying like a slave, ready to

serve the slightest caprices of its master, this is certainly enjoyment; well, the men and women of Paris amuse themselves all in the same way, each in his sphere;—to be beautiful and well dressed, this is the delight of the women;—to be rich and consequently honored, is that of the men. The Parisians are busy beings; they raise themselves, they push themselves forward, they take care of themselves, as a French poet says. To see them from noon till five o'clock, in the Chamber, at the bar, on their seats at the tribunal, in their studies, in their counting houses, you would never believe, that they are the same men you saw yesterday evening, so calm and so happy, amidst trifling conversation; thus life is twofold with this people; pleasure and toil, coquetry and ambition, the improvidence which throws away its money and its time at random, and the foresight which provides for bad days: thus if you were to be told to what delirium, to what revelling, the great Parisian city abandons itself from time to time, you would hardly believe it; for usually, revelling is reserved for people who have but little amusement, but let the privileged evenings of winter arrive,—wait till the Easter fêtes are passed, till the month of May has cast its white flowers, till the Parisian villa has lost its sweet repose, its refreshing shades, its clear waters; wait till the happy of the world have returned from their journey to Italy, through the picturesque scenery of Switzerland; —let the month of December and its saturnalia arrive, then you will see every where,—dissipation, balls, delirium, and joy; you will no longer recognize the *busy* city; you will have only the *enamoured* city before your eyes; it is hardly to be believed, but I know it, I, who speak to you, have seen it.

It was *Lundi gras*, the last but one of these days of folly; the cold was intense, the sky was blue and brilliant, the stars danced in the heaven, and I saw more than one disappear from the magic circle, like a *danseuse* who has sprained her ancle; it was almost midnight; the whole city slept, or rather pretended to sleep, it was silently waiting for twelve o'clock, the hour for spectres.

Midnight,—the awful moment which calls up so many wandering souls, in the old castles of Germany,—is the delirious hour of folly in the Parisian city; and now it strikes, there is the signal; oh happiness! suddenly the darkness is illuminated; silence is replaced by noise,—from all these motionless houses, escape with bursts of laughter, not men, not women, but nameless beings, covered with tinsel and false countenances;—where are they going in their harlequin's and clown's dresses? where are they going,—this one dressed like a shepherdess, that one covered with rags? Follow them; all of them are hastening to the Opera, to the great general festival; the festival commences in the very street, so impatient are they that they cannot wait to reach the dancing pandemonium. Walk slowly through the galleries of the Opera, and watch these masks passing one by one; how calm and sedate they are! how quietly they walk arm in arm! would you not say, they were honest people going to their business? But by degrees the saloon is filled,—from top to bottom it is one blaze of light, as though you were in the open day; at this hour, all is still and calm; the ladies are gravely seated at their posts, the men look at, and try to recognize each other; what silence! When suddenly you hear a noise like thunder; it is a thunderbolt, a tempest, an overwhelming uproar; at once all these hearts begin to beat, with unanimous delirium;—fury, enthusiasm—takes possession of every mind; these men, these beings, just now so calm, begin to caper, one carrying another, and to throw themselves into the giddy pell-mell of the unrestrained and formless dance; they cling to each other, they press one against the other; with one consent they bound through the intoxicated crowd, that shares all their friskings; throughout the saloon the folly is the same; those who cannot dance, who want both space and strength, look with all their eyes, and with all their souls, at this indecent skipping. Ah! who could count all the different persons in this obstinate dance; who could tell all its positions, all its costumes,

all its shriekings, all its appearances; the human imagination, if it summoned up at once all that it possesses, most fantastic, most elegant, and most hideous, could form no idea of the embroideries, the rags, the golden mantles, the pollution, the dresses borrowed from the greatest men, and the frightful cassocks which the bagnio would not accept. Every epoch, every place, every costume is employed on these days of carnival; the twelve peers of Charlemagne and the courtezans of Louis XV., the market ladies, and the red heels of the Œil-de-Bœuf, elbow and push each other, without form or ceremony in this excited mass: and if you could take off the masks from these men and women, how amazed would you be, at the distances which separate them; here girls of twenty years old, who would die of fright if they thought they could be recognized; there, old women, outcasts from society, who are as happy to assume the mask, as though they could with it, assume their former beauty.

The magistrate, under a harlequin's dress, struggles with one who has been more than once in confinement, but now wears a magistrate's robe; the peer of France dances opposite the liberated galley slave. Oh! how ashamed these men would be, if they knew who their partners had been; what polluted hands had been held out to them; above all, in the midst of these groups, in the thickest of this festival, which has not its fellow in the world, you see moving from time to time, two frightful rascals, whom French gaiety has adopted as its most accurate type, two bandits covered with blood, two thieves, Robert Macquire and his companion, Bertrand; without these two, there is no good fête in Paris; their hideous tatters, their abominable puns, are as necessary, at a masked ball, as the music and the wax candles; they are welcome every where, they are loved, received, admired, waited upon. They have replaced the Sganarelle, the Gros Jean, and the Gros René of Molière; Robert Macquire and Bertrand have marvellously assisted, in the secondary and terrible justice of French wit; but after all, the laugh of these two ban-

dits is a laugh without gaiety; their pitiless sarcasms breathe the fetid air of the bagnio;—I can imagine, taking every thing into consideration, that Paris, satiated with all the emotions of art, good taste, and good sense, can sometimes be amused with these frightful paradoxes in flesh and blood; but you must grant, that to the stranger who has long studied with love, and passion, and respect, all the greatest beauties of so beautiful a language,—that to him who arrives in Paris, knowing by heart the Gil Blas of Lesage, and the Comedies of Molière, the delightful drolleries of Hamilton, nay, even the Fables of La Fontaine, to him it is doubtless a melancholy subject of astonishment, to see the whole French nation, so renowned for its atticism, amusing itself with the puns of escaped galley slaves; then, you perceive that you do not know one single word, of this beautiful French language, so well spoken and so well written. It is no longer a language, it is an abominable patois, it is pedlar-French worthy of the markets and public places; the French society which you have come so far to seek, is thoroughly metamorphosed. I compare French society to a great masked ball, for it is impossible for a nation, any more than for an individual, to disguise itself so completely that it cannot be recognized, under its borrowed dress and countenance. Let us wander back, in thought then, if it please you, to the first masked ball at the Opera; it was under Louis XV., there was at that time most distinctly, what are called the city and the court, that is to say, citizens and great lords, clowns and duchesses. Until then, Paris and Versailles had been completely separated; the masked ball was to unite them for an hour; it was an excellent opportunity for the marquises and the duchesses, to learn how a financier and a lawyer were made, and vice versâ. The idea seemed good and new, it was accepted with enthusiasm by both parties; for the curiosity of each was equal, and to such an excess was it carried, that the queen herself, yes, the queen of France, was willing to show herself in this crowd, where every one recognized her less by the haughtiness

of her step, than by the respect which surrounded her. Yes, but at that time the Opera ball was, at most, only a promenade, filled with chatting and whispering; each came to the fête in a grave, sedate costume; intrigue walked formally, and threw into her walk, if not much decency, at least much good taste and reserve. In a word, you would have said at that time, that Versailles had absorbed Paris, that the city had remained subject to the court; yes—but now go to the Opera—throw yourself into this pell-mell, any description of which is utterly powerless, see the great Chicard enter, followed by his demoniacal band, listen to the noise, the cries, the yells, the insults, the hoarse words of love, and tell us now, if it is the court which absorbs the city, if it is Versailles which absorbs Paris. Where are you, ye elegant young lords, princes of the blood; where are you, regent of France, whom the Abbé Dubois masqueraded, and you above all, the beautiful queen, the all-powerful majesty, you, the sainted Marie Antoinette of Austria, where are you?

CHAPTER XXI.

RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES.

After the Opera, which enters more or less into the life of every Parisian, what the fashionables of Paris prefer, above all things,—though you will doubtless think it most unlikely,—is a religious ceremony; but it must be a beautiful ceremony, full of pomp and dramatic effect; for instance, a burial, a marriage, or, better still, a sermon. There is in Paris more than one church, which is quoted to you, for the brilliancy of its lights, the perfume of its incense, the beautiful voices of its singers, and the number of its choristers. They tell you of the curate's laces, of the richness of his ornaments, and the embroidery of his surplice, just in the same way as they would speak of the shawls and dresses, of some great coquette. What would you have? The church does not choose to be abandoned for the theatre; she therefore defends herself in the best way she can, and even with worldly arms. You wish for singing, music, beautiful ladies, fine dresses, good authors; here you will find them all. The church will become a theatre, the chapel a boudoir; they will build profane little temples, expressly for the use of the frivolous affected women, in the neighbourhood of the Chaussée d'Antin. Oh my American brothers, so pedantic and so stiff; oh my English

cousins-german, you who pride yourselves upon the austerity, with which you celebrate the holy sabbath, do me the kindness, to enter one of these places of worship, where every thing is arranged to please the eye. It is a high day: the bells have been ringing since morning. The porters have put on their fine liveries, the ushers have decked their proud necks with the silver chain, the whole church is loaded with hangings, and chandeliers filled with wax candles; the choristers are dressed in white, the Levites have assumed their most beautiful robes; by degrees arrive, the most amiable devotees of the neighbourhood, who are but little accustomed to devotion. The street is filled with carriages and horses, the Church with the prettiest and handsomest catholics: and wherever there are ladies, men, as a matter of course, make their appearance. For the Church, the costume is not the same, as for the Opera; the dress is less striking, the figure less shown; you do not see the head uncovered, to be sure, but then what new bonnets, what velvets, what embroidery! they do not look full at each other, but only side-ways; they speak in a low voice, and hardly dare to bow to each other. They are the same people, but at this moment, they are playing a different part. They are playing at the game of hearing mass or chanting vespers. In what atmosphere are you? You yourself do not know. The thousand perfumes which fill the sacred spot, have no resemblance to the incense which the priests are burning. The patchouli, the eau de Portugal, the sweet smells exhale a thousand odors, which are of themselves sufficient to distract you from any idea of God. But silence! they are about to sing; not to sing the psalms which contain so much Christian austerity, not to recite the lamentations of the awful prophets; they have wisely suppressed all these terrors; or at least if they still sing them, it is to new airs, little melodies, full of grace and brilliancy. That the illusion may be more complete, it is the Opera singers, who become the Church singers. The evening before, they were exclaiming in their loudest voice, *I love you,*

I adore you! return my affection, my beloved! In the morning, they sing the *Dies iræ, dies illa!* or the *Super flumina Babylonis, Illic flevimus!* &c. And, wonderful to relate! if they were entirely occupied with love, while in their amorous ecstacy, they are now equally taken up with melancholy and mourning, in their chanted lamentations. At these delicate sounds, our young catechumens suddenly beat time, by a charming little nod. If unfortunately, one of the invisible singers happens to insert a note, which is not in the scale, suddenly you see all the brows knitted, and with a little more, the house of the Lord would resound with those sharp sounds, of which artists have so much fear! . . . . . This is what is called, by courtesy, a religious ceremony! Then when divine service is finished, each leaves, looking meantime very curiously at his neighbour. Immediately the conversation becomes louder and more animated. People ask each other, if Mr. Such-a-one did not sing well? or if he did not sing better, at the Opera, the other day? If the curate is well? The curate passes, and is saluted with a smile which seems to say, The mass has been very fine! They tell me, that one of the curates in Paris had become celebrated, for the magnificence of the ceremonies at his church, and the good grace with which he did the honors of it. Unfortunately, this curate was made a bishop, and the church has again become grave, serious, and Christian, so that it is no more frequented, than the other churches in Paris.

We are in the Chaussée d'Antin, and in a quarter quite new, inhabited by the marchionesses of the Rue du Helder, the countesses of the Place Bréda. Have they not built here a pretty little church? so delicate, so well painted, so cool in summer, so warm in winter, that the ladies consider it an honor, to perform their devotions in this beautiful spot. It is here, amongst all kinds of handsome arm chairs, covered with velvet cushions, that you may read in every variety of letter, the name of Fanny Ellsler. Fanny Ellsler, your divinity, my brothers of the New World,

her whom the French have made you Americans, carry in triumph!

Fanny Ellsler! this, then, is the velvet on which she kneels, the arm-chair which supports her, the footstool on which she approaches heaven, she, the profane and frivolous creature, whose mind and belief are summed up in the dance! On this Christian velvet, what can she say in a low voice to the serious, and awful God? What prayers can she address to Him? And how can the holy God receive this rose-colored paternoster, pronounced between two jests, or two smiles? Assuredly, it is only in France, that you can meet such contrasts. This is the only country, where you will find thus blended in the same censor, sacred and profane incense,—where the Magdalen, not a penitent, brings to the foot of the cross, the exuberance of her enthusiasm and her spirit. But nevertheless, so it is,—at the bottom of these worldly frivolities, you will find not only religious ideas, but religious influence, such as it is. This man who has lived a graceless life, wishes to die well, and he calls *dying well*, having at his death-bed, a priest who will close his eyes, and say to his soul, "*Depart, Christian soul! Profisciscere, anima Christiana.*" Another, who has led the wildest life, throwing to the winds his contrary passions, his soul, his mind, the past, the future, all that he is, all that he may be,—suddenly, some fine morning, discovers that this is not life,—that life is a serious thing, and that he must become honorable and devout; then he recalls with transport, his father's house, the domestic roof, the white hairs of his grandfather, the smile of his mother, the happy darlings of his father, and his own joyous infantile cries, when he was but a spoiled child. Sweet and holy visions of domestic happiness and glory! At first, he repulses these remembrances, as a man repulses the first approach of remorse. He says to himself—"It is impossible! I am too old, it is too late; the life which I have adopted is too agreeable, for me to renounce it; a life of festivals, of enchantment, of love and

Eugene Lami

Charles Heath

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passion, and delirium of every kind; it is too late!" But this said, the sweet domestic vision reappears, showing him, in the distance, a young and pretty wife, and lively, charming children. It is done, our man is half conquered; he does not yet acknowledge his defeat, but he does better than acknowledge it, he loves it, he is proud of it. For, in the midst of his reform, he has already discovered the beautiful young girl of whom he dreamed, the pure and innocent youth, which will shed upon his name, the sweet eclat of her beauty and her virtues. Oh happiness! the task is much easier than you first imagined, young man. Society has not repulsed you for ever,—on the contrary, she returns to you with joy, she holds out her hands to you, at the same time that you extend yours to her; she rejoices over your victory, while you rejoice over your defeat. And now, the altar is decorated, the church is filled with incense and harmony, the organ bursts forth in a thousand joyous sounds, the wax lights diffuse their uncertain clearness, a crowd of beauties have run to assist at this marriage, of which the whole city is full;—at last, here is the young couple; how pretty is the bride! what grace in her carriage! what taste in her dress! with what serious joy, does her delicate little head bow under the blessing of the priest! Now, all conversation is stopped, every one listens, every one looks, and prays. Even the Voltairian himself, he who has learned in the school of his master, to ridicule and question every thing, is moved, from the bottom of his soul: the fact is, that on the great occasions of life, the united prayer, the brilliancy of the altar, the voice of the priest, the sound of the organ, the display, the pomp, and the majesty of the catholic church, are not without having their influence, on the destinies and the future happiness, of the man who summons to his aid, religious ideas. Every mind feels the need of this assistance, and in this incredulous country, it has always been so. When in the height of his power and his glory, Napoleon Buonaparte summoned Pope Pius VII. from Rome itself, and

from the heights of the Vatican, there was excited round his Holiness a unanimous enthusiasm. The whole of France, the France of Voltaire and of Diderot, of Robespierre and St. Just, prostrated itself, before the steps of the holy old man. The pontiff, melted even to tears, no longer recognised the awful kingdom of unbelief and storms. He asked himself, if these were the same Frenchmen, who had caused a woman of infamous character to ascend the high altar of the church of Notre Dame de Paris, the same Frenchmen, who had, by the hand of the executioner, put to death, the grandson of St. Louis, the king of France, and not only the king of France, but his wife, and almost his whole family? Yes, it is the same France, revolutionary and Christian France; the France of Marat and M. de Chateaubriand, the same country which published the Rights of Man, and the *Génie du Christianisme.*

The farther he advanced into this strange kingdom, the more Pope Pius VII. recovered his courage and his moderation, so that his entrance into Paris was a real triumph. No conquering and all-powerful king, returning to his capital city, was ever received with more unanimous transport. In the long succession of Christians, prostrate to receive the blessing of the holy father, there was only one young man, ill-judged enough not to receive it respectfully. Then our holy father the pope, an austere and energetic Italian, who felt himself at least equal to Napoleon Buonaparte, advancing towards the imprudent being who had braved him—"Young man," said he, "learn that the blessing of an old man injures no one!" *Of an old man* was excellent. But I think the young one did well to disappear in the crowd; for at that time, the master of France would not have submitted patiently, to any failure of respect for his royal guest.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE CHURCH OF FRANCE.

It is thus that in France, the Church mingles with every thing. In vain would a man of some courage evade this common obligation, he is obliged to submit to it. The less the Church is written in the laws of the country, the more is it indicated in its manners. *Bow thy head, proud Sicambrian!* said the bishop when baptizing Clovis, king of France; *Bow thy head, proud Sicambrian!* is still said by the Church, to each one, as he enters or quits life. The Church has her share, in all the joys and all the griefs of this singular people. Like the Opera, she has her fashions, her customs, her dresses, and her favorites. And in these later times, the Church of France has mingled more than ever, in the excitements, the wants, and the exigencies, of every day life. Beyond the Church,—there ist he Bible, there are the two Chambers, there are books, speeches, conversations, various interests, Voltairians, philosophers, the careless, the sceptics; there are those who say with M. Dupin, *That law is atheistical,* a horrible maxim, which makes atheism, the foundation of all society; but also, in the Church itself, you will find forces, which can be opposed to all these united powers. What is it you say, about the two Chambers and the newspapers? Where is

the moral authority of the Chamber submitted to election? or where is the power of that other Chamber, into which no one enters, except with white hair, without having even the hope of leaving to one's son, the title of this peerage during life. What do you think of books which no one will read, and newspapers subject to general refutation? The Church has a much better defence than newspapers and books. For tribune, she has the pulpit. From its height, the Church speaks, not only of human interests, (vile and perishing things,) but she speaks to men of their conscience, of their liberty, of their holy belief, of the gospel! Thus in the shadow of the pulpit, have arisen illustrious and bold young orators, already powerful by their speech, and by their thoughts, austere, and eloquent, to whom the crowd listens with admiration, with eagerness and attention. Who would have supposed, that in the midst of this Paris,—so occupied with canals, railroads, the budget, colonial questions, and also with milliners, jewellers, old laces, women's bonnets, ribands, velvets, music, pictures, gilding, paintings, the fine arts;—ah! what do we say?—so occupied with Parisian calumny and slander, with actors and actresses, horses and carriages, intrigues and ambitions, danseurs and danseuses, who, I repeat, would have supposed that people so engaged, would yet find time to spend a great part of their leisure, among religious things? Thus, the Church, forced in her last entrenchments, has raised, not throne against throne, not altar against altar, but tribune against tribune. Ah! you have abandoned to eloquence, the administration of public affairs; ah! you have made of speech, that vain and poor caprice of a degenerate people, a sort of cardinal-minister, whom nothing can resist, neither the people, nor the monarchy,—well, the Church remembers that she has subdued the world by speech. You wish for eloquence at any price; at the price even of your good sense and your reputation,—well, the Church will be eloquent in her turn. She will have her eloquent Berryer,

her growling Odillon Barrot, her Fitz-James, speaking from the height of his conscience and his coat of arms, her fine orator Villemain, enchanted with his ancient grace;—all that you have in point of orators, the Church will have in her turn; she will have her demoniac, full of passion and anger; she will have her old man who remembers the past, her young man who reaches forth to the future, the orator who must be excited, and the orator who must be restrained. It is thus, that the Church of France has never wanted that generous courage ready to undertake every thing, when the point is to resist the passions and the madness of the multitude.

Turn to the history of the fine arts, of poetry, of Christian eloquence in the French Church, and what a number of great names, what grace, what power, what strength, what brilliancy and dignity will you behold! At the name only of Bossuet, every thing bows in France; Bossuet has replaced Voltaire in general admiration; the least religious have compared him to Mirabeau, whom Bossuet overtops by the whole head, for oratorical power, and the faculty of swaying men's minds. At the simple name of Fenelon, every heart is touched, sympathy takes possession of every mind; he is the apostle, he is the poet of France. It is not quite twenty years, since the church of France heard, suddenly,—you may imagine with what joy and pride—of a certain disciple of J. J. Rousseau's, who spoke, in father Bridaine's fashion, of the sin of carelessness in matters of religion. His voice was melodious, his words were abundant, his eloquence was luminous and full of good sense; never did the citizen of Geneva, from the top of that mountain, where he placed himself between Cato and the Savoyard-Vicar, give utterance to more eloquent language. Whence was this new-comer? He came from the country of M. de Chateaubriand, he was, like him, a Breton, but a fierce, inflexible Breton, bending to none, who struck at random, brutally, without disturbing himself, as to the terror and alarm which he accumulated, by his

language. What was the name of this new apostle, about whom the church was uneasy, from I know not what fatal presentiment, and as if she could forsee the trouble and affliction, into which he was about to throw her? This new comer was the Abbé de Lamennais. He came into the world twenty centuries too late; he was made for a tribune of the time of Caius Gracchus, he had the gait, the dauntless arrogance, the fierce pride, the contemptuous self-denial of a tribune; he walked amidst soft and enervated French society, armed with his iron *veto*, and when once he had launched his *veto*, woe be to him who was touched by it. M. de Lamennais played the part of excommunicator, in the present century. It was he who, through the kingdom of France, cried *Raca* to all the vanities of the age, but alas! vanity has in its turn, been the ruin of him. He did not find that the world as it was, agreed with the ideas of his genius, and he wished thoroughly to overturn it. The authority by which he had been so eloquent, soon became an insupportable weight. While he was proclaiming, that obedience was assuredly the safe guard of the future, he found that this obedience was refused to himself, and of the Holy See whose missionary he had made himself, he had become the dread and the scourge. Poor man! how I pity him; the part which he was destined to play in the church, had been played before him, the part of Luther, of Calvin, of Zwingle, of Melancthon; or at least, the imposing part of Savonarola, who perished on the funeral pile, on which he had heaped the pearls, the jewels, the poetry, the rich dresses, the precious paintings, all the vanities of Florence; he died upon this pile the flame of which he ought to have resisted, so lively and powerful was his faith. For twenty years, the French church placed all its hope, upon the head of this bold writer who could raise mountains; but, at last, when, by dint of audacity, this rebellious Chrysostom began to appeal to the people, when he had written that terrible gospel, in which insurrection is preached, as the most sacred of duties, then it was necessary to find some

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worthy, who could resist the torrent. The court of Rome was disturbed by this revolutionary, who lent it so strange and dangerous a subserviency; M. de Lamennais incurred the blame of the successor of St. Peter. Immediately, the French priest undertook a pilgrimage to Rome. He would go and defend himself in person; he would explain, what he understood by the propagation of the gospel. Vain explanations! Useless pleading! if he had spoken like Bossuet, they would not have listened to him. Rome is more alarmed than ever, at revolutions, tempests, storms, the great tumults which traverse space. M. de Lamennais returned from his pilgrimage, with even more bitterness and anger than he took with him. On his arrival in Paris, he re-commenced the war against the rich and the proprietors of the world; in Paris, he found a prison, as in Rome, he had found a prohibition. But against such courage, against such a well-tempered mind, of what use were the denunciations of the king's attorney, or the thunders of the Vatican?

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE LOUNGER.

THE French writers of the modern school very often use a word, which is quite new, the word *type*. Whoever speaks of *type*, speaks of a complete character, a model man, a curious thing. Paris is full of types, or rather of singular minds, of original characters, out of which a good book might easily be made. The passing stranger is not very ready, in seizing these shadows, these differences, these eccentric singularities. It is necessary to walk the streets of the great city, for some time, to be able to trace with a sure hand, one of these brilliant meteors; they appear and disappear, like the cloud or the smoke, and to overtake them, and seize their fugitive forms, or say to them, stop, and pass before me! is only to be done by a bird's flight. Take, for example, from all these types, the following;—the *Flaneur*,—a word quite Parisian, to represent a passion which is quite Parisian. Not certainly but what the Englishman or the Russian, (for we would condemn no one,) might with much time and trouble, make an admirable *flaneur*, (or lounger,) but no one really lounges, except in Paris. Paris is the principal city of loungers; it is laid out, built, arranged expressly for lounging. The broad quays, the monuments, the boulevards, the public

places, the flowing water, the domes, the pointed spires, the noise, the movement, the dust, the carriages which pass like lightning, the active, restless, foolish crowd, the schools, the temples, the great men who elbow you at every corner of the street, the beautiful gardens, the water, the statues, the emperor Napoleon whom you meet every where, the soldiers who march to the sound of all kinds of music,—the Palais Royal, the most immense shop in the world, where every thing may be bought, from the diamond of the finest water, to the pearl at twenty-five centimes; —the mob, the motion, the engravings, the old books, the caricatures, living histories of the absurdities of every day; and the permission to do every thing, to see every thing, with your hands in your pockets, and a cigar in your mouth,—and the readiness with which you can immediately, and for very little money, procure all that you wish;—the libraries open to every comer,—and the museums, where centuries of the fine arts have heaped up all their splendors,—and the academies,—and the colleges,—and the fêtes,—and the ceremonies, without reckoning what we purposely forget;—I hope this is a sufficiently extensive theatre for lounging! The Pont Neuf, yes, the Pont Neuf alone, would supply the lounging of a thorough lounger, for twenty years. The Pont Neuf in Paris! why, for the lounger, it is the Eldorado, the universe, it is the ever changing and varied fête; the Pont Neuf! the Pont Neuf!

Remember that the lounger does not acknowledge that he is a lounger; on the contrary, he considers himself—happy man!—the busiest and most laborious person in the world. He a lounger! how can you imagine such a thing; he has a perfect horror of idleness; he is hardly risen in the morning, before he betakes himself to his favourite work; if an artist, he is at his painting; a poet, at his poem; a statesman, at his correspondence. You shall see how he will work to-day, for it must be confessed, he is not quite satisfied with yesterday;—yesterday he went out, to look for a document which he wants, some advice of which he

is in need, a little color for his sky, blue or black, but now, he will do without it, he will not stir out, all day, time is too precious; it is the thread of which the life of man is spun. Now, says he, for work! Our hero heaves a sigh, and at last his resolution is taken; the color is on the pallet, the inspiration has come,—or the white paper is waiting for the laborious writer;—yes, but there is a provoking ray of the sun shedding its bright light below in the street;—or else, here is a tiresome cloud, throwing darkness into my room;—and then it is cold,—it is warm,—my head is heavy. . . . . If I were to profit by this moment, to go and see my friend Theodore; says the lounger to himself, Theodore lives not far from here, he is always at home till six o'clock, he gives good advice, and he really loves me; I will go, it is only a moment's affair. On my word of honor, I shall be back in an hour.—Madame Julien, says he to the portress, I shall be back immediately; if any one calls upon me; tell him to wait; and take care of my fire, and get my dinner for me, for I mean to work all day and part of the night. So saying to Madame Julien, who laughs in her sleeve, he goes out into the street. He is no longer the same man. His head is raised, his chest dilates, his legs feel lighter, life re-ascends to his cheek, hope to his heart. He looks at every thing with as much astonishment, as our first father Adam could have felt, when he awoke in the midst of the works of creation. At this moment, he has forgotten every thing; his wife, if he has a wife, (but more often the lounger is not married,) his creditors, his work, his ambition, his genius, every thing, even himself. If he were ill, he would forget his malady, while lounging. There he is; make room for him. While the crowd respectfully gives place to him, he sees it not; he mingles in it without knowing it, without intending it, as wave mingles with wave. The crowd draws and pushes him wherever he wishes to go.

One day, while lounging, the lounger found himself seated on the throne of king Charles X., in the midst of the palace of the

Tuileries. Under the fire of the Swiss, he was looking at the works of Jean Goujon, and the revolution, en passant, carried him into the throne-room. Another day, while lounging in the Rue St. Merry, he found himself placed before the first fire of a barricade, and he was much astonished, when, from one lounging to another, he found himself on the roof of the houses, amongst heroes and victims, so that he had been all but killed on one side, and had nearly received the croix d'honneur on the other. Better still, his ruling passion, lounging, led our hero one day,—when he had been watching with much surprise, how a gate was forced, —into the court of assizes. But the king's attorney gave up the suit, when they told him—He is a lounger! The lounger is the most innocent and the most artless person, in this great city. He spends his life, in looking without seeing, in listening without hearing, in walking without making any progress; he admires every thing; he is like the man who cried, *Ah! oh!* and *oh! ah!* On his road, he notices a number of little mysteries, quite unperceived by any one else. Why that pot of flowers on the fifth story? Why that white curtain half drawn? Why that little song so early, why that sharp cry at midnight? He knows whence comes that billet doux, and from which side the reply will be sent; he could tell you, but he is discreet. He observes, that on passing the door of a certain house, at three o'clock, you will see there a black cabriolet drawn by a bay horse. Will you follow the lounger? you have courage, and yet it is an enterprise beyond you. The lounger is every where, and no where. He is in the garden of the Palais Royal, to regulate his watch by the cannon which fires off, discharged by the first ray of the mid-day sun. He is on the quay Voltaire, occupied in contemplating the antiquities of the curiosity vendors, or looking at the celebrated men of Madame Delpech. He is in the Rue Richelieu, formerly the great centre of Parisian lounging, but now conquered and surpassed by the Place de la Bourse and the Rue Vivienne; however, in the Rue Richelieu, the

lounger amuses himself, by looking at the site, on which the fountain dedicated to Molière is to be raised. But above all, we shall find our man, in the Passage de l'Opera, at the hour when the rehearsal commences, and there, he sees passing, in every kind of dress, in satin shoes, in slippers down at the heel, and even without any shoes at all, the pretty little danseuses, to whom glory has not yet held out her hand, filled with laces and cachemires. Lounger! that word implies every thing. He will go to the Morgue to salute with a melancholy glance the corpses of the previous evening; he will go to the Champs Elysées, to assist at the exercises of the learned dogs; to the Jardin des Plantes, to throw a piece of cake to the bear Martin. At the Jardin des Plantes, he wishes to know how the giraffe is, whether the great turtle has laid any more eggs, if the little serpents have eaten their white mice; he wishes to salute by turns, all the monkeys, who grin with joy, as though they recognised a brother lounger. The Passage des Panoramas is his abode, there he is under shelter, there he is at home, there he receives his friends, and makes his appointments, and there you are sure to meet him. And what finer saloon can he have, than this Passage des Panoramas? Where will you find more numerous visitors, and more liberty? Where will you find prettier faces in the morning, and more brilliant gas in the evening? Never was a saloon better filled with masterpieces, music, refreshments of every kind. There, never did tobacco, never did beer, never did the newspaper, never did the grisette, disappoint their constant admirers. But the lounger loves all these things, he loves them without restraint, without folly, gravely, like a wise man, who is without wants, without passions, without vanity, without fancies; who can dispense with every thing, except lounging. Good worthy man! Never melancholy, never morose, never distressing himself about any thing, but on the contrary, turning every thing to the profit of his ruling passion. If there is a tumult, he is by no means displeased, he will know how the scuffle ends; if it is a burial,

so much the better, he will ascend the black carriages; if it is a marriage, better still, he will go very near to see the bride, and will shower blessings upon her. He also ventures upon baptisms, and public fêtes; the Chamber of Deputies does not displease him, but he only goes there, on those days when the Chamber is full of eloquence and anger; he loves the opposition, because it draws things out to a great length. To the Chamber of Peers, the lounger prefers the Court of Peers. There you see the accused, you hear the avocats, it is the court of Assizes, raised to its highest degree of power. Once, he went to Versailles, to see the Museum, but he swore that he would never go again by the railroad; a carriage which takes you up and conveys you to your destination, without once crying, Take care! You are no sooner started than you arrive! Pshaw! What is the use of setting out, unless it is to feel yourself go? Talk to me of the cuckoos of the time, says the lounger;—in them you are always starting, and you never arrive.

It is well understood, that the lounger orders his dinner at home every day, and that it is never prepared for him. He dines wherever he happens to find himself when hungry; when he has discovered some choice fish, something just come into season, some pleasant spot where he can freely give himself up, to his wishes. Those who have never seen one of the beautiful dining-rooms, of which Paris is justly proud, can form no idea of the eclat and luxury, with which you may eat a beef-steak. All around are crystals, precious bronzes, columns, glasses, gildings, every part shines; eager servants are there, ready to obey your slightest wishes; the kitchen is excellent, the cellar is full; the wine is in the ice; at the counter, is seated a well-dressed and often handsome, woman; and here the lounger enters, impelled more by his instinct than by his hunger. He is alone, like a true dreamer; he throws himself into a little corner, and there he sees all the diners enter, one after the other; he recognises them by their accent, their dress, their manner. He

says, This one is a Norman, and that one a Picardine. Very soon, without intending it, he understands their best concealed desires, their most modest ambitions; he knows that this one has obtained such an inheritance, that another has just asked the croix d'honneur for his father, and that a third is in search of his wife, who has come to Paris, under a man's name, to write comedies and romances like George Sand. Thus the human comedy is unrolled before this man, thus he profits by the conversations and thoughts of other people. His dinner finished, he walks in the rich galleries of the Palais Royal; this is his summer saloon, just as the Passage des Panoramas is his winter saloon. From merely running over the brilliant windows of these magnificent bazaars, he knows what sales have been made during the day; a bracelet has been bought; a false tuft has disappeared; what has become of the little woman who sold stocks? Then he stops before the large pillar, to which are pasted all the notices of Paris, loaded with the grotesque and awful names which the public seeks. Where shall he go? Where shall he not go? To the Théâtre Français? It is very old. To the Porte St. Martin? It is a long way off. The Opera pleases the lounger, for at the Opera, people lounge, more than they listen. And the Café Lemblin, why is it open then? And the Café de la Régence, of what use would the Café de la Régence be, if you were not at liberty to go in and see what is passing there? For instance, why should he not assist, at one of those beautiful games of chess, which call into action all the intelligent powers of the two players? Chess, draughts, even the game of dominos, are delightful to the lounger. Not that he plays at any of these games, it is true that he knows them thoroughly, he understands them, he pre-judges them; but he leaves to others all the trouble of the game, all its disquietude and its humming; he keeps for himself all the curiosity and pleasure of it. He loves public places; you enter when you will, you leave according to your inclination, you are silent or you speak, you

are at home, or at the house of your friends, you are your own master, and owe to no one either a bow, a visit, or a smile. Not that the lounger is difficult of access; on the contrary, he talks willingly, he is within the reach of any and all, he does the honors of his beloved city with ease, he knows, better than an Edile, the streets to be cut, the rising neighbourhoods, the islands which are being surrounded with powerful dykes. At the very thought of the fortifications, which the two Chambers have just voted expressly for him, he rubs his hands with joy, and in fact, what a splendid field for lounging: a rampart fifteen leagues round! The evening is thus passed, in listening to the noises of his dear city. But by degrees, the sounds diminish and cease; silence is gently spread through the streets. If you still wish to hear noise, and to find life, motion, and the brilliancy of lights, you must return where you were this morning—to Tortoni's. At eleven o'clock in the evening, the Café Tortoni is no longer a place for eating, it is a saloon for sherbet and ices. If this morning you heard only of money and stock-jobbing, within these walls,—this evening, the conversation turns with equal earnestness, upon love and pleasure. The most elegant beauties, and the most agreeable young men, hasten to this last rendezvous of the evening; for Tortoni's, they abandon the unfinished Opera; they leave the theatre before the last stab: Paris chooses to see itself in its beautiful dress, before retiring to rest. What are all these Parisians about, pray? They are exhibiting and looking at themselves; they look only at themselves, and when this object is attained, they are satisfied, and are ready to act the same part over again to-morrow.

Our lounger then, also repairs to the Café Tortoni. He passes and repasses; he listens and hears; he watches the ladies and gentlemen, as they ascend their carriages, and drive off, one after the other: and when, at last, fashionable Paris has quite disappeared from his sight, then sighing, he resolves to return home; but, as the French fabulist did, to go to the academy,

the lounger takes the longest way. There are in Paris, places which he only knows; frightful passages, labyrinths, ruins, courts inhabited by all the thieves of the city,—this is the road he chooses: he goes, with his hands in his pockets, through these dark passages. Ah, this certainly is not a pleasant sight! this is the reverse of the brilliant medal! Paris at night is frightful; it is the time when the subterranean nation begins its course. Darkness is all around; but by degrees, this darkness is enlightened, by the trembling lantern of the rag-hunter, who goes with a scuttle on his back, seeking his fortune amongst the hideous rubbish, which has no longer a name in any language. At the corner of the darkest streets, burns with a funeral light, the lamp of the wine-shop, through curtains red as blood. Along the walls, glide,—uttering from time to time, the cry of some night-bird,—thieves, pursuing their object; women go and come, seeking the cellar where they shall pass the night; for these degraded people sleep in cellars. Thus the danger you incur, is great and terrible; the steps which are heard slightly resounding on the muddy streets, are those of the grey patrol who commences his eager chase. The farther you advance into these awful neighbourhoods, into the cut-throat places which surround the Palais de Justice and the Place de Grève, the more imminent the danger becomes. Certainly, to expose one's self to so many perils, in these scandalous streets, one must be either a great philanthropist, or a great loungèr.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A YANKEE'S OPINION OF THE BOOK.

I WAS reading my book, to a neighbour of mine, a Yankee, who had never quitted his native mountains. He is a man of much wit half wolf and half fox, who rarely leaves home, and he said to me; "Acknowledge that you are very difficult to follow; you go on at random, like an unbroken horse; scarcely have you entered this great Parisian city, of which you give us a pretty good idea, before you suddenly alight upon the palace of the Tuileries, and once there, it is impossible to make you leave it. My dear sir, this is not what is called knowing how to travel. Since you are telling me of your visit, it is necessary, that you should lead me, so to speak, by the hand, through this immense city. I wish,—thanks to you,—without leaving my chair, to cross its bridges, its streets, its magnificent quays, its abominable alleys, to learn something of its luxury and its vice, and finally, to have some idea of its mysteries. Take pity, then, upon my ignorance, and since you are in Paris, tell me about Paris."

To which I replied, not without checking myself, lest I should be too warm in my defence;— But my dear friend, Paris is not merely an assemblage of houses, palaces, temples, and fountains; it is also a world of passions and ideas; the time is past, for the traveller to think his task accomplished, when he has told his reader; *The Bourse is a fine building, situated at the end of the Rue Vivienne.*—Now-a-days, one must,—apropos of the Bourse, for instance,—tell, not only of what the walls are composed, but what passions inhabit these

walls, and how these evanescent fortunes are made and lost. Your description! what would you have me do? The painter and the engraver will always be more successful in that, than myself. What I describe, they show you; what I speak in your ears, they place before your eyes. This perambulation is divided into two parts, the exterior and the interior city, the walls and the inhabitants, the houses and the manners. Leave me, then, my dear sir, to tell you, in my own fashion, what I have seen and heard and understood, in this immense city. I have no idea of being so thorough in my description, as to take from you, the wish of some day seeing Paris for yourself!

At the same moment, I took my neighbour to a spot of which he had never before heard, I led him to the French Institute. At first, he was astonished at the Louvre, which seems about to join the garden of the Tuileries, and the Arc de Triomphe. He admired the vast panorama, which spreads to the right and left, when once you have placed your foot upon the Pont des Arts;—here, the statue of Henry IV. proudly presiding over the Pont Neuf;—there, when your delighted glance has crossed the Pont du Carrousel and the Pont Royal, extends even to the Bourbon palace, that immense horizon, of which the dome of the Invalides is the culminating point. Continue your course, and cross slowly the iron bridge; you are now very near the Institute, sir. The old bronze lions, from their open mouths, throw a stream of water into a stone basin. . . . . It is one o'clock. It is fête day at the palace of the Four Nations, as it was formerly called, in the time of Cardinal Mazarin. What rare good fortune! follow the eager crowd. When two o'clock strikes, the gates of the monument will be closed, and the French academy, in full uniform, will proceed to the reception of some new genius.

I have not come so far, to ridicule the most serious institutions of France. In my opinion, it is a poor return for the hospitality of a nation, to traduce it in its government, its literature, or its

manners. Let us leave to the French themselves, the excellent amusement of covering each other with insults and outrages. . . . We will do better, we will speak of every thing, and even of the French Institute, with all humility and respect.

I will suppose, that, on the road, some kind person has given you a ticket of admission. You enter. Porters in full dress, with swords at their sides, and lace on their cuffs and the bosoms of their shirts, walk before you, and place you, not far from the amphitheatre, which contains the members of four or five academies. Already there is a numerous assembly. It is composed of aspirants to this difficult honor, the most beautiful ladies in Paris, who take care to show themselves within this learned enclosure, strangers like you and me, and a dozen merry fellows, who have come expressly to make fun of every thing, and then to laugh aloud in the world, at what they have laughed at, in an under tone at the Institute. At the appointed hour, for the academy is well aware, that punctuality is the politeness of kings and academies, a large folding door opens. Suddenly you see passing before you, the members of the different academies. At first you are dazzled, and recognise no one. They all have similar blue dresses, lined with green, dangling swords, and modest reserved looks. Formerly they all had bald heads, shining like ivory, but during the last ten years, the youngest minds have encroached upon the old men; so that one of the marks by which you may recognise the academicians, is, the having an abundance of black hair, or not a single hair, even white. We are now speaking only of the French Academy. We leave the others in their learned shade, lest we should find ourselves encumbered. Certainly, if the utility of the *Academie des Inscriptions*, is not very positively proved to us, any more than the utility of the *Academie des Sciences Morales*, at least, no one can doubt the labours, the usefulness, and the numerous struggles of the Academy of Sciences. But how is a man to know where he is, amidst all this *illustriousness?* And then, the

French Academy is the mother of all the rest. She sprang, ready armed, from the brain of Cardinal Richelieu. Louis XIV. recognised her: she has received into her bosom, all the glory of the French eighteenth century. The emperor Napoleon, in spite of his dread of election, which is the saving principle of the French Academy, approved this institution so highly, that for a long time, he signed himself;—Buonaparte, member of the Institute. The *Institute* means the re-union of all the academies. The *French Academy*, means the *forty*, the original number of the first academy. Take it altogether, it is one of the powers of the state; it is a great moral force; the opposition of this entirely literary body has much weight; to belong to the French Academy is to have a right, equal to a seat in the house of peers. What a noble idea, to have formed a category expressly for men, who live by their intelligence and their mind!

Such, however, is the popularity of some of these men, that you will recognise them, even under their embroidered dresses, without their being pointed out to you. That large head, that high forehead covered with grey hair, that calm, pensive attitude, must, certainly, belong to the illustrious author of the *Génie du Christianisme*, and the *Martyrs;*—it is M. de Chateaubriand. That man still young, of slight and easy figure, with a fine head, proud look, beautiful hands, and hair turning grey, is M. de Lamartine, the poet of the *Harmonies* and the *Meditations*. That sparkling look, that animated little head, that abrupt lively gesture, that smile without wickedness, but not without malice, is M. Thiers. This one must certainly be M. Guizot; you may recognise him by his pensive, cold, grave look; M. Molé is that well-dressed gentleman, who looks a little like M. de Chateaubriand. M. Victor Hugo owns that enormous, and somewhat unfurnished cranium, that young, chubby-faced head. And that one, who is the honor, the joy, the strength, the child, and the glory of the Academy, he who speaks so ably and so charmingly, in the name of all, with an eloquence quite academic,—you have

already named him,—it is M. Villemain. He made his first campaign, within this enclosure: at the age of twenty, the academy had palms for this young man. She was moved and delighted to hear him speak, in such beautiful terms, of all the literature of ancient or modern times. Thus, on the days of her greatest solemnities, in her discourses before the throne, when she wishes to speak exactly the language which is most suitable, when she would announce her dictionary in a worthy manner, that work of centuries, always finished, and always recommencing, the person whom the Academy chooses, is M. Villemain. And that countenance, melancholy rather than gay, that curious, intelligent look, that concealed smile which reveals itself internally,—to whom does it belong? He is the man who has afforded the greatest fund of amusement to France: he is the most fertile and most varied inventor that ever held a vast audience in suspense; he alone, has brought about more impossible marriages, than Fenimore Cooper and Walter Scott between them: he alone, has been the delight of France for twenty years. His good fortune has equalled the copiousness of his mind. His name is become so popular in Europe, that, out of France, it is often put to works which he has not subscribed; he is an improvisator; it is M. Scribe. He is the king of the Théâtre Français and the Opéra; he reigns at the Gymnase and the Opéra Comique. Here, where you see him seated, the father of comedy in the modern world, the only man who has not his equal, among all the nations of antiquity, Molière himself was never able to sit down.

Look where you please, and look boldly. These gentlemen are quite aware that people come to their assembly, only for the purpose of seeing them;—that they are here, expressly for people to ask, who they are? Those who are still conversant with Latin,—many of them never knew any thing about it,—repeat to themselves the lines of Horace, where he says, "It is a pleasant thing to be pointed at in a crowd, and to hear

people ask, Who is he?" *At pulchrum est digito monstrari et dicier, Hic est?*

Well, since he pleases you, I can tell you, that you have already seen him at the Chamber of Deputies, it is M. Dupin. And that very young man; look at him, it is our good country of America which has made him a deputy, a member of the French Academy. Yes, that is M. de Tocqueville himself. Without him, and if before him, we had taken the trouble to explain the mysteries and the mechanism of our constitution, M. de Tocqueville would not yet have borne the green palms. . . . . If he had only begun his book with the last two volumes!—Stop! that man with such an intelligent, pleasing countenance, who listens to nothing, and sees nothing,—who holds in his hand two or three beautiful volumes, bound in old morocco, is a true member of the Academy. He understands French as well as its inventors. He knows the grammar, as thoroughly as a child who has just left the class; he has read, for amusement, as you would read a frivolous romance, all the dictionaries which have been printed in France, since the beginning of dictionaries. He has an acute understanding, a clear, plain style, and a candid mind, is a distinguished critic, an honest man, the wisest scholar of the time,—to sum up all, it is M. Charles Nodier. Not far from him, that man who twists and turns, who is about to read you a fable, and a fable in which there is much poignancy, is a man whom all the powers of French wit have tried to make ridiculous, and who has escaped ridicule by a miracle, as a man escapes from a burning vessel in the open sea: he has saved himself by his boldness. He has confronted the laughers, and has proved, that he knew how to be true, sincere, and loyal in every thing, without reckoning his moments of wit, of rapture, and of invention; we speak of M. Viennet. So true is it, that in France you must never despair of clever men.

But now the reading commences. The new academician has composed a long discourse, in which his end is, first to explain

the talent and character of him whom he replaces, and then, to explain his own works, and by what course of ideas he has himself attained academic honors. Between these two ends, the orator generally gives himself up to all the possible ramifications of his subject. From this height where none can contradict him, he judges facts and men; he takes up with the same facility, politics and literature. He is more often political than literary; for romancers and poets are pleased to quit the beaten path, at least once in their lives, and to give to modern history and former politics, an earnest of skill, wisdom, and foresight. A good discourse at the Academy usually lasts three quarters of an hour, or at most an hour. After which, whoever may be the orator that speaks, the assembly listens to nothing that is said.

When the discourse of the new comer is finished, another academician rises to reply to him. Custom ordains, that the new compeer, who has just given himself up to all his natural humility, should be raised in his own esteem, and that of his companions. They show him, then, with every mark of respect, that he is quite wrong, to think so lightly of his own glory, and that he is at least, the worthy brother of the illustrious men who surround him: they tell him of his own genius, and finally add, that the Academy hopes much, from the new strength which has just accrued to her. This said,—unless the sitting is enlivened with some extraordinary verses, a little story, a harmless fable, or an epigram without malice,—the assembly separates, a it came together, in the same order; and you will judge that it is no mean thing, when passing proudly before the hotel de la Monnaie, the mansion where all the gold and silver of the kingdom are manufactured, to say to this hotel, "You can strike off a million in a day, evanescent and perishing riches, which every hundred years must be sent back to the crucible! But what you cannot do, with all your power, the Academy has this moment performed in our presence, she has inscribed another name upon the annals of renown!"

CHAPTER XXV.

M. BERANGER.

Since you are in so pleasant a road, allow the crowd to disperse, while commenting upon all the fine things which they have just heard. Profit by this last moment, to have one more look at some of those men, of whom you will be asked on your return, Did you see him?—M. Arago, M. Geoffray-Saint-Hilaire, when he appears in this brilliant cohort. Do not look here for the poet Beranger; he lives in the memory of all, but you will not meet him in any part of this great city, which he has enlivened with his songs. Not long since, in this same crowd, you would have asked to look at three very different men, the English Christian, M. de Talleyrand, and George Cuvier.

And when at last your curiosity is satisfied, do not re-cross the Pont des Arts, abandon that to the members of the Institute, who take the longest road in going to the Academy, and the shortest in returning from it. Since we are in this beautiful part of the city, we will turn to the left, and at the distance of a hundred steps, we shall find the Pont Neuf. This is the first point which unites the two shores of this immense city. It has been said, that if you remain a week on the Pont Neuf, looking at those who pass, you will infallibly meet the man you want. This

bridge has been traversed by the whole history of France, under its different phases. Here were sold pamphlets against Cardinal Mazarin, and songs against Louis XIV., as long as Louis XIV. allowed people to sing songs against him. On one corner of this peninsula, comedy was born, not then the comedy of Molière, but the comedy of Tabarin, the mountebank of the Pont Neuf. Even now,—when so many bridges have been thrown across the Seine, when at every step you meet the Pont Louis-Philippe, the Pont des Arts, the Pont du Carrousel, the Pont Royal, the Pont des Deputés,—the Pont-Neuf is, and long will be, the passage most frequented by the crowd, the favorite bridge of the Parisians, who have placed it under the patronage of their old friend, Henry IV. On every side, the Pont-Neuf leads to some important place. It formerly led the condemned to the Grève, it still leads the lawyers to the Palais de Justice, the accused to the prison of the Conciergerie, the suspected to the prefecture of police, and the peers of France to the Luxembourg. At one time, —when the whole of Paris lived by wit, when the conversation was composed of tragedy, comedy, eloquence, and satire, when Voltaire domineered over the eighteenth century from the boards of his Comédie Française; when the café Procope was a sort of Chamber of Deputies, whose decrees were without appeal,—the Pont-Neuf was even more frequented than it is now. At certain hours, you might have seen passing and repassing, in these paths of philosophy and rebellion, all the great minds which have overturned or restored the world. At one time or another, or perhaps all at once, you might see Diderot, D'Alembert, Fréron, Condorcet, Piron, Beaumarchais, the whole Encyclopedia marching by, with matches lighted, and standards unfurled; without speaking of the great poet, Gilbert, who was carried from the café Procope to the hospital. Now, thanks to the two Chambers, thanks to the periodical press, thanks to the liberty, which has penetrated into minds and manners, there are no longer known in Paris, such assemblies of intelligent minds at every hour of the

night and day, such café rebels, such revolutions carried on behind the scenes, such pit conspiracies. Now, the Pont Neuf does not lead to the Théatre Français, open to all the passions of that awful hour, it leads to a closed theatre called the Odeon, and at last,—oh what a change!—almost opposite the place de Grève, so long covered with scaffolds and blood, the Pont-Neuf will conduct you, if you please, to the Marché-aux-Fleurs.

A flower market in Paris, close by the Palais de Justice, not far from the muddy streets of the city, where vice, crime, and filth, have taken up their abode! a flower market in the immediate neighbourhood of escaped galley slaves, assassins, and forgers exposed on the scaffold. . . . Is it possible? It is even so. This is one of the singular contrasts, which are to be found only in Paris. So come with me, and salute the monthly rose, and the spring tulip, and the laurel-rose, and the modest violets, —modest yesterday, but which to-day display themselves in all their freshness, in hopes to meet a purchaser. Come,—you will find in this unexpected flower garden, field flowers by the side of those which come from the hot-house, sweet smelling lilacs, and the magnolia grandiflora, the pot of mignionette at six sous, and the proud camilla, the honor and the éclat of the winter soirées. Here you will see arrive, with all the speed of her English horses, the noble lady from the fashionable faubourg. This lady, already old, has preserved none of her evanescent affections, except a great love for flowers. Nothing can now please or amuse her. For her, the sweetest music is but a vain sound lost in the air; the most beautiful painting by Rubens or Titian, is only a confused mixture of faded colors; poems have no longer a single verse which speaks to her soul; balls and fêtes find her fatigued and satiated beforehand; even dress displeases her. Worse yet! chatting, Parisian chatting, which is the joy and triumph of these fine ladies, has lost all its charm, if not all relish, with this poor woman. She no longer loves any thing, she does not wish to love any thing, and yet she does love

these beautiful flowers; she is still intoxicated with their sweet soft odors; she knows all the names in the floricultural calendar, she recognises the smallest blade of grass, gathered in the fields.—"Oh the white china asters! the sweet smelling wild thyme sung by La Fontaine! the periwinkle so loved by Jean Jacques! the fresh turf of former days! where in my childhood, the old park of my father covered me with its thick shade, whilst the swan glided slowly along the lake, to come and salute the daughter of the family!" Poor woman! these are her dreams. Her childhood has passed, as these exquisite flowers will quickly pass; her youth has vanished, as the perfume of the lily, will quickly vanish, that flower of the kings of France. What has become of those happy years, and those affections which were to be interminable? And that everlasting beauty, how is it that it has taken so speedy a flight? Nothing but ambition now remains in her heart: nothing but regrets for the past. It is then among flowers, that our Parisian has come, to seek the only sweet and charming emotions which remain to her. And with what care she studies them! with what delight she carries them off! And, immediately on her return, what a happy hour does she spend, in adorning her house with them!

Quite contrary to the great Parisian lady, who only loves flowers when she has nothing else left to love, the Parisian grisette loves flowers before she begins to love any thing else. The latter commences, as the former finishes. There is not, in all Paris, in the melancholy heights, in the sloping garrets, where the house sparrow hardly dares take his flight lest he should be giddy,—a single girl, poor and alone, who does not come, at least once a week, to this flower market, to enjoy the spring and the sky. The poor girl in Paris, who gains her living by the hardest labour, from whom an hour lost takes a portion of her day's bread, has not time to go very far in search of verdure and the sun. And as neither verdure, nor the sun, nor the brilliancy of

flowers, nor the song of birds, comes to seek her, in the frightful corners where she conceals her sixteen years, it is she herself who goes in search of them. Nothing is more delightful to see, than this poor, half clad child, coming to buy a whole flower garden in one single pot. She stops a long time, fearful, undecided, and curious; she would fain see, and smell, and take away all. She admires their forms, their colors, their indescribable perfume; she is delighted! However, she must at last conclude, by making this long coveted purchase. The poor girl advances with a timid step. Madame, says she, how much are your flowers? Your flowers! It is generally a pot of mignionette which gives but little hope of thriving. At these words, the flower woman smiles good humouredly. Of all the honest people who gain their living by buying and selling, the flower woman has, without contradiction, the most upright conscience, and the most sincere good faith. She sells at a high price to the rich, but a very low one to the poor. She thinks she ought to encourage so good a passion, and that it is much better, for this young girl to buy a flower, to ornament her wretched little room, than a ribbon to adorn herself. Thus she sells her pot of mignionette, or sweet peas, almost for nothing. And then the young grisette goes away more happy and more triumphant, than if she had, in the presence of a notary, purchased a whole domain. See her light step, as she carries off an estate in her arms, singing as she goes! And for a week, she experiences the greatest delight. She waters the sweet plant morning and evening, she sings to it her choicest songs, she seeks for it, some nice little corner upon the roof, by the side of the chimney, which protects it from the north wind. At the first ray of sun, which penetrates these melancholy walls, the flower is exposed to the pale and trembling light; at the first whistle of the north wind, the flower is carefully shut up in the room, and then the amiable girl does for her flower, what she has never done for herself; she prevents the air from intruding

through the ill-joined door, the half open window, or the chimney, which has neither fire nor flame. Vain, but delightful efforts! At first the humble plant, grateful for so much care, throws out here and there, a few scrubby leaves, which cheer the heart of the happy proprietor of this estate of half a foot; after the leaf, the flower sometimes appears, not the flower itself, but the hope of one. Then the grisette claps her hands. "Come," she says to her neighbours, "come and see how my periwinkle is flowering." But at these first announcements of spring, all this hope of fertility usually stops; night and cold are more powerful than the zeal of the young girl; after a month of struggling and suffering, the flower fades, languishes, and dies; it is only the shadow of a shadow. She weeps over it; she thinks, this time, she really will give up such vain delights. But how can hope be stifled in young hearts? When she has had a long fit of weeping, she again makes another attempt, fruitless as the former, until at last, this honest passion is replaced by one far less honest.

CHAPTER XXVI.

PARIS UNDER A GRAVE ASPECT.

No, certainly, and you have already discovered it, we are no longer in the handsome part of the city; we have entered grave, serious Paris: this is the awful spot where are united, in one common centre of restraint and threat, the Conciergerie, the Palais de Justice, the Perfecture of Police: here men no longer laugh, they no longer throw away their lives in all the happy leisure of affluence and youth, it is another city, another people. The Hôtel des Princes is replaced by horrible furnished houses; the splendid table by frightful taverns, where there are dinners at twenty sous; the Opéra or the Comedie Française, by one or two dens in which are howled melodramas intended to be sung. All is gone, no more elegance, no more beautiful horses, no more rich dresses, none of the never ending fêtes. Even the young men whom you meet on your road, have no resemblance to the young men of Tortoni and the Boulevards; indeed, at the present moment, you have, without knowing it, ascended the learned hill; you have passed the studious heights of the Rue St. Jacques, you have brushed by the Hôtel Dieu, the college of France, the Sorbonne, the old church of St. Benoit-le-mal-Tourné, and indeed it may well be called St. Benoit-the-ill-turned, for they

have metamorphosed the delightful church into a ballad theatre. Thus you are passing through the midst of ancient Paris; here is the Ecole de Médecine, higher up the Ecole de Droit, and higher yet, the Ecole Polytechnique;—three schools, which between them, form the whole occupation of the French youth.

The pupil of the Polytechnic school you may recognise, by his handsome uniform, the sword which he carries proudly by his side, and the profound glance which he throws upon every thing around him. He is the child of his works; before attaining the honor of wearing this dress, he has had to pass through much anxiety, much obstinate labour, and many sleepless nights. He is at once a military man and a civilian. He has only two years before him, to complete his fortune, and if unhappily, he is not considered capable of taking a part, in either of the employments which the state destines for this school, he is ruined; his long studies become useless to him, his difficult labours have produced no result; he knows too much to obey, too little to command. Hence arises much anxiety for the pupil at the Polytechnic school; properly speaking, he has no youth; he will be young by and by, if he has time.

We cannot say as much for the medical student, and the student of law; these latter, on the contrary, begin by being young; whoever takes care of his youth, they will lavish it; and usually this sweet treasure is squandered in all kinds of idleness; easily excited passion, games of domino and billiards, balls at the Grande Chaumière, duels, disputes, politics, and smoke. But strange to say! when our student has led this life for two years, at the very moment when the pupil of the Polytechnic school is about to take his place among the engineers of the sappers and miners, in the high roads, or in the army, then, behold, our student renounces his pipe, his mistress, billiards, debts, and folly, and sets to work in earnest. He knows the hour is approaching, when he must live by the labor, the bread, of every day, when society will ask of him an account of the sacrifices she

has made for him; but once at work, our young idler of yesterday advances with a giant's step in the path of science. His aroused attention is eagerly turned to all the mysteries of physiology, or the civil code; he studies day and night, and gains his object. Instead of the insolent dancer, the duelist about mere trifles, you have suddenly, a fine modest young man, a good, clever talker. French intelligence is so quick, the power of early education is so strong; this society in which each pays personally, is so exactly formed, for throwing out in bold relief virtue and vice, talent and ignorance, that one must, whether he likes it or not, obey so many public and private exigencies. Thus, however the moralists may cry and groan over the pretended depravity of French youth, you need never despair of these lively clever minds, always ready to do more, in less than a year of zeal and perseverance, than would be expected of them, at the end of three or four years of assiduity, patience, and labor.

In this elevated quarter of the Latin country, on these heights which possess their own style of beauty, and whose history is so full of learned and ancient remembrances, you will find two buildings, which excite much interest and curiosity, the palace of the Luxembourg, and the Hôtel Royal des Invalides.

If it please you, we will go through the palace and the garden of the Luxembourg, where we will pause, though not quite so long as at the Tuileries, for each of these palaces is a whole history in itself. The palace of the Luxembourg is of Florentine origin, those who have never seen the Pilli palace at Florence, tell you that the Pilli palace was the model of the Luxembourg palace, which in fact resembles it, as much as a stone fountain resembles the cataract of Niagara. However this may be, the palace of the Luxembourg has a grand and imposing appearance. It was, at first, composed of two pavilions, but now has three; for a third has recently been added to the other two; so that the Chamber of Peers, when it becomes the Court of Peers, may have a suitable hall, in which to summon the accused to its bar.

A gallery of paintings by modern artists, forms a promenade for the peers; the library contains a numerous collection of the most learned treatises on political science. Here, every thing is great, imposing, and magnificent; but it is the garden, which is so beautiful and popular! A double terrace overlooks the whole: this is large, airy, and splendid. The trees are as old as the garden of the Tuileries, the basin is larger. It is said that in the summer, nothing can equal in beauty, the collection of carnations and roses. The head gardener of the Luxembourg is M. Hardy; he is a well-informed man, and so jealous of his flowers, that not a peer of France can obtain a cutting of them. This garden of the Luxembourg is inhabited by a distinct world. Lady! it is no longer the luxury, the elegance, the brilliancy, the intrigue, of the garden of the Tuileries; there are no longer the handsome children of the aristocratic families of the Faubourg St. Germain and the Faubourg St. Honoré; but, on the contrary, it is the garden of the citizen, the student, the father of a family, the artist who comes here to dream of his painting, and the poet to compose his verses. In this garden of the Luxembourg, all are acquainted, and all love their companions, even without ever having spoken; people look at each other with kindness, so sure are they, of having felt, in these walks, the same joys, and the same sorrows. How many young girls have come here to dream of the husbands proposed to them by their mothers! How many young men, who have pondered, under these trees, upon the difficulties of life! There is one old man, whom the garden of the Luxembourg has seen every day for sixty years; he has grown old like the elms which he saw planted, and he can tell you better than any one,—young men;—that after all, it is not worth while to be so uneasy about the future! Do you see that bench in the sun, which leans against that broken statue? On that bench, while he was living, the greatest disciple of Condillac used to repose, the clearest and most philosophical mind of the French nineteenth century, M. de Laromiquière. There you could

see and hear him, if you wished to follow him in the slightest degree. He was mind, grace, and good humour personified; he loved this trade of a peripatician, and what he would never have consented to repeat in his professor's chair, he would willingly say again in the open Luxembourg, to the young men who were around him. The garden of the Luxembourg is thus peopled with illustrious men, who are only to be met here; they are at home in this spot; they were brought here the morning after their birth, they will walk here till the eve of their death. So also, into this garden, protected by the political palace, hardly any exterior noise penetrates, unless it is the echo of the College of France and of the Sorbonne. At the Luxembourg, nothing is read but the oldest books bound in vellum, or better still, in old red morocco, Horace, Virgil, Homer, Demosthenes, Bossuet, Fenelon, Pascal. If then, by chance, some trifling book just published, dares to show itself in these learned walks, suddenly there is a general outcry; they recognise with indignation the vulgar livery of the library. Away with the romance! away with the poem! Every one escapes from its lightminded reader, and points at it with the finger. A novel from the reading room, in the Luxembourg! Can you imagine it?

Quite at the end of the garden, when you have passed the gate, guarded by a veteran of the army, you will suddenly find yourself in the midst of the most eager bowl players. The game of bowls, in Paris, much resembles a battle; for this amusement, it is necessary to have the coup d'œil of a general, and the strong arm of a soldier. Victory is never certain in this conflict, for which strength and skill are equally necessary. The crowd is looking on,—eager, but silent,—and placed on the two sides of the players, like a long train of notes of admiration. On one occasion, when M. de Turenne was walking here, there was a point in dispute, and he was made arbitrator; "I think Monsieur has won," said the hero, pointing to one of the combatants. "Sir, you are mistaken," said the other, "it is I who

have gained!" At these words M. de Turenne put one knee to the ground, took a straw which was lying there, and measuring both bowls, "You see," said he, "that it is you who are wrong."

In the neighbourhood between the Luxembourg and the royal house of the Invalides, M. de Turenne became popular, by all kinds of indulgence, affable repartees, and bon mots; to see him so simple and unaffected, you would never have guessed that he was the greatest captain in France. One day, when he was at the play, two young men threw down the prince's gloves and cane; immediately the highest officers, and the most celebrated men of the court, hastened to pick them up. You may imagine how confused and ashamed the young men were; they were about to retire immediately; "There, there," said M. de Turenne, at the same time sitting a little closer, "there is room enough for all three of us!"

But why do I tell you all these things? Because my guide as we passed, pointed out to me on the first floor of a house which looks upon the boulevard, the window from which M. de Turenne was leaning, when he received that heavy blow from his valet. "Ah Monseigneur," said the unhappy Lafleur, "I thought it was George." "And if it were George," replied the marshal, rubbing the injured member, "you should not strike so hard!"

Thus is it with the French; they are won by the most unassuming virtues of their great men. They have no longer any thing but a confused recollection of M. de Turenne's battles, but till the end of the history of France, you will hear the account of George, and the dispute over the game of bowls. Henry IV. too, why is he so popular? Not for the battle of Ivry, but for the bread which he ordered to be thrown into the city which he was himself besieging, and for his wish, that all his people could have a good dinner every Sunday. In France, for glory to be loved, it must be either amiable or unfortunate. In point of unfortunate glory, believe me, you need not go far; remain where you now stand, and on your left, look at that door, against

which, the most intrepid players hardly dare to throw their bowls. It still bears the marks of bullets, and there Marshal Ney, the favored child of victory, was shot. He had been condemned to a traitor's death, by the Chamber of Peers, which would now willingly tear from its annals, this page of blood. Neither the courage of this hero, nor his gallant actions in so many and such difficult wars, nor the retreat of Moscow saved by him, nor the interest and pity which filled all minds in view of his great misfortunes,—nothing could soften king Louis XVIII., who insisted upon his death, as though it were a point of honor. The marshal, before his judges, found all his old courage. They wished to plead in his favor that he was not a Frenchman, but he cried out, that he would not accept a life, defended at such a price. He was condemned, he must die! They awoke him early, as though it had been the day of a battle; "Come," said he, "I am ready!" The funeral procession silently crossed the same garden of the Luxembourg, which is now trod by the light steps of so many joyous children, under their mothers' care. Arrived at the gate, the procession stopped. "Halt!" They obeyed. The marshal himself took his place at the door, and there, erect, his eyes unbound, his hand upon his heart, he, for the last time, gave the word to fire. At the first discharge he fell dead. A few sisters of charity who were passing, raised this brilliant soldier, this noble courage, this glorious remnant of the French army, a man whose name was worth a host, and whose death has only served to throw a sanguinary hue over the first years of the Restoration.

CHAPTER XXVII.

REMINISCENCES.

Let us leave these sad remembrances. The longer cities last, the more they are filled with such miseries which may be met at every crossway. If you have any love for historical associations, nothing is more easy than to indulge them here; stretch out your hand, and say, Where I now pass, a poisoner and a parricide has passed before me; in these streets, men have been hanged, tortured, and burned; books too, those eloquent witnesses, those passionate depositories of liberty, have been destroyed by the hand of the executioner. Then think of the civil wars, the religious battles, the tumults that have taken place, only since the time of Hugh Capet! Do not, then, seek in this city, miseries removed by the lapse of ages; do not look for ruins replaced by monuments of yesterday; do not inquire for past slavery, it has been effaced by present liberty; but, on the contrary, in this modern Paris, look only at that which is apparent. Remember that you are a simple traveller, passing through a hospitable country. Raise your eyes. That high tower, proudly erect upon its base, connected by a long avenue with the garden of the Luxembourg, is the Observatory of Paris. There lives and reigns, in a contemplation unhappily disturbed by political

discords, M. Arago himself. What a singular, incredible life! to follow at the same time, the course of the planets above, and the movement of popular passions below; to have one's head in the clouds, by the side of the stars, and one's feet in tumults; to predict the arrival of the comets wandering through space, and to suffer one's self to be led by popular favor, that wind which blows at random . . . . such is the two-fold life of M. Arago. To this two-fold life of day and night, he only, is equal; no other person has sufficient health, strength, and courage, thoroughly to accept this double labour, of the scholar and the tribune. It is a beautiful kingdom, however, this Observatory, where the only query is about the sun and the stars! It is a delightful life, spent in being the first to listen to all great discoveries! And how is it that such a man has ever allowed these sublime heights, to become the ante-room of the Chamber of Deputies?

But now, if you take a few steps to the left, you will reach a modest house, concealed amidst a large garden; this house is at the extremity of the city; all kinds of noises still surround it; there is nothing to distinguish it from other houses, and yet, as you look through the closed gate, you feel without knowing it, that the respect of men has surrounded this dwelling, which has evidently belonged to something more than a citizen. Yes, you are right, to look with interest at these noble walls; they have sheltered the poetical king of this century, the master of learned Europe, a man similar to Goëthe, in his all-powerful influence, but of more elevated genius than he; a man who has unaided, raised the flame of religion, beaten down by so many crimes and sophisms. In a word, this house, of which he made an hospital, was built and inhabited by M. de Chateaubriand. To this humble dwelling he returned on foot, the day that M. de Villèle turned him out of the *Hotel des Affaires-Etrangères*, without suspecting—madman that he was!—that M. de Chateaubriand gone, the Restoration must go also! In this house, for fifteen years, M. de Chateaubriand received the homage and respect of

Eugene Lami.

J. B. Allen.

all Europe. It is said, that nothing more astonished English statesmen,—for instance, those high and mighty lords whose whole life is passed, in multiplying the luxuries which their ancestors have transmitted to them,—than to see M. de Chateaubriand working in a study built of wood, without furniture, without books, and almost without fire. But if these opulent courtiers of genius were astonished in 1829, they would be much more so now, if they knew that M. de Chateaubriand had been obliged to sell this house, which he had made the asylum of so many misfortunes. Twenty-five years before, he had,—not sold, but—put into a lottery, his beautiful park of the Vallée aux Loups, a valley which he had discovered. It was at the brightest moment of his poetical glory, *les Martyrs* and *l'Itinéraire de Paris à Jerusalem* were still in the height of their favor; well, it was in vain, that M. de Chateaubriand offered his house in a lottery, not a ticket was taken; so that the duke of Montmorenci bought them all. And yet it is said, that we Americans do not render to genius the gratitude and respect that is due to it! If M. de Chateaubriand had offered his house in a lottery in New York, not a ticket would have remained to him at the end of the day.

In the same degree of longitude, you will find, not without joy, the Jardin des Plantes, which is, properly speaking, the Parisian's country house. Even to an ignorant traveller like myself, the Jardin des Plantes is the most beautiful place in the world. There you see flowers, turf, trees, from every country; tigers, lions, panthers, bears, of every color. At the first ray of the sun, the giraffe walks forth, the black elephant comes to perform his ablutions in the neighbouring pool, the family of the monkeys throw themselves with a thousand gambols into their palace which is open to the day; beautiful birds, and these of the rarest kinds, here sweetly warble their most charming songs. Never, to please the eyes, were more enchantments united in a more happy spot; here, all the natural sciences are equally represented. Here, the three kingdoms of

nature are blended in an arrangement full of art, taste, and science. This Jardin des Plantes, the beginnings of which, under Louis XIII., were of the most modest kind, has at last become,—thanks to the genius of M. de Buffon and the protection of Cuvier,—a genuine institution. The Jardin des Plantes, like the greatest kings of the world, is represented at a distance by its ambassadors; it sends throughout the universe its conquerors and its gentlemen; it also receives envoys from distant countries, who humbly bring it the products of their mines, trees from their forests, fruits from their orchards, flowers from their gardens, fish from their rivers and their seas. Thus, between the Jardin des Plantes and the whole world, there is established a perpetual exchange, of all that the earth and sky produce, most curious and rare, most charming and terrible. One day, when J. J. Rousseau returned with his hands full of plants, which he had gathered in the country, he was met by the ladies of a neighbouring house, who began to laugh at the philosopher. "Ladies," said he to them, "do not laugh; my hands are full of proofs of the existence of God." What J. J. Rousseau said of a handful of herbs, might with still greater reason be said of the Jardin des Plantes, that magnificent collection of the most magnificent proofs of the existence of God.

To a well-formed mind, nothing is sweeter to contemplate, than this beautiful garden, placed there by a beneficent hand; it was one of the good ideas of Louis XIII., who was not always the restless, melancholy, undecided man, of whom the historians speak. This king bought, in the worst faubourg of Paris, a house, and a few acres of ground; this house and these few acres of ground have become a whole world; a varied, picturesque, melodious universe, through which have passed, not without leaving there some trace of benefit or glory, the three Jussieus, Buffon,—Bernardin de St. Pierre, that excellent painter of the most beautiful flowers, whose Vandyke and Rubens he was, —Geoffrey St. Hilaire, Cuvier, and lately, that bold, clever, young

man, Jacquemont, who died in the Indies, the victim of his zeal and courage. Assuredly, these are great names, supreme authorities; and now that the Jardin des Plantes has been respected even by the nation of 1793, which respected neither person nor thing, no one can foretel, to what immense results such an institution may arrive. M. Cuvier knew this well, when he said one day, to a clever English naturalist, " My dear brother, we have, at present, only the skeleton of a whale, but leave us alone, and we will dig for you, in this place, a basin of salt water, in which some day a little whale will be seen to sport."

But it is time to leave the Jardin des Plantes. If we turn a little to the left, we shall come to a brook called the Bièvre. On the Bièvre has been placed the manufactory of the Gobelins, a wool which rivals the canvas spread by genius, where workmen pass their lives in composing a few square feet of tapestry;—there the masterpieces of Titian, Rubens, and Raphael, are reproduced in a way to last for ever; when once the wool has taken possession of these beautiful works, they can never die. This may certainly be called doing the work of a prince! The carpets of the Gobelins, and the china of Sèvres have, for a long time, answered for all the presents made by the kings of France; there, they were sure to find a recompense for great devotion, a token of gratitude for services, which cannot be paid for by gold. Under Louis XV., the Sèvres china was so highly appreciated, that Madame Du Barry herself, sold to the courtiers of the Œil-de-Bœuf the most costly productions of the royal manufacture. Her house was filled with them. Luciennes and Versailles borrowed from Sèvres their finest ornaments. At that time, the most charming painters of zephyrs, shepherds, and cupids, Watteau and Wanloo, and even Greuze himself, counted it an honor to suffer the brightest colors of their brilliant pallets, to fall upon these rich porcelains. Thus the manufactory of Sèvres and the manufactory of the Gobelins held out to each other, so to speak, a fraternal hand: they reproduced, each in its own way, the most exquisite chefs-

d'œuvre. But when the French revolution began to break every thing, to destroy books, to cut paintings in pieces with its pitiless hands, to melt gold and silver, and the most costly jewels, to tear laces, to sell—at auction even—the marbles of the tombs, marbles of Jean Goujon and Jean Cousin reduced to dust,—the revolution, above all, attacked the porcelains of Sèvres. Nothing amused it more, than to put to the vilest uses, this frail enamel which kings and queens scarcely dared raise to their lips. Madmen! they fancied they could annihilate the past, just as they reduced to nothing those delicate little chefs-d'œuvre of form and color. But no! in their terrible anger, they have been unable to annihilate any thing, not even the cups, and vases, and paintings of the ceramic art. In vain did they throw to the winds, the ashes of the kings of France; those royal ashes found each other in the air, those sacred relics leave other relics, those broken tombs are picked up piece by piece, amongst the ruins of the cathedral of St. Denis. Every thing rises, every thing is repaired; effaced figures, profaned inscriptions re-appear upon the canvas, the wood, the marble, the stone. In this old France, thoroughly overturned as it has been, you will yet find, at the present time, the most incredible remnants of former days. In Paris itself, there is a whole army of antiquarians, honest men, whose life and fortune are spent in collecting these scarce remains, in saving from oblivion these precious remembrances, in gathering up this noble dust. What they have done with shreds, morsels, nameless and shapeless scraps, is perfectly incredible. Of the religious care with which they have restored broken altars, demolished temples, paintings, hangings, and soiled books, no one can form an idea. The more fragile, delicate, and charming is the broken chef-d'œuvre, the more does the love, the curiosity, the passion, of the antiquary augment. He knows its whole genealogy; for whom it was made, through what hands it has passed, for what vile uses it has served, and who was the happy mortal that restored it to its original glory.

But we have wandered far from our subject! Not so far as you may imagine. In the journey we are taking, one remembrance recalls another; the Gobelin tapestry naturally leads to the Sèvres china, and from thence to the antiquarians, there is but one step.

In fact, what is this great city, but the longest series of passions, ambitions, love, pleasure, fine arts, rivalries, miseries, glories, scandals, and vanities?

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE CHAMPS DE MARS.

Do not quit this beautiful path, it will lead you to the Champs de Mars, to the Invalides, to the most beautiful of the extremities of Paris, yes, just opposite those delightful heights of Passy, where Franklin made so many learned experiments, where Napoleon Buonaparte wished the palace of his son, the king of Rome, to be built. Fancy an immense plain, through which have passed, before setting out for conquest, all the armies of France since 1789; this plain is the Champ de Mars; over which the dome of the hôtel royal des Invalides presides, with all its warlike majesty. On one side there is the Ecole Militaire, built there by the financier Pâris Duvernay; on the other, the Seine and the Pont d'Iena. For one who has run through the sad neighbourhoods in which we were just now, to arrive here, in this open space, with this beautiful prospect before him, and the sun shining so brightly, it is a double pleasure! Then, we were lost in the windings near the Ecole de Droit and the Ecole de Médecine, narrow, dark, dirty streets, with a hungry, noisy population,—but now we are at ease, in the free, pure air! But we must not forget the Pantheon, that ruin which has never recovered the shame, of having served for a tomb to the infamous Marat.

The Pantheon, that building which was intended to recall the sweet virtues, and the holy protection of Geneviève, the patroness of Paris,—what changes has it not undergone! Louis XIII., that all-powerful king,—made so by Cardinal Richelieu,—wished to consecrate this magnificent temple; he granted it all sorts of privileges, he surrounded it with eclat and glory; when suddenly, almost before the bold cupola was raised in the air, the architect Soufflot discovered, with despair, and bitter tears, that the base of the monument was too weak to support this giant's head.

Michael Angelo, it is true, had raised in the air, the cupola of St. Peter at Rome, but where is there another Michael Angelo? Soufflot was therefore obliged to disfigure his church, to derange its interior order and harmony, and to change the elegant pillars into massive masonry. The work was in this state when the sound of war was heard from the plain of Grenelle, which was expected to overthrow half Paris. Fear was the only punishment of Paris; but nevertheless the church of St. Geneviève was thrown aside; it did not crumble, but it remained there to attest the powerlessness of modern workmen, to show by this example, how solidly the church of Notre Dame de Paris was built! But people were no longer occupied either with Sainte Geneviève, or Notre Dame; France was in declared revolution; Notre Dame de Paris was laid waste; upon its insulted altars were placed women of bad character in the guise of a god; Anacharsis Clootz, and all kinds of buffoons in red bonnets, filled these noble and holy walls, with their revellings and their scandals. As for the church of Sainte Geneviève, it had to submit to another kind of profanation,—of a Christian church they made a pagan temple. There all illustrious citizens were to be buried; and they even wrote on the pediment of the monument this inscription, which is not wanting in dignity, "*The grateful country to great men.*" Unfortunately, the grateful country carried Marat into this temple; Marat himself,

that hideous and livid rascal, who deserve little to die under the innocent, pure hand of Charlotte Corday !

Thus the Pantheon was for ever profaned, Marat once placed there, others would try to escape from such a disgraceful honor; even the corpse of Voltaire, deposited in the vaults, could scarcely obtain a few planks which formed the shadow of a tomb. Is it possible? Voltaire,—the king of the eighteenth century, the hammer which had broken, the torch which had burned, the catapult which had overthrown, so many things,—could not obtain a tomb, in the open Pantheon, to which he was carried with so much pomp? . . . It was with difficulty that a few worm-eaten planks could be secured to cover him. The curious came to look, with a thoughtful eye, upon this glory in its nothingness. Within these four decayed boards, was enclosed that malicious, ironical being, that sarcastic smile, that poet, who sang with so much gaiety and coolness, every passion of the head and the senses. By his side, and in a tomb of the same wood, has been placed J. J. Rousseau, whose glory so often prevented Voltaire from sleeping.—Two enemies, whom posterity, in spite of themselves, has joined together in its subjection and its respect; the latter, irony and disbelief personified; the former, enthusiasm and conviction; the one, an unrestrained railler, who threw upon every person and thing, the varnish of his immortal sallies; the other, austere and grave, who was outrageous in his love for the beings of his own creation. Two agitators, each in his way; Voltaire by wit, J. J. Rousseau by good sense; Voltaire by flights of imagination, the author of *Emile* by reasoning. Long divided, J. J. Rousseau insulted, or rather we should say, denied by Voltaire,—Voltaire protected by the pity of Jean Jacques; they are at last united in the same Pantheon, just as their works are on the same shelf of the book-case. Once there, the nation forgot them, the Empire no longer remembered them, but the Restoration recalled them in its hours of leisure and vengeance; it re-

membered that the Pantheon had been the church of Sainte Geneviève, and restored her church to the saint. Then Voltaire and Rousseau were taken without ceremony from the vaults; the hideous Marat having long before been ignominiously ejected. Then re-appeared the holy patroness of Paris in this enclosure, from which she had been driven; then were heard in the church a long succession of sermons, expiations, of blessings on the Most High; a long succession also of anger, vengeance, and threats, against future revolutionaries. This time, it was said, the church of Sainte Geneviève was for ever re-conquered, —re-conquered, as the throne of France was, for fifteen years, at most! Strange Paris! where people always swear by eternity, an eternity of tears, an eternity of glory, immortal popularity, tombs against which the end of the world will not prevail. Vain hope! vain promises! useless threats! Wait ten years more, and a revolution will restore monuments, and opinions, and men, to precisely the same point as they were ten years ago.

There is nothing in France but hospitals and prisons, which do not change; illness is always illness, misery is always misery. Among so many violent revolutions, which pull down, break, and overthrow every thing, you can scarcely recognise the monuments of this frivolous people, who are always ready to break on the morrow, the idols of the evenings before.

There is, at Florence, an old palace, on the walls of which, each government of the republic has left its escutcheon and its mark, without the conquerors ever effacing the escutcheon of the conquered. Now, you may see upon these noble walls, a long train of emblazonments, intended to recall the passage of so many different powers. In France, such a monument would be impossible;—whoever, in this country, speaks of a statue raised, speaks also of a statue overthrown; for twenty-five years, the occupation has been alternately to scratch out fleurs-de-lys, and cut off the heads of eagles. In their most insignificant emblems, the Empire and the Restoration have hunted each other to death;

what is called old France no longer exists, except in the fragments of which we were just now speaking, unless indeed the ancient monument was protected by its own usefulness. Thus the hôtel royal des Invalides, that monument of Louis XIV. so worthy of the great king, has grown with all the importance and majesty of the imperial wars. This dome, raised in the sky, to serve as a shelter for military glory, Napoleon wished to cover with plates of gold, in order that he might point it out from a distance, to the young armies,—at the same time saying, "See under what canopies you are expected." Within these walls, surrounded by cannon, the cannon of fête days and popular solemnities, the old soldiers of France have found an asylum worthy of their courage; there they live and die, under a law at once military and paternal. A marshal of France, an old warrior maimed like the others, is the governor of this house, so that the chief and the soldiers, before reaching this hour of repose, have run the same dangers, have met in the same battles; the glory of the one, is the glory of the other; all are heroic old men of the same family; only to see them pass, you would behold their services written on their foreheads. Modern Europe may be asked what has been done with such men; with such as these, the French republic has been recognized, and the Empire has been founded. There is not a capital of Europe, that has not trembled to its very foundations, not a king who has not turned pale, not a slavish people who have not murmured those two immortal words; *liberty, hope.* Ah! if you could ask each of these old heroes, the line which he has written, with the point of the sabre, in the history of his country; you would certainly find a splendid action, a city taken or defended, a victory gained, or at least, a glorious retreat. What a noble history might be written, under the dictation of these living and imposing remembrances! Memory is the life of the invalid soldier; memory immediately carries him back amongst the neighing horses, the thundering cannon, and the fighting battalions, whilst the cry of

war sounds from army to army; memory leads him to those celebrated plains by which future ages will doubtless profit, Austerlitz! Jena! Wagram! Now he sees Italy, whose fertile plains still call him; anon he sees Germany, where the Emperor seeks a new empress; a second time he returns to the charge against the ever flying Russian; again he finds himself amongst the fiery snows of Moscow, until at last they fall,—himself and his Emperor,—on the plains of Waterloo. Such is the life of these veterans of glory; to speak of former wars and battles, to be intoxicated with past glory, to see in the bright distance, the Emperor who once more calls them to pass in review before him, this is their joy, and their happiness. In vain is the door of this vast and beautiful hotel open all the day; the invalid never wanders from his last encampment; he pleases himself with the benevolent shade of the tricolored flag; he cultivates with incredible patience, the little garden in which he has planted three helianthuses; he brings up birds, he caresses the children who pass, above all, he sings Berenger's songs. Berenger is the poet of this house, no verses but his, are known or read here. He has sung by turns, the two passions of these old men; Lisette, their first passion, and the Emperor, their last, their most faithful love. He has been, by turns, an enamoured ballad-maker, and a warrior poet: wine, love, and glory, formed the strength of this poet. His book is a sort of gospel to these old men; they wish for no other, they know no other; but when the fancy takes them to return to the moment of departure, to know whence they set out, before reaching their last asylum, then they go and walk in the Champ de Mars, and then they retrace their first review, their animated youth. There they came at eighteen years of age, thence to throw themselves upon the world; it was there that they were armed as soldiers, that their first standard was confided to them, that the Emperor pointed out to them his star, which was also their's. Honor then to the Champ de Mars, that vast plain almost always deserted, where nothing

usually passes, except a few idlers on horseback. I can fancy that at certain solemn hours in the history of these men, when the night is gloomy, when the wind of Moscow begins to blow amid the silence, there returns, at midnight, all these scattered armies, here and there, in detachments, on the field of battle. At this moment, the great imperial trumpet is heard; each soldier, now lying in the dust, rejoins his broken army, the captains again put themselves at the head of their legions, and this immense confusion of so many thousands of men, cut down by the scythe of death, give themselves up till the first cock crowing, to all the delight of conquerors; after which, all is quiet, each corpse returns to its dust, each sword into its scabbard, each idea into the heart which originated it. . . . . A faithful image of the tumults and pacifications of 1815! To-day the Grand Army still erect; and to-morrow, the adieus of Fontainebleau and the Emperor who goes on board the *Bellerophon*, for that exile from which he was *never* to return!

From this eternal exile, the Emperor has already returned. At this day, the dome of the Invalides has grown by a thousand cubits: it has become inviolable, it has been pronounced the only tomb which was worthy to contain such a man!

It is said that at the news, that the Emperor was on his return, more than one old soldier began to weep; more than one, when the imperial coffin passed, threw themselves on their knees, in a silent adoration which had in it something of extacy. After which, when they understood that such a deposit was confided to them, the old men arose with all their pride, and assumed their arms with the vivacity of youth! And now, it is for them, a disputed pleasure, and a much envied honor, to mount guard night and day, at the coffin of this man, who is still their emperor.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE MADELEINE.

Quite at the end of that magnificent boulevard, which we have already partly traversed, (from Tortoni's to the Bourse,) rises, in all the magnificence of modern architecture, the church of the Madeleine. If not imposing in its appearance, it is at least splendid. This beautiful edifice is surrounded by an immense colonnade; a vast, open space extends all round this half Christian, half profane monument. Is it a heathen temple? is it a church? is it a theatre? It is a church. The front, so beautifully sculptured, already announces the efforts of Christian thought. The bronze doors, also sculptured from top to bottom in the same way as the doors of the Baptistère at Florence, are far from being as beautiful as the doors of Lorenzo Ghiberti, called by Michael Angelo the *Gates of Paradise;* but, still they are rich, magnificent, and varied. In the interior have been lavished all the treasures of art; bronze, oak, stone, marble, mosaic, painting, nothing is wanting to this Christian church, except that it is not exactly a church. Admire the two basins of Antonin Moine for holy water, would you not say it was some patient, endless labor of the sixteenth century? Is it not in the style of the artists from Byzance? An artist of great merit,

named Ziégler, has represented the history of the holy Madeleine. Paris possesses the Madeleine of Canova, a touching marble, full of elegance and melancholy: M. Aguado had just purchased it, when he died. Before long, it was put up at auction, and not one devoted Christian thought of buying the beautiful marble, to present it to the church of the Madeleine! The Madeleine is a monument almost religious, standing at the boundary of the Faubourg St. Honoré and the Chaussée d'Antin,—it presides over the whole space, extending from the boulevard to the Chamber of Deputies, a vast and dazzling space, which we have already tried to describe to you. But since we came here, by the way of the Rue St. Jacques and the Pantheon, the Sorbonne and the Champ de Mars, I will now conduct you from one end to the other of this celebrated boulevard; so that you will be able, without fatigue and without trouble, to form an idea of the two sides of this imposing city.

At the church of the Madeleine commences that long succession of splendid hotels, to which there is nothing comparable in any capital of Europe. You proceed, and soon find yourself in presence of the Place Vendome and the imperial column;—a little farther on, you recognize Tortoni's and the Café de Paris, the gilt mansion, the first modern house that has been surrounded by sculpture; very soon you reach the Théâtre des Varietés, where Brunet delighted the last generation; then the Rue Montmartre, which is quite as popular as the Rue Saint Denis; the Porte Saint Denis, placed there in honor of Louis XIV.; *Ludovico Magno;* and just before reaching the Porte Saint Denis, the Gymnase Dramatique, a delightful little theatre, which M. Scribe and the Duchess de Berri raised between them. In this small enclosure, are performed comedies, which represent the slightest accidents of every day life. When M. Scribe, the greatest amuser of the age, commenced this undertaking, there seemed no scope for comedy any where; Molière, like a sovereign master, had taken possession of all the

great characters; he had worked the whole of humanity for his own benefit; there was not a vice, nor an absurdity, which had not been submitted to the censure and the rod of this illustrious genius. After him, others had arisen, Lachaussée, for instance, who had made comedy weep; Beaumarchais, who had taken it on to political ground; Marivaux, the comic poet of the ruelles and the boudoirs; these passed,—comedy had become silent like all the rest. Inventors were contented with imitating masters. The Emperor Napoleon did not encourage this method of speaking to the crowd, and of saying very often, by means of a representation, severe truths which the audience alone discovers, and which escape all the sagacity of the censors. Then came M. Scribe. He had all the wit and all the invention necessary for the new enterprise; he at once understood, that he could not carry his comedy back into former times, and yet that he could not leave it among the people. He therefore chose an intermediate world, a neutral ground, the Chaussée d'Antin and finance; for, after all, every body stands a chance, of one day becoming as rich as M. Rothschild; the marquis of ancient date, and the grocer of despised family, may make their fortune in four and twenty hours; so that each could say, while beholding this new dominion of comedy, "I shall perhaps enter there some day!" Placed on this rich territory, of which he was the Christopher Columbus, M. Scribe gave himself up at his ease, to this paradox, which has suited his purpose admirably. The simple secret of his success has consisted, in taking exactly the opposite of the comedies written before him. There was a comedy of Voltaire's, called Nanine. This Nanine, a girl of no birth, marries a great lord, and is happy; M. Scribe takes in hand the defence of the opposite opinion, and writes the *Mariage de Raison*, to prove that the son of a general would be very foolish to marry the daughter of a soldier. In the *Premières Amours*, M. Scribe ridicules all the fine, sweet sentiments of youth, with which so many pretty comedies have been com-

posed. The *Demoiselle à Marier* is never so charming, as when she has no thought of marriage. *Le plus beau jour de la vie* is full of torments and miseries. And it is always thus; when he has a comedy to write, this original man takes up the side of long established truth. In case of need, he would undertake to defend,—not the misanthrope, which Fabre d'Eglantine has done before him,—but even the Tartufe. Thanks to this ingenious subversion of the action, the story, and the persons of his comedy, M. Scribe has discovered the art of making his audience attentive. And as besides, he writes quite simply, without knowing how to write; as his dialogues are full of ordinary genius; as with all his wit, he is not more witty than the rest of the world; the most complete success has attended this happy man; he has at once attained that popularity which is least contested and least contestable in France; he has been at the same time, celebrated and rich. The Duchess de Berri adopted him as her poet, and the Gymnase sustained by clever comedians, made expressly for this comedy, finished by replacing the Théâtre Français. The success of M. Scribe lasted as long as the Restoration. But the Revolution of July came; immediately the *Théâtre de Madame* was nothing more than the *Gymnase Dramatique.* The box in which the amiable princess so often appeared, that royal box into which it was a great honor to be admitted, was empty. Then M. Scribe, faithless as the bird whose nest is destroyed, took his flight elsewhere. The Théâtre Français, which he had so roughly opposed, eagerly opened its doors to the Caldéron of 1830. Then M. Scribe composed vaudevilles in five acts, and without couplets, which the Théâtre Français calls comedies. At the same time, the Opéra and the Opéra Comique, secured the illustrious inventor; Meyerbeer and Auber would have no poems but his; to the latter he gave *Robert le Diable,* to the former, the *Domino Noir.* As for the Gymnase, when it found itself left to its own strength, it dispensed most easily with its poet. The spirit of the master had remained

every where, within the walls, and on the outside of the walls. Bouffé, that excellent comedian, who had never been in the school of M. Scribe, set himself seriously to work, to play comedies which were almost serious. Thus, every one went on, the Gymnase without M. Scribe; M. Scribe without the Gymnase; only, as it is not right that every thing should succeed with ungrateful men, M. Scribe was obliged to enter the French Academy, where he pronounced a discourse in M. de Buffon's style. Thus was her Royal Highness the Duchess de Berri avenged! Assuredly, M. Scribe would not be in the Academy, if his first protectress was not at Göritz.

You have still in the same line, several other theatres, which I have forgotten, just as I forgot the Opéra Comique; for instance, the Porte Saint Martin, a theatre which still remembers Frederick Lemaitre and Madame Dorval. There, were produced in all their first fervor, the romantic Melpomena, the modern drama, the burlesques upon Shakspeare; there, were worn many a silk dress, many a good lance of Toledo, many a gauntlet, and many a suit of armour. There, were played, almost at the same time, the *Auberge des Adrets*, a drama in which theft and assassination become the subject of the most delightful pleasantry, and the *Faust* of Goëthe! There, have appeared rope-dancers, Bayadères, Hercules, and learned animals. There, the monkey Jocko was seen, and all Paris melted into tears at the misfortunes and death of poor Jocko; in this same theatre, was exhibited the elephant Kionny, whose pretty tricks and good manners were quite the fashion; then nameless crimes, the life of Napoleon the Great, ballets, vaudevilles, the bagnio, the scaffold, the whole of the Middle Age, M. Alexandre Dumas and M. Victor Hugo. . . . . And all this trouble and care, all these paradoxes and murders, to centre in a little theatre, where people no longer eat any thing but strawberries and cream, and nothing is acted but the pastorals and the idyls of the Chevalier de Florian!

CHAPTER XXX.

DIFFERENT CLASSES OF SOCIETY.

We told you then, that after passing the Gymnase and the boulevard Poissonière, we no longer found the same appearances, the same literature, or the same people. In this country of equality, nothing is blended; each is in its place, every thing in its station. Each step you take, seems to carry you into new regions. I know not what presentiment warns you of this change, but so it is. Already on this same line of the boulevards, the population is altered. The helmet, the blouse, the apron, and the round cap, which dare not make their appearance five hundred steps higher, have taken up their abode in these latitudes. Above, you were with the aristocrats, here you are among the people. The people do not inhabit these boulevards, but they live and reign here, they expend all their money and their wit here; in this spot, the fête is complete, and our good people have nothing more to wish. Ambulatory kitchens offer them at any hour, the dishes they prefer to all others, fried potatoes and salt pork; while barley-water sellers constantly invite them, with the harmonious sound of their little bells. For their evening's amusement, they have the low theatres, where dramas are acted, which, as far as I know, cannot be too much

loaded with events, accidents, sudden changes of fortune, revolutions, deaths, births, terrors, and convulsions of every kind, to please the taste of their habitual spectators. I could tell you of a certain play applauded for a whole year, on this part of the boulevard, which is emphatically called the *boulevard of crime;* but we must acquaint you with the mischief done to these feeble minds, by the lamentable spectacle of all the vices, all the paradoxes, and all the bad passions, which the theatre summons to its aid.

I have visited one of the most frightful prisons in Paris, called *La Force.* This prison was formerly the hotel of the dukes de la Force, a noble and illustrious house, much fallen, as you may see, and stripped of its ancient grandeur. Within these walls, have dwelt the greatest lords of French history. At that time, all was joy, pleasure, in treacherous prosperity around these famous noblemen; love, ambition, poetry, painting, and music, all the fine arts, were eager to attend their proud masters. Now, this palace of opulence and grandeur is nothing but a dirty abyss, filled with darkness, confusion, and grinding of teeth. It is no longer a house built for men, it is an iron cage made expressly for wild beasts. Shut up within these formidable walls, the prisoners are seen variously occupied; this one is lying with his face on the ground, meditating theft and murder; that one, in a feverish agitation, turns and re-turns incessantly in his melancholy enclosure, as if he sought a chink through which to escape. A third roars with laughter, whilst clenching his fists with the convulsion of rage. All the ferocious desires of the tiger, you will find without trouble, in these terrible figures; but these vilest of criminals have never known remorse, and that is why I hesitate to call them men.

But what is most melancholy in this sad place, is to see, in the side jail,—not men, not even young men,—but mere children. Unhappy beings! they were early brought to this abyss; some from an imitation of parental example;—others, because they have

never known a mother's kiss; the largest number, from having at an early age frequented these immoral shops, where comedy and melodrama, sell, for the lowest possible sum, their lessons of infamy and vice. One of the managers of the prison, a grave man, with much of that serious, good sense, which is acquired by the contemplation of so much misery, said to us, "I am thankful to say, I have nothing to do with poetry or the theatre; I never saw a melodrama played twice in my life; I do not know the name of a single actor or actress. For twenty years I have been shut up in these walls, myself more a prisoner than all the prisoners committed to my care; but nevertheless, I know, as well as those who take the greatest interest in the matter, all the faults and crimes that are represented, by any piece which has a great run at the theatre. Every time that these unhappy children arrive here in unusual numbers, I say to myself; Assuredly they have just been extolling some great crime; and I am never mistaken. For instance,—since our men of genius have begun to give to the greatest villains, wit, grace, gaiety, good manners, all the appearance of well-educated men,—every day, there come to me, fine little gentlemen in black coats, whose cravat is most carefully tied, who wear hair rings, write love verses upon the walls, and talk of their good fortune, just in the same way as the duke de Caumont de la Force, whose hotel they now inhabit, would have talked in former days. Or else, the actors amuse themselves, in their theatres, by exalting beggars, they laugh at the frightful holes and sanguinary spots of their cloaks; they strut about insolently, in the garb of galley-slaves. And this is why my young bandits, hardly released a first time, return to me, covered with rags and wounds. When they first came here, they made verses; on their second appearance, they talk the vilest cant that ever was invented in their cellars by the gypsies, the banditti, the lepers, the hypocrites, and all the frightful inhabitants of the Cour des Miracles. This cant is such a beautiful language, such an exquisite mixture of vice and vulgarity! Thus the wits of

the time have made it fashionable. They have revealed all its mysteries, they have found out its dialect, its chronology, its dictionary, and its grammar, as they did formerly for the poetry of Charles d'Orleans, or king René. But Sir, what a misfortune that so superior a mind as M. Victor Hugo's, for instance, has not understood all the danger of such sophistry! Thanks to him, and thanks to Vidocq,—for to be just, Vidocq began before M. Hugo,—the cant which thieves scarcely dared to whisper in their most profound darkness, is now become quite the thing in the fashionable world. There is no well-educated girl, in a good school, who does not pride herself upon knowing some words of it. There is no young man of good family who has not some acquaintance with it. In all the books of our fashionable writers, does not this cant find a place? In all the plays, is not the principal conversation carried on in this language? People no longer murder on the highway, but *on fait suer le chêne, sous le grand trimart.* It is no longer blood that is spilt, but *raisiné.* To speak is to *agiter le chiffon rouge.* The guillotine is the *l'abbaye de monte-à-regret.* The passion for this frightful neologism has been pushed to such an extent, that the songs composed by these characters for the women they love, are sought out from the prisons, and these songs are sung in the best parts of the city. What a strange pleasure, thus to love to approach the most vulgar thoughts and imaginations! What a strange passion for well-bred people, who would not for any money, drink out of the saucer of a galley-slave, or share his bread, to adopt without shame, the vilest productions of his mind, and the most frightful dreams of his heart! I acknowledge, Sir, that all this makes me indignant; but what can we do? except to hold ourselves always ready to receive the thieves and assassins, who are made such by these literary excesses. Do not think, however, that grey as I am growing, I am hardened against this misery. No, certainly not. Let the bandits of forty years old come to the prison of La Force, as to the ante-chamber of the scaffold, or

the galleys—it matters little to me; they are hardened men, with whom nothing can be done, hearts of iron, which cannot even be broken. But to see enter, criminals of fifteen years old, thieves who have not arrived at years of discretion, children upon whom the whip ought to do justice, to ask them, as they enter; Where do you come from? and to hear them reply; I come from seeing men murder, stab, and steal in the open theatre;—this sir, is a misery to which I cannot accustom myself, old, and steeled against it, as I am."

The speech of this good man has appeared to me, the best literary dissertation that could possibly be made, upon the dramatic art, as it now exists among the French. There is no man of letters who has not read with a smile of pity, the remarks of Voltaire against Shakspeare, and the tragedy written by him for the Welsh. But what would Voltaire say, if he could know what they have made of Romeo, Juliet, Othello, Cornelia, king Lear, and all the charming or terrible beings created by the genius of this man? But we have stopped long enough upon this plague spot of France, who yet reproaches England with her cock fights, and Spain with her bull baitings!

CHAPTER XXXI.

NEW WONDERS IN PARIS.

We have spoken enough of the theatre: we will pursue our road. Let us leave the kitchens in the open air, the wandering melodies, the sellers of oranges or crumpets, M. Coupe Toujours, for instance. Let us plunge into the desert; and now tell me, by what endless succession of little resources, mysteries, and labors, these lazzaroni can manage, without working, without giving themselves much trouble, or much uneasiness, to procure their bread of every day, and their theatre of every evening. This is one of the greatest wonders of the Parisian world, how is it that a man can, with very little work, be rich enough to want none of the necessaries of life, and to live in idleness and pleasure?

To this question, my Parisian host, who had been more than once, the kind companion of my poetical wanderings, answered with his usual goodness—You have asked me a question, which has occupied more than one statesman. A man ought to be a thorough Parisian, to resolve it properly; but when that question is once resolved, you will understand a number of little facts, quite unappreciated by the great travellers, who look only at a country, as a whole, without deigning to examine into details; for it is, above all, by details, that you can compare, and judge,

and better yet, that you can understand. The fact is, added my companion, that Paris is the only city in the world, where you meet at every step a crowd of inoffensive little trades, which are subject to no patent law, to no control, and which secure to the man who pursues them, an honest livelihood for the remainder of his days. These trades you meet everywhere, in this great city.

In leaving your house, you necessarily pass before the porter's lodge. This lodge is a sort of niche on the ground floor, in which very often you would not put your dog. Imagine a space of seven or eight feet at most, in which very frequently, resides a whole family: the father making shoes, the mother reading romances; the daughter spouting verses, the hope of the Théâtre Français; the eldest son, playing on the violin; the youngest, mixing the colors of Eugène Delacroix. But do you know where all these children nestle? how they came into the world? how they have grown? how they have lived? Who knows? who can tell?—the fact is, they do live and grow up in a wonderful way. However, cross the threshold of your door, and take care of that man who is groping in the kennel; he is a *regratteur;* he scrapes and scratches among the stones; he will have nothing to do with the rags or the dirt of the street, these are articles of merchandise quite above our trafficker. He wants nothing but the nails lost from the horses' shoes, the small pieces of iron rubbed off the wheels by friction; he washes the mud of the city, as other slaves wash the golden sand of Mexico.

When you have avoided the regratteur, and the water which he throws on either side, you generally stumble upon the commissioner of the quarter. The commissioner of the quarter is usually a good, portly man, with a broad chest, large shoulders, and black beard; you are sure, from his very looks, that he is a man at ease, who owes nothing to any one, but to whom much is owing, and who is not without a fund in reserve for bad days: he is servant to us all, he belongs to all the houses, and goes in and out, at pleasure.

He is the faithful and worthy depository of more than one little secret, for which he might be paid a good price, but he never sells the secrets of any one. For the rest, he is as independent as a servant who belongs to several masters; active, indefatigable, sober, patient, curious, but curious only for his own amusement; always at your service, always ready to oblige, and that, with the same zeal, whether on affairs of love or business. No street in Paris would be complete, without its commissioner to itself, by the side of its grocer and its wine-seller.

Farther off, on the Pont Neuf, on the Quai de la Grève, outside wandering or stationary shops, without patent, but not without approbation, you will meet a crowd of industrious people, always occupied, who cross each other in every sense, but without confusion;—one, leaning upon his stall of a square foot, solicits the favor of restoring for a sou its lustre to your tarnished boots; another, calls your shaggy dog with a hoarse voice, wishing to crop him; this one supplies you with matches, that one with pins, and that old man gains his living by selling barley sugar. But do not fancy, that this kind of industry is within the reach of men, in all parts of the world; it is only fitted for the Parisian; it is only he who understands, and loves, and knows how to appreciate at their just value, all these little accommodations. It is only a Parisian, who, impelled by the thirst of a warm summer's day, stops the honest seller of cocoas, who chats with him while wiping his plated mug, who has it filled to the very brim, and asks the change from his ten centimes, after having drank and talked to the value of at least two sous. And just in the same way, the Parisian is the only person to talk with a fish-woman, play the agreeable with an oyster-seller, and not provoke an ambulatory cook, while cheapening his meal. You should never ridicule little trades; thanks to them, the Parisian has remained the sole master of his native city. Little trades sell him at a cheap rate the fine clothes, and furniture of the rich; gather for him, roses in summer, violets in spring, and apples for winter; they put him on a level

with all fortunes; they give him the means of satisfying all his desires; it is to them, that the Parisian owes his prosperity, his house, his servants, and his carriage. Lately, these little trades have given to each Parisian, a large carriage with two or three horses, always at his orders, always ready to take him to the various parts of the city. Careless and idle man! To please the Parisian, the omnibus conductor wears a livery, and the coachman takes every possible care of his vehicle. Does he not carry the greatest of all the great lords in Europe, the Parisian of Paris?

In Paris, thanks to little trades, there is nothing without two extreme prices, the dear and the cheap; there is no medium. Look at the Opera, which is so expensive; but for a franc, in the Rue Vivienne, an excellent orchestra will play you, during four hours, the most beautiful symphonies of Beethoven, the sweetest melodies of Mozart. And not only do little trades apply to the necessities of life, and to those luxurious wants which have become a necessity, but they also take up the strongest and most unexpected caprices, of the character and mind of man. For instance, Catherine wishes to write to her good friend, John, who is with the army at Algiers; Catherine cannot write, but for four sous, she will send Charles John a letter, full of the best chosen words and the sweetest hopes, on fine glazed paper with an armorial seal; two sous more, fair Catherine, and you could have written to your lover, in good Alexandrine verses.

What a trade is that of M. Fumade, the dealer in phosphoric matches! that of M. Hunt, the manufacturer of blacking! or M. Coupe Toujours, the cake-seller, who prizes his stall of two square feet, as highly as a notary does his study. The man who gives holy water at the church, thinks as much of himself as though he were a peer of France. On the portal of a church, you will find more than one beggar, who is an elector in his own quarter; the chair-letter has several times lent the vicar twenty crowns, to buy a new cassock. Every thing is a trade in Paris;

it is a trade to open the door of the carriages, after the play is over; it is a trade to mend the piano broken by the little girl who has just left school; it is a trade to serve as a witness at the Palais de Justice, to carry water, to manufacture tooth-picks, and paper collars. What do you want? what is the fancy which has seized you? Do you wish a rose for your button hole? they will sell you a single rose. In the season, you will find violets for a sous, on the Pont des Arts. Follow me along the quay, and you may have a thick volume in octavo, for the price of ten bunches of violets.

Even usury, infamous usury, has made itself a little trade, to rob the unfortunate more easily. Usury dresses itself in an old cassock, and takes the form of a grocer, near the markets; it lends six francs, to receive six francs five centimes at the end of the day.

And this, my dear Sir, is the way people live in Paris; when a man has not a great trade, he lives by a small one; the only important thing is to exercise a little trade, whatever it may be, with honor and good faith.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE PLACE ROYALE.

We were at this point of our conversation, when my guide, turning abruptly, changed at once the direction of my road and my ideas.—But, said I, where are we going? why this sudden turn? Did you not intend to take me to the end of this immense avenue? I would fain know the whole history of the Boulevards; I have already traversed a great part of them, I have seen their solitudes and their thickly-populated corners, their riches and their misery, their hungry inhabitants, and those who are rolling in luxury. I intended this evening to stop upon the former site of the Bastille,—do you see any thing to prevent this plan? —We will return there presently, said my guide, but I have too high an opinion of you, to believe that you will not wish to examine one of the most curious spots in the Paris of former days. The Place Royale is close by, and we must not pass without seeing it.—So saying, we entered this vast space of old and noble houses, which you would take for one single palace, the walls of which surround the garden. In this garden rises, as in its rightful kingdom, the equestrian statue of Louis XIII., son of Henry the Great, and father of Louis the Great. Within these walls, have lived and thought, the

rarest minds, the finest geniuses, the most delightful raillers, the most elegant gentlemen, of that singular epoch which preceded so closely,—as if to announce it,—the seventeenth French century. The Place Royale, where nothing is now heard except the beautiful little children of M. Victor Hugo, the poet, still remembers with love, and pride, and gratitude, that it was formerly inhabited, or at least traversed, by those great names before which every one bows; Larochefaucauld, Mademoiselle de Lafayette, the duchess de Lesdiguières, the prince de Condé, Molière, St. Vincent de Paule, La Fontaine, the duke de Montausier, M. de Thou, and M. de St. Marc. What a strange drama has passed within this enclosure! what an incredible heap of papers and proper names! Here came Marion Delorme, who was sick of love, and Ninon de Lenclos, the sweetest child of Epicurus, and Chapelle, and Bachaumont, and Mademoiselle Delaunay, and Mademoiselle Polallion, Madame de Montausier, Madame de Gondran, Madame de Vervins, Marshal Desfiat, Father Joseph, Cardinal de Richelieu, Marshal de Biron, Marshal de Roquelaire, the Marquis de Pisani, the duke de Bellegarde, the Baron de Thermes, the princess de Conti, the poet Desportes, the duke de Joyeuse, who was a great patron of clever men, Cardinal Duperron, the friend of Desportes,—the archbishop of Sens, the duke of Sully, Mademoiselle and M. de Senectère, the former beautiful and finely proportioned, who knew every thing that was going on, and who was almost a woman of letters; and her brother Senectère, the spy of Richelieu, the friend of Mazarin; Marshal de la Force, at whose hotel we were, a short time since; on St. Bartholomew's day, he was left among the dead. He was a great friend of Henry the Fourth's, and but little of a courtier; and was eighty-nine when he wished to be married for the fourth time, alleging that being no longer able to hunt, it was impossible for him to live alone in the country; François Malherbe, the pensioner of Catherine de Médecis; the Viscountess d'Orchies; M. des Yvetots, who delighted in dressing

in the most extraordinary way; and M. de Guise, the son of Balafré. Here was the constable de Luynes, the assassin and the successor of Marshal d'Ancre; Marshal d'Estrées, the worthy brother of his six sisters; president de Chevry, Monsieur de Sully's jester; Monsieur d'Aumont, the visionary, who was so welcome at the hotel Rambouillet; Madame de Reniez; her daughter, Madame de Gironde; and Monsieur de Turin, that inflexible magistrate. King Henry said to him one day, "Monsieur de Turin, I wish M. de Bouillon to gain his action." "Sire," answered the worthy man, "nothing is easier; I will send the action to you, and you shall judge it yourself." Thus spoke my companion, and seeing that I was astonished at this great number of names;—Ah, said he, since we are in the Place Royale, you must pardon my returning to the great names of former days. I delight in going back, to the history of a society which no longer exists. Never indeed, at any epoch, have there been found more important characters: the chancellor de Bellièvre, who never was angry; Madame de Puysieux, who sang before Cardinal Richelieu, all kinds of pretty songs, which made him laugh immoderately; the princess of Orange, and the duke de Mayenne. Who else? Madame d'Aiguillon, the Cardinal's niece, who was so avaricious; Marshal de Brézé, who obeyed his servant; Marshal de la Meilleraie, a great besieger of cities; and king Louis XIII., of whom we will not speak. You have at the same time, the duke of Montmorency, a liberal, excellent man, quite ignorant of war,—what a cruel death overtook him! Do not forget Beautru, one of the fine spirits of the time; he was bold, insolent, a great player, a thorough libertine, and an outrageous slanderer, but loved by Cardinal Richelieu for his boldness.

Silence! Do you not hear the sound of the violin?—it is Maugard, the Cardinal's violin player. This Maugard was a clever fellow, full of invention, and witty tricks, and in spite of his poverty, as proud as though he had been a rich poet. Does there

not seem a pastoral air around you? the meadows are before you, the bleating lambs call their mothers; it is Racan singing his idyls: picture to yourself a gentleman shepherd,—he was the worthy disciple of Malherbe, and really a man of genius, but very absent. The day he was received into the Academy, he made his appearance, with a paper which his dog had torn. "This," said he, "is my speech; I cannot re-copy it, and I do not know it by heart."

Then there is La Fontaine, the greatest poet in France. But we will not speak of him, he only passed under the shadow of the Place Royale, it was too full of affected women and red heels; he wanted more solitude and silence. Neither must we forget Bois Robert, one of the kings of the Place Royale, who very soon learned to fawn upon the cardinal. He was a buffoon, but he amused his master: we will, however, do him this justice, Bois Robert never injured any one; he consoled the afflicted, and visited more than one who was in the Bastille. When once he had taken you under his protection, you were well off; he had the courage never possessed by flatterers; to serve you, he would dare to displease the master: and besides this, buffoon as he was, he was the founder of the French Academy.

You find me long in my stories, said my companion, but when in this frivolous Paris, we happen to find ourselves in the centre of an illustrious place, through which the best society in the world has passed, why should we neglect to recall so many happy remembrances? Why, since we are in the Place Royale, should we not speak of the marquis and marchioness de Rambouillet? They certainly played an important part, in the world of former days. Before their time, every citizen's house was built thus: first a great staircase; on one side of the staircase, a parlor, and on the other side, a bedroom. The marchioness was the first to change the position of the staircase, so as to have a long succession of saloons; she made the doors and windows as much larger as possible, placing them, for the first time, opposite each

other. To this house repaired all the choice minds of the court and the city. Then was founded that great power called *causerie*. The Marchioness de Rambouillet was young and beautiful, she had a clear mind, lively conversation, and could amuse her friends exceedingly well. Molière, it is true, in a fit of ill humor, denounced the wit of the affected ladies; but whatever might be the rapture of Cathos, of Madelon, and of Mascarille, it cannot be denied, that the French language, then scarcely commenced, gained much in grace from being spoken by the best society. This lady was truly one of the first to give the signal for the great age: besides, she was the mother of Madame de Montausier, that clever woman, who wrote so many good pages under the name of Voiture. To her belonged that beautiful book called *La Guirlande de Julie*, which the Duchess d'Uzès, her granddaughter, bought at such an enormous sum. Neither must we forget Madame d'Hyères, so amiable in her folly; the sister of Madame de Montausier, Mademoiselle de Rambouillet; and Mademoiselle Paulet, who played the lute better than any one, and with whom the Chevalier de Guise was so desperately in love. It is a singular fact, and one not generally known, that Mademoiselle Paulet, elegant, pretty, a good musician, a genius, courageous, and proud, was the first person, in France, who was called a lioness. Now, the title of lioness is an honorable one; a woman who is not a lioness thinks herself disgraced. Mademoiselle Paulet was not so proud, and was very angry with Voiture, but the name still clung to her.

Voiture was the son of a wine seller, a genius, fond of love and play, but preferring the latter to the former. He treated the greatest lords, with the most extraordinary freedom and want of ceremony. It was he who said,—on hearing Bossuet at fourteen years old, preach his first sermon at the hotel de Rambouillet, a quarter of an hour before midnight,—"I never heard a person preach so early or so late." Here also came, full of pride and learning, President Jeannin, who dared to defend Laon against

Henry IV. After the peace, Henry IV. wished to attach him to himself, saying that if he had so faithfully served a little prince, he was equally capable of serving a great king. One day, when the queen-mother sent him a large sum of money, the president returned it to her, saying that a regent could dispose of nothing, while her son was a minor. But the farther we go, the more these men of past days appear before us. M. Gombaut, the bishop of Venice, M. Gombaut the poet, whom Madame de Rambouillet used to call the *handsome gloomy being*. His greatest annoyance was for people to know his poverty, and his friends therefore used to make him believe, that the money they gave him, was sent to him by the king. Gombaut had all the penury and all the pride of a poet. Chapelain was quite the contrary; he was the most extolled, the richest, and the worst dressed of all the wits of the day. How satire attacked this poor man! There was also at that time, the Queen of Poland, poor queen! and the Duchess de Croix, the daughter of Madame d'Urfé. Make room! make room! here is Marshal de Bassompierre, the greatest genius at court. The queen forgives him all his folly. Cardinal de Rochefaucauld and Chancellor Séguier shake hands, whilst Jodelet begins to sell beards for the parliament of Metz, which has just been composed of young men. My ladies Rohan will to-day, pay a visit to Madame de la Maisonfort. Dumoustier, the draughtsman, loses his time in telling stories. President Le Coigneux runs after all the beautiful women. M. d'Emery, the financier, the friend of Marion Delorme, who gained nine millions in ten years. Marion, proud and extravagant, died at thirty-nine years of age, leaving twenty thousand crowns worth of lace, and not a sou, in ready money. He who passes yonder is Pascal; this man, to whom men bow so low, is Marshal de l'Hôpital. You would have liked the Countess de La Suze, who wrote such sweet verses and such touching elegies; the pretty Madame de Liancourt, a model for mothers; President Nicolai, whose youth was so stormy; and Father Bourdaloue

and Father Massillon. And what would you say of Madame Pillon, who was sincerity itself; a simple citess, who for her wit and piquant sallies, was equally dreaded in the city and at court? And Madame de Moutan, whose hands were as beautiful as the queen's; and Madame d'Ayvait, so passionate, that she was very near stabbing her daughter. And amongst the clever men, M. Costar. One day, Madame de Longueville was passing through this same Place Royale; her chair broke, and a footman presented himself to assist the duchess. Whose servant are you? said she. M. Costar's, Madame. And who is this M. Costar? A genius, madame. Who says so? If you do not believe me, madame, take the trouble of asking M. Voiture. Like master, like man, said the duchess, seeing this footman, so noble and so well bred.

Then think, sir, that amongst these men, whom the Marais recalls to us, we must reckon Cardinal de Retz, and Ménage; M. de Roquelaure, and Madame de La Roche-Guyon sung by Benserade, and La Serre and La Calprenède. But alas! we must finish. You cannot understand the mighty power of one single woman, Madame de Cornuel, for instance. She was wit personified. She said of religion, at that time, that it "was not dying, but only declining." In point of wit, you have Scarron, and Madame Scarron, and Mademoiselle Scudéri, and Mademoiselle de Staël. But we must finish. We must not, however, quit this little corner, where so much grace, and wit, and love have been lavished, without saluting with our looks and our regret, the hôtel Carnavalete. From this now deserted house, formerly proceeded the most beautiful language France ever spoke, that of Madame de Sévigné.

Such was the history of the Place Royal, the history of the Paris of former days. I acknowledge, that this way of invoking the phantoms of so many people, the honor of French literature and society, appeared to me singular and interesting. We only came here for architectural details, and we have found a whole

history; this is a double profit. Besides, it is time to call up these remembrances. The quarter of the Marais, after having been the centre of the city, is now only a faubourg. Demolishers take possession of these beautiful hotels, and break them with hatchets and axes. There is, near the Temple, a whole street, the Rue Chapon, where you may buy retail, the most ancient houses of the oldest quarters, from the stones of their foundations to the slates which cover the roof. All is sold, the floors, the hangings, the glasses, the mantlepieces, the slightest ornaments in wood or stone. Thus have disappeared one after the other, nearly all the best houses of the sixteenth century. This done, the architect comes, and in place of these rich hotels, builds an immense house, in which assemble all sorts of people, who never met even in the street, and who by the power of neighbourhood, are condemned to live and die, in such numbers under the same roof. But what does that signify, provided appearances are saved?

We again returned to the boulevards, a little lower down than the spot from which we diverged, and found ourselves almost opposite the church of Saint Louis. Here again the boulevard changed its appearance; the crowd was less eager, the theatres disappeared altogether; on our left was a vast open space; and yet on this spot, the impetuous Beaumarchais erected a house for himself, a splendid house, surrounded by magnificent gardens. How strange! that the author of the *Mariage du Figaro* should build his house on the site of the Bastille! the Bastille which suddenly staggers like a tipsy man, whilst a writer of pamphlets proudly comes to plant his tent in this formidable place.

These are strong contrasts.—So much power and strength, walls so thick, cannon, dungeons the very name of which is enough to make you shudder with fright; bridges, battlements, keepers, horrible labyrinths, crossed and recrossed by a hundred thousand little dark windings, the wooden cage placed there by Louis XI.; terrible stones, before which the proudest heads bow,—all these fell in one day. On the morrow, a simple writer,

comedy maker, an active, witty, and ostentatious talker, came to choose some of the beautiful stones, from all this rubbish, to build for himself a real palace: upon this site of tears, and captivities, and misery, M. Beaumarchais laid out gardens, dug grottos, planted trees; gold, painting, sculpture, all the fine arts vied with each other in adorning this magnificent dwelling. Unfortunately, the house of the poet has been taken away, as well as the Bastille. Of this beautiful edifice, where so much wit, laughter, and money were expended, not a trace remains. A canal has been dug across the delightful gardens; industry has done for Beaumarchais's house, what the revolution did for the Bastille. Industry also breaks, changes, demolishes, and overthrows. What an exquisite house has she here ruined! what ceilings has she demolished! what vases, what pannels, what glasses, what columns . . . . .

At this word columns, I began to smile. My companion asked what amused me? Then I repeated to him a story, which I had heard on the passage from New York to Havre. You know that in such a voyage, people are not very particular about their stories, but readily amuse themselves with all they hear. If an hour can be whiled away by the adventure, it is welcome. The person who gave me the following account, was the architect of the Opéra Comique, a well read, judicious man, who loves architecture with an intense passion. Apropos of the French mania for building Grecian temples, raising columns, and imitating the public places of Athens, without considering either the clouds, or the rain, or the fog, or the grey dark sky of the people of the north, the amiable artist had invented the story, which you will find in the following chapter.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE ENGLISHMAN'S VISIT TO PARIS.

A YOUNGER brother of Lord S——, the honest and learned vicar of a village near London, had taken leave of his people, to pay a visit to Paris, *the city of wonders*, as it was called there. This Englishman, though very learned, was a man of exquisite taste, but somewhat absent in mind. For a long time, he had had a great wish to see, and to perambulate, and to study the great capital. At last he arrived in Paris, on one of those clear summer nights, which have almost the transparency of day. After having walked our streets, for some time, followed by a man carrying his baggage, he ordered his guide to take him to a good hotel. Led by him to a comfortable house, our Englishman passed the night; but what strange dreams appeared before his eyes! He did not rouse himself, till ten o'clock in the morning, so badly had he slept. He then dressed himself in haste, fearing lest Paris had taken flight, and went out without knowing the name of the street, or of the hotel where he had passed the night. His emotion was so great, his curiosity so strongly excited, that he walked for a long time, to the right, to the left, before him, through a thousand streets great and small, through a thousand passages

and a thousand turnings; he went and came, he returned, he passed bridges, he stopped, he admired, he was astonished; in a word, he wandered so far and so long, that at the end of three good hours' walking, he was far from his hotel, lost, thoroughly lost, without any means of recovering himself. What should he do?

Happily, this worthy William S—— was a man of much composure, which did not forsake him, even on this, his first day of enthusiasm and wandering. As soon as he perceived that he had really lost himself in this great city, he began to reflect on the best means of discovering this street, of the name of which he was in perfect ignorance, and this hotel which he might be said to have scarcely seen, except at night. Remember, that in this hotel he had left his clothes. What do I say? his clothes! he had left his name and passport.—His name and passport? he had left his personal liberty.—His personal liberty? he had left better than that, he had left his purse. It was a grave and pressing emergency.

To tell the truth, the first moment of confusion and embarrassment was most painful. But our hero was not discouraged. He waited where he was, till chance should bring him some worthy, honest Frenchman, honest enough to encourage him, acute enough to give him good counsel. Just then, chance, which is not always an enemy, sent that way, a kind, clever young man, who had studied architecture at Rome, and who after having built upon paper at the school, I know not how many temples, studies, theatres, amphitheatres, baths, aqueducts, porticos, lyceums, parthenons, pantheons, &c. &c., thought himself only too happy, to have chimneys to repair, and houses to replaster in the Rue Mouffetard.

The stranger accosted the young artist, with the smile of an honest man, which is perhaps the best recommendation one can have, in any city, or in any latitude.

Sir, said the Englishman, will you be kind enough to listen to

me with indulgence, and not laugh too much at my simplicity. Sir, I am an honest English clergyman, and had never quitted my village, until, urged by an unfortunate curiosity, I crossed the strait expressly and solely to see Paris. I arrived yesterday evening, and was taken to a hotel where I passed the night. This morning, in my enthusiasm, and my desire to see every thing, I left my hotel, without remembering that I must return there this evening; so that I am lost, hungry, and . . . .

Sir, said the architect to the Englishman, the case is an awkward one. Let us begin by breakfast.

And they entered a café.

While breakfasting, the young man said to the Englishman—

Well Sir! have you not at least some indications by the help of which we can discover between us, this street and this hotel?

Sir, said the Englishman, with a strange look of assurance, that is just what I was about to tell you, when you offered me breakfast so àpropos. I am not as utterly lost as you may perhaps think me; for now, I remember perfectly, that the house where I passed the night is near a kind of Grecian temple, which I saw shining in the moon's light; you know, Sir, large white columns mingled with flights of steps, the whole being surmounted by long stove funnels, which, to tell you the truth, appeared to me but little Athenian.

At these words, the young artist, who thoroughly understood all the mysteries and all the secrets of our architecture, burst into a long fit of laughing.

What! said he to the amazed Englishman, have you no other indications than that? Do you not know whether there was a butcher or a perfumer in your street? You are no nearer your mark, Sir!

Sir, said the Englishman, looking somewhat piqued, does it so happen in your country, that there are fewer butchers' shops than Grecian temples?

Exactly so, Sir. In Paris, we know the number of our

butchers' stalls; there are only three hundred; but we do not know the number of our Grecian temples. But stop, said he, you and I will soon try the truth of this; and we have not much time left, for visiting all our Grecian temples.

And they immediately set about seeking for this hotel, situated at the corner of a Grecian temple.

They were then not far from the Théâtre Italien, which is certainly a Grecian temple, with white columns surmounted by magnificent stove funnels.

Is that your temple? said he to the Englishman.

That's my temple! answered he, joyfully.

But alas! if he had recognised his temple, he could not find his hotel.

I told you so! cried the triumphant artist.

When they had made the entire tour of the Théâtre Italien, and of these columns, the spaces between which are filled with joinery and windows, so useful are columns under our beautiful Grecian sky;

Do not be discouraged, Sir, said the young man, there is close by, another Grecian temple.

And turning to the right, they went to the Madeleine.

Here is my Grecian temple! said the Englishman, with some uneasiness.

I am afraid this is not your Grecian temple, replied the artist; it is a catholic church, sir.

You are right, said the Englishman, when he had looked on both sides for his hotel; this is not my Grecian temple.

Shall we take a cabriolet? replied his companion, for we have so many Grecian temples to visit!

They mounted a cabriolet. By this time, the Englishman felt rather confused.

The architect, for an instant undecided to what Grecian temple to take the stranger, began to remember, that there was a hotel of Windsor or of London, of the Prince Regent, or some other

national hotel not far from the Chamber of Deputies, and so he led William to the Chamber.

Sir, said he, this is a magnificent Grecian temple! look at the columns! look at the flights of steps! look at the stove funnels!

You are right, said the Englishman. And stop, here is my hotel.

But at this hotel de Windsor, they did not recognise the Englishman.

We must look for another Grecian temple, said Ernest. (Our artist's name was Ernest.)

Ernest, who in his capacity of a man of merit and talent, had a chimney to rebuild in the rue de l'Odéon, took his companion to the Odéon.

Here, said he to the unfortunate William, is another magnificent Grecian temple, ornamented with magnificent chimnies. It is a tragedy theatre, Sir, and there is no lack of hotels in this neighbourhood.

But the Englishman recognised, neither his hotel nor his Grecian temple.

However, Ernest remembered that there was at the Jardin des Plantes, a master mason, who patronized him, and had made an appointment with him, about some work; so he took the stranger to the Jardin des Plantes, where the master mason was about to build several Grecian temples; Grecian temples for the panthers, Grecian temples for the crows, Grecian temples for the monkeys, Grecian temples for the elephant and the giraffe.

Master, said Ernest to the master mason, here is an Englishman who has lost himself, from the neighbourhood of a Grecian temple, and who cannot find his hotel; we have already seen several Athenian houses, and we come to ask you, if you can tell us of some others; for Monsieur must find his hotel again by the aid of these temples.

My son, said the mason to Ernest, was I not right in telling

you, that Grecian temples were good for something, and that there was nothing but columns in architecture? See in what trouble this good Englishman would be, if he had not remarked this Grecian temple! Thanks to the white columns and the chimnies, he will finish by finding his hotel, sooner or later; he has only to look for it.

And that is exactly what we have been doing ever since the morning, said Ernest.

The Grecian temple, replied the mason, is the honor of the French city; we shall never have columns enough in Paris. Have you seen the pretty little Grecian-temple-guard-houses that I built for the national guard. They are so many Grecian temples raised to the god Mars. Have you seen the Grecian-temple-tombs that we erected in Père la Chaise? What Grecian temples! Would you not say that they were the tombs of the sages of Greece? I am the Phidias of the Père la Chaise, I am the Vitruvius of the national guard! Thus, since this Englishman has noticed our beautiful colonnades, we must not abandon him in his trouble. Do you happen to have taken him to the Pantheon?

The Pantheon is not a Grecian temple, cried Ernest.

It has beautiful columns all the same, replied the mason . . . have you taken him to the Ecole de Médecine!

The Ecole de Médecine is not a Grecian temple, said Ernest.

It has beautiful columns, nevertheless, said the master mason.

Let us resume our route, said Ernest to the Englishman.

And they went to the other extremity of the city, to Notre Dame de Lorette, then to the barrier de Monceaux, a true Grecian temple raised to the god Octroi. Why not? There was at Rome a temple raised to the god Crepitus.

Stop, said the young architect to the Englishman; there are in Paris forty-four barriers with Grecian columns, with variations; they are all the same columns, straight, tortuous, or fluted, but always Grecian. You do not wish me to take you to these forty-four barriers, I suppose?

My friend, said the Englishman, sighing, my Grecian temple is much larger than this Grecian temple, which has only one little chimney. You see me quite puzzled, and very unhappy!

But if the Englishman, was unhappy, Ernest on his part began to be impatient. Where should he find this Grecian temple, and this colonnade descended in a direct line from the Portico or the Parthenon?

Shall we dine in the palais royal? said the young man to William.

They went to dine in the palais royal.

Here are columns! said Ernest to the Englishman.

Whilst dining, they heard people talking of M. Berryer, who is the column of the bar; M. de Lamartine, the column of the library; Mlle. Fanny Ellsler and Mlle. Taglioni, the two Ionic columns of the opera; Mlle. Mars, the column of the Théâtre Français; Meyerbeer and Rossini, the two columns of music; and a crowd of other columns, parliamentary, eloquent, nervous, and governmental, enough to make a Grecian temple that would reach from Paris to St. Petersburgh.

Here are *columns* enough, said Ernest.

When they had dined, they went for coffee, to the *Café des Mille-Colonnes.* The Englishman could bear it no longer.

Sir, said Ernest to him, shall we go to the Opera? That is a Grecian temple, at least; it has several staircases, many columns, and above all, many chimneys. Let us go there.

But at the Opera I shall not find my hotel, said the Englishman.

At the Opera, replied Ernest, you will find many Grecian temples.

In going to the Opera, they crossed the Rue Richelieu.

Here is a temple half Grecian, said Ernest, as he pointed out the square columns of the Théâtre Français.

They passed before an overthrown building, pulled down only the day before.

Stop, Sir, said Earnest, there was formerly on this spot, a magnificent Grecian temple: it was an expiatory monument for the duke de Berri, so unworthily assassinated, and whom the revolution of July has deprived of his monument, just as it has suppressed the celebration of the twelfth of January, in memory of Louis XVI., the martyr king.

However, it was late, the moon had risen. In passing the corner of the Rue Richelieu;

I have it! cried Ernest, transported with joy.

And he led him to the place de la Bourse, just opposite the Théâtre Vaudeville.

There is a Grecian temple! said Ernest.

My Grecian temple was much larger, replied the Englishman.

In that case, turn round, said Ernest.

The Englishman wheeled about. Oh joy! he was before that Grecian temple called the Bourse.

This time, *it is* my Grecian temple, said the Englishman. And he at once entered his hotel.

When he returned to his village, William was asked;

What do you think of Paris?

Paris, said he, is an assemblage of shops and Grecian temples.

This story of the Grecian temple is not so ironical as might be supposed. Paris is in fact covered with these colonnades, which are only suited for Italy, where the sky is so beatifully blue, and the air so mild, and where the sun sheds so soft a lustre.

But to return to our former subject. Every ten years, a new quarter rises in the midst of the city; new streets proudly advance in a straight line through gardens which they cut in two, and through the oldest hotels, which they overthrow. All the elevations of the city, even those least accessible, have been thus violently conquered. With much more reason, the site of the Bastille has undergone the most formidable changes. Of this Bastille, the terror of the guilty, and above all, the terror of the democracy, nothing has remained, except the remembrance. All

its criminal stones have been dispersed here and there, and at the present moment, not the smallest chip can be found. Upon all this annihilation of strength and power, an elephant was first raised, which was to have remained there as a witness of the great conquests of 1792; the elephant unfinished, remains in a corner of the place, where no one looks at it, even to insult it. To make amends, they have erected here, a column in brass, to the memory of the heroes of July. So that at each of its two extremities, this immense boulevard boasts, there, of the column Vendome, here, of the column of July. But what a difference between the two monuments! The noblest bronze proudly rises in the Place Vendome; composed in the first instance of cannon taken from the enemy. The whole monument is loaded from top to bottom, with an infinite succession of ornaments, emblems, and battles, bas-reliefs in honor of the many armies, who died in aspiring after universal dominion; and at the summit of this gigantic bronze, stands erect, the popular statue of the Emperor Napoleon. At the Place de la Bastille, on the contrary, the column, instead of being bronze, is brass, and is composed of a succession of ornaments, cast beforehand, and piled one upon the other; the sculptor had nothing to do with this erection by contract: but such is the power of any thing large in architecture, that this column, if looked at as a whole, produces a powerful effect. You might call it a boundary, placed between the faubourg Saint Antoine and Paris. The faubourg Saint Antoine! An awful word, and one which has resounded cruelly, in the annals of this people. From this street,—extending so far, the head of which reaches to the dungeons of Vincennes, while its feet used formerly to touch the ditches of the Bastille,—darted every day that frightful multitude, which excited, after its own fashion, the vows, the fears, and the hopes, of the nation of 1793. When it was said, in the city, Here is the faubourg! there was a sudden silence; people hardly dared speak, or breathe; they waited for what was coming. Here is the fau-

bourg! Fear was at its height; and on the road, what cries of the dying; how many innocent persons slaughtered, how many heads carried on the ends of sanguinary pikes, what denunciations for the scaffold on the morrow! The faubourg Saint Antoine was the lava, the fire and the ashes of that burning volcano, which the breath of Buonaparte alone could extinguish. But what a surprise! Of this uproar of former days, nothing now is to be perceived, neither noise, nor tumults, nor cries from the dying; a long, beautiful street filled with workmen at their labor, carriages passing, soldiers returning from the dungeon of Vincennes, the prison which Mirabeau left, to found a new liberty, upon the wreck of the throne;—this is all that remains of the faubourg Saint Antoine. Happy are those people who have seen thus reduced to silence and repose, the most active and the most restless crater, of past and future revolutions?

Here we will stop in our journey through the boulevards; to go farther, would be to retrace our steps, and to return to the Jardin des Plantes and the Champ de Mars, and it seems to us, that you ought already to have a good idea of this magnificent belt, more rich and more varied than the belt of Venus.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE ENVIRONS OF PARIS.

Most certainly that tourist would not have completely attained his object, who had not visited some of the environs, with which Paris surrounds itself, in order to have a little air, and space, and sun. We arrived here, through the barrier de l'Etoile, and could judge, at once, of the magnificence, the eclat, and the variety, of the beautiful houses concealed in their gardens; but if you wish to estimate justly, the luxury and diversity of the neighbourhood of a great city, you must not fail to visit,—if not all,—at least some, of the beautiful Parisian villages. When at Neuilly, do not let us omit to follow the course of the river, as far as the Chateau de Saint Cloud, one of the master pieces of Lenotre, gardener to Louis XIV. A double terrace conducts you to this rich house, which stands at once upon the heights of Bellevue, and the woods of Ville d'Avray. There, Charles X. was staying, when the revolution of July began to mutter; there, was fêted for the last time in the kingdom of his fathers, the young Duke of Bordeaux, Henry of France. In this park, the oldest trees, the most admirably placed waters, the mountain, the refreshing breezes, the noise and motion of the railroad, have a powerful effect upon the mind

of the traveller and the artist. Approach gently the terrace which extends in front of the chateau, by the side of the marble vase, and the stone seat; and look at this spot with respect, for it was here that the queen of France, Marie Antoinette,—conquered at last, by that irresistible force which drew her into the abyss,—came at midnight, to wait for the Count de Mirabeau, that fiery tribune of the people, whom the queen wished to make a tribune of the court. A great drama was performed upon this stone seat, by the queen of France and the unruly democrat. Here, conquered royalty yielded its arms to triumphant popularity. Here, the man so long a prisoner in the dungeon of Vincennes, brought to the feet of the queen of France, the pardon for which she asked. . . . But alas! it was too late. Mirabeau himself, was outstripped by the revolution which he had first urged onwards; he was lost, as well as the king and queen of France, and poison awaited him on his return.

A little higher, and on the opposite side of the mountain, the Château de Bellevue formerly arose in all its magnificence. There lived, in the exercise of the most humble virtues, the kind princesses of the blood royal, who had scarcely time to fly. Immediately their chateau was pillaged; the walls were demolished and sold by auction; the park, which was immense, was divided into a hundred thousand little pieces; and in each of these slips of land, the Parisian considered himself only too happy, to build a small house, composed of two rooms on the ground floor, the kitchen and the parlor; and two bedrooms on the first floor; add a garden, of some few feet, behind the house, and a little grass plot in front, and you will have a Parisian as happy as a king. There he lives, and reigns. He annually plants one or two rose-trees; he owns a cherry-tree, which, each year, promises to bear fruit the next. A modest house! but what does that signify? He has, at his feet, the most brilliant panorama in the world; behind his house, there are the immense woods which lead to Versailles, to those gardens saved by a miracle, to that

palace which Louis Philippe has preserved from ruin, to the fresh turf, and the fountains, and to the shore of that piece of water, which gently glides within the flowery limits of the Petit Trianon.

But we will not go so far as Versailles; Versailles alone would form the subject of a book. Two railroads have given the palace of Louis XIV. to the Parisians, and made it a rendezvous for walking and amusement. On this same river Seine, is built the Château de Saint Germain, the abode of Louis XIII. A noble forest, a delightful terrace, from the top of which you can see, lying at your feet, the immense city of Paris. The Château de Saint Germain has become a prison for soldiers. The pavilion in which Henry IV. was born, is inhabited by a restaurateur. The Seine flows to a distance, passing before the Château de Maisons, which still remembers Voltaire. There, Voltaire was writing *Zaire*, when the chateau took fire. M. Lafitte now owns the house.

On each side of the city, you will find beautiful spots, filled in summer, with old shades, limpid waters, and poetical remembrances. The valley of Montmorency, for instance, is the delight, the verdant and animated fête of the Parisians. Scarcely has the sun pierced the cloud of the month of May, before this word, *Montmorency*,—forgotten for six months,—suddenly presents itself to every young heart, and rises to every young lip. Montmorency! Parisian emigration has nothing more beautiful, more animated, or more lively. People repair there on Sunday, by every means known and unknown; in hackney coaches, in carriages, in carts; and hardly have you touched the happy soil, before cries of joy are heard on every side. The gravest young men, the best behaved and most unaffected girls, are at once seized with this sweet folly, which consists in shouting, running, climbing, lying upon the grass, mounting on horseback, and galloping through this hilly and venerable forest. Montmorency! It was J. J. Rousseau who discovered this happy valley; it was he, who first described it. Before the

Confessions, the Parisian never suspected that there was, so near him, a forest of Montmorency. Thus, the name of J. J. Rousseau is in every mouth. The only serious moment in a day passed here, is that in which you visit the house where he lived, and the garden where he so often walked. A modest house, and a small garden! but, however, if you are at all acquainted with his clear, lively, and true descriptions, you will find here, the author of the *Emile* and the *Héloise*. More than one piece of furniture made of deal, ornaments the house, —furniture without value in itself, but very precious, if you remember the noble pages, which have been written upon this desk of white wood! On leaving the house, when the visitor has recovered, as far as possible, from the feelings always inspired by so great a name, the natural beauty of this sweet place re-assumes all its empire; then there is joy, laughing, folly, and . . . must it be told! kisses, which must sometimes disturb the repose of the philosopher, if he says to himself from the depth of his tomb; It was I nevertheless, who invited them to these shades which they now so abuse!

Montmorency is not far from Saint Denis, which is the tomb of the kings of France. The cathedral is the wonder of Gothic times. This terrible arrow, which incessantly presents to the kings of France, the *memento mori*, sufficed to drive Louis XIV. from the Chateau de Saint Germain! Close to Saint Denis, you will find the *island of Saint Denis*; a spot which is only known amongst the most thorough Parisians,—a concealed, solitary island, around which all is silence. There, we saw a very singular man; he does not own a foot of land under the sun, and nevertheless he chose to have a house to himself. For these reasons, he has built himself a large boat; in this boat, he has all the rooms he needs, a saloon, a dining room, a bed room, a bath room, a cellar, a barn, and even a pretty little garden upon the stern. He has furnished the different rooms with taste, and thus he can say, *My house!* It is in fact, a happy

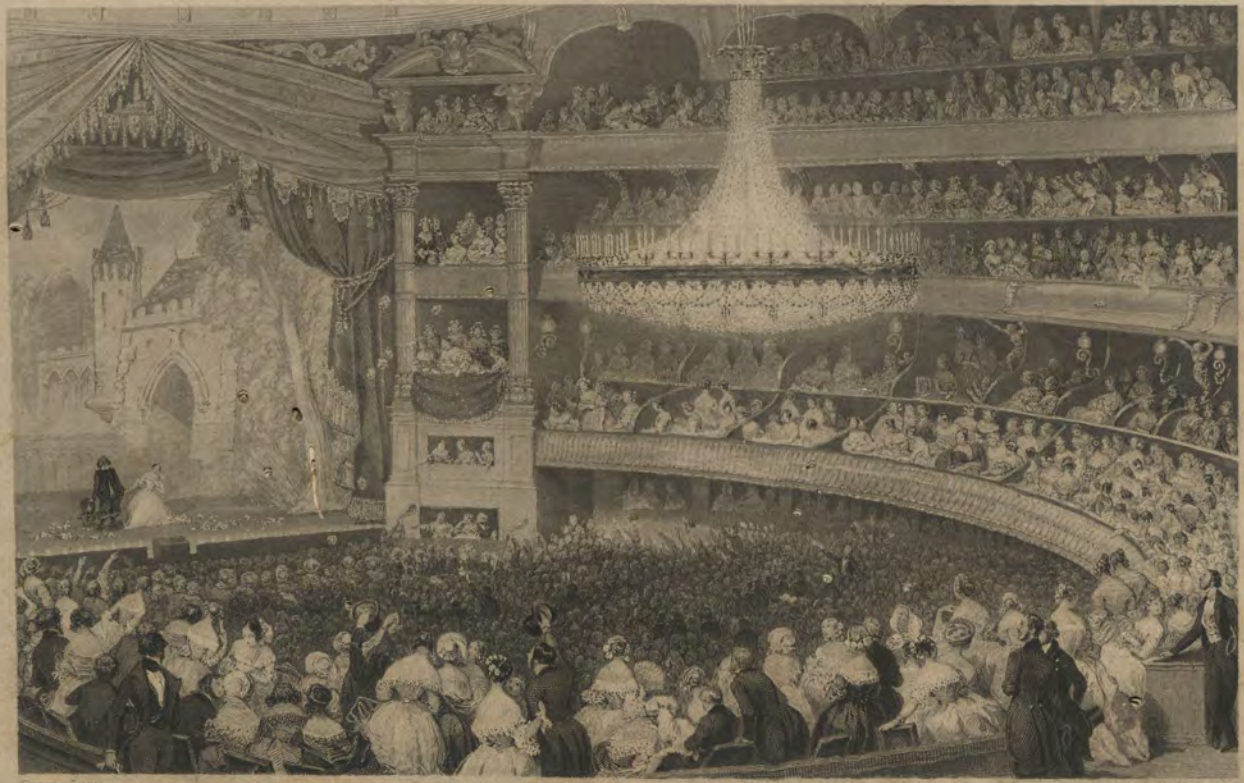
home; he can place it wherever he likes; in the sun in the winter, in the shade during the summer. If his neighbour on the right shore displeases or incommodes him, our man moves his dwelling, and moors off the left shore. His house is at once a house, a boat, a carriage, and a kingdom. For ten years has this amphibious philosopher lived thus,—without anxiety, without regretting the earth, in profound peace with himself and others, yielding himself with equal calmness and resignation, to the current of life and the current of the water.

On the side opposite to Montmorency, and through another gate of the city, you have the *Vallée aux Loups*, of which we have already spoken. M. de Chateaubriand discovered the Vallée aux Loups, just as J. J. Rousseau invented the valley of Montmorency. M. de Chateaubriand's valley is full of shade, silence, and profound calm. Nothing is seen there, but the sky and the verdure, nothing is heard but the song of birds; the sun scarcely penetrates there, and never entirely enters. The first Christians, in their days of retreat, did not find more silence, more freshness, or more complete solitude. But, if you love solitude, why do you not go a little farther, below, into the vallée de Chevreuse? it is the cradle of Jansenism, it is Port Royal des Champs. Here have lived, and grown, and suffered, those strict Christians, those excellent orators, those strong wills, who pushed to so great an extent, self-denial and strength, charity and hope. This time, you may wait in vain for the Parisian and his noisy joys; he does not appear in these latitudes. He respects the memory of the author of the *Martyrs;* he turns pale at the very name of the author of the *Provinciales* and the *Pensées.* The Parisian has respected these noble paths, these holy shades, these austere remembrances. In the vallée de Chevreuse, the Duke de Luynes, a learned antiquarian, one of the severe moralists of former days, wished to restore its original glory to his paternal chateau, and he has had no difficulty in succeeding. Is it not a strange anachronism, that it was neces-

sary to wait for a voltairian age, to restore,—by eloquence and the fine arts, by the care of the Duke de Luynes, and by the learned labors of M. de Saint Beuve—its ancient glory and its merited praise, to the learned Port Royal des Champs?

He who has not seen the Pavilion de Luciennes,—placed on the summit of its mountain, as if it were seeking in the modern world, a woman pretty and infamous enough, to replace in this profane retreat, Madame Du Barry herself,—does not know what an absolute king can do, when, worn out by excesses of every kind, he has reached his last love.

Of the great houses of former days, under Louis XIV. and Louis XV., very few are now standing; it is with difficulty, that you can trace the site and some few outlines of what formerly existed. The houses which the black band have not demolished, they have sold to manufacturers and dealers. The estate of Fouquet, the Chateau de Veaux, celebrated by La Fontaine, has become a farm; the Chateau de Brunay, which the late king, Louis XVIII.,—when he was only the brother of a king,—had much difficulty in buying, is now owned by the director of a rope-dancing theatre. Worse still,—oh what ingratitude!—the beloved house of the first consul Buonaparte, the fresh garden where he passed such happy days, that verdant and delightful nest of his high fortune, the Malmaison,—this has been treated like all other great dwellings; it has been broken, spoilt, sold piece-meal, and amongst so many people whose fortune the Emperor had made, amongst so many who have made him their idol, not one was to be found, who would pay to his master the last duty, of tearing his house from the exposure of advertisements, and the multiplied chances of the auction! Happy was it for the Malmaison, that queen Christina of Spain, the conquered queen, the exiled regent, was in need of a foot of ground, on which to spend the season, or it would have been now demolished, and even thy memory would not have saved it, thou good and sweet sovereign, Josephine,



Eugene Lami. C. Motteau.

Interior of the Italian Opera

1846

empress and queen, whom the people so much loved, and whose chateau they would have bought, if the people ever bought chateaux!

Let them forget those who are dead, if they will;—but to neglect those who live, those who can know the respect which they carry into their exile,—this is what can scarcely be believed, and yet it must be believed; for in passing before the Château de Rosny, even the dwelling of the Duchess de Berri has been demolished. Speculation has laid its impious hands upon the noble dwelling, in which French wit had displayed all its grace; —speculation, without respect for *the good duchess*, as the poor called her, has cut up her forest, divided her garden, demolished the two wings of her castle, and sold and re-sold, piece by piece, this royal house, which spread around it so many benefits and so many alms. This is a crime committed but yesterday; and yet the French of 1842 cry out, that people have not respected past times, that they have destroyed their middle age, that the tower of Saint Jacques la Boucherie is menaced with ruin, and that the church of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois has not been restored in all its purity! . . . . hypocrites! begin then by saving the house of the Emperor Napoleon, if you love glory; and if you love goodness, perfect grace, wit, courage, and misfortune, then save the house of the Duchess de Berri; after which we will deplore together, and at our ease, the sad loss of the monuments of Chilperic or of Clovis.

What cannot be destroyed, and what cannot be overthrown, is the verdure of the trees, the murmur of the waters, the brilliancy of the landscape, which man can sometimes spoil, but never so completely, but what its natural beauties will resume their rights, on the first day of spring and sunshine.

CHAPTER XXXV.

DEPARTURE FROM PARIS.

THE more I penetrated into some of the mysteries of this wonderful city, the more I found that the study of Paris was an attractive and picturesque one, but at the same time so long, that it would require the life time of a man, thoroughly to enter into it, and I had only a few days to devote to this purpose. Thus, Paris, in spite of all my efforts, seemed to me like a vision disappearing and vanishing in the distance. But I could not leave it, without familiarizing myself with that most important personage in French society; the Parisian citizen.

It was a Parisian friend, a man of much observation, who acquainted me with this mystery, which I was very anxious to elucidate, before my departure.

Sir, said he to me, you wish to know what the Paris citizen really is; I understand your question, and consider it an excellent one, but it is very difficult to give you an answer; in the midst of this immense population which crowd our streets, jostle each other upon the footways, and are heaped in the cells so skilfully distributed through our new houses, it becomes difficult to find the primitive race, to recognize the features of the indigenous family. Where, I pray you, shall we find the classical

and traditional inhabitant of the great city? lost among such a number of parasitical beings, who have been transplanted into our midst, by the wish to grow and to prosper. Whilst he vegetates unknown, his reputation is loaded with all the absurdities, which the eighty-three departments send him. Let us draw him quickly from the crowd, restore to him his own form and color, and renew the original and natural print, which time has modified, without destroying. For this purpose we must neither seek too high, nor dive too low. It is in the middle rank that we shall always find him, holding out his hand to those beneath; if he rises, he degenerates.

The Paris citizen is more than forty years old. Before that age, the guardianship of his parents, under whose eyes he lived, —the smallness of his income,—the long bondage of education, of apprenticeship, and of probationship of every kind,—then the continual care and the daily apprehension, with respect to an establishment still very uncertain,—prevent that confidence in one's self, that freedom of action, which a person needs, to enable him to take his rank, among men of business.

Besides, it is absolutely necessary for the Paris citizen—and happily for him, it is a pleasure,—that he should be able to relate to his family, his friends, and his protégées, all that has happened for thirty years at least, not only in his immediate neighbourhood, but within the walls of Paris, which form his world, and beyond which he sees only allied countries, or commercial connections. If he has nothing to say about the taking of the Bastille, or the days of fructidor, thermidor, and vendémiare, he has no weight, no authority; and as, in the agitation of business which divides his time with sleep, the citizen reads but little; he must have *lived*,—his head must be furnished with facts from the emotions of every day, he must have laid by a provision of events, while spending his years. Conclusion: the Paris citizen is, at least, fifty years old. He who can tell of the fêtes given in 1770, at the marriage of the dauphin, and the

accidents which so infallibly prophesied the misfortunes of Louis XVI., is a citizen of note, and is venerated by the social circle, to the distance of three houses.

The Paris citizen is of a middle stature, and decidedly stout. His countenance usually wears a merry expression, but with something also of dignity in it. He is well shaved, and suitably dressed. His clothes are large, and made of good materials, without any affectation of the forms, which fashion borrows from caprice. Ignorant painters always give him an umbrella,—it is one of the grossest prejudices, that spite and party spirit ever adopted. He has a cane to support him, to drive away the dogs, and threaten the troublesome boys. But he is not afraid of bad weather; if it rains, he will take a coach; and he announces the fact with a satisfied look. You must have heard a citizen of Paris say, as he leaves home, "If it rains, I will take a coach," to understand what contentment and security, the progress of public accommodation can put into the heart of a man, who has the means of procuring it.

The citizen is married, and has children. His wife never was beautiful, her features wanted regularity; but it was agreed to call her pretty. People still speak of the effect which she produced upon the curious crowd, the day she alighted from a *remise* before the little door of the church Saint Roch. She was then slighter in appearance; he was young, active, spruce, and frizzled. It was a fine wedding; if you had but seen the golden cross, and the arm-chairs of crimson velvet! There was also a brilliant marriage at Grignon's, which was then entered by a large court. Very few Sundays pass, on which the husband does not introduce into the conversation, some remembrance of this happy day, and always with renewed tenderness, for her whom he constantly congratulates himself upon having married; for he respects his wife naturally, from instinct,—the most intense study could not have taught him better. He always finds her at home when he returns, or if he is obliged to wait for her, she is

sure to come back laden with little commissions, amongst which there is something for him. She pours out his tisan, when he has a cold, she is silent when he speaks. More than this, she is not only the mother of his children, she is also his adviser in matters of moment, his companion, his book-keeper; he does nothing without her advice, she knows the names of his correspondents and his debtors. When he is in a merry humor, he calls her his minister of the interior, and if he is uncertain about the orthography of a word, he questions her; for she is learned, she was brought up at school.

But we must speak of his children. I do not know the name of his daughter, there are so many pretty ones in the list of novels. She has come from school, she has a piano, she draws, she has learned all that it will be necessary to forget, when she returns home to continue the simple, obscure life of her mother. His son is called Emile, so named from respect to the memory of J. J. Rousseau. There are but few families in Paris, where you will not find an Emile, who has been put out to nurse, led about by a bonne, and confided—the two hundred and twentieth pupil—to a college education. Emile works hard, and shows much intelligence. It is upon him that they reckon, to increase the reputation of the college, at its annual exhibition. Thus the young man is coaxed and caressed by his masters. From all this the citizen derives fresh happiness. He joyfully recognizes a new self, in the inheritor of his name. He allows him to chatter, he admires his pedantic little prattling, he is proud that he cannot understand him. He never remembers his authority, until the rash scholar ventures upon the ground of politics. For the rogue has a fancy for the republicans. He reads in secret the revolutionary newspapers, as we children of the Empire, read the novels of Pigault-Lebrun. Besides, this is the favorable moment for paternal erudition, for the history of terror. The storm passed, his future life is discussed. Since he shows wit, he must be made an auctioneer; should he manifest talent, he

must be a solicitor; for each generation wishes to rise one step, and this is why the top of the ladder is so full.

I have touched upon the political opinions of the citizen; this is the most important development of his character. In the first place, he loves order; he would derange every thing to secure order; and order with him, is the regular and easy circulation of carriages or pedestrians in the streets; it is the shops displaying their treasures, and in the evening shedding upon the pavement, the reflection of the gas which illuminates them. Provided he is not stopped on his road, by any other groups, than those who surround the singers, or who contemplate the dying agonies of a dog that has been run over; provided his ear is not struck by the dull noise of crowds rushing upon each other; provided he does not fear to see a lamp fall at his feet; if he does not hear the noise of broken windows, or the sinister sound of shutters being suddenly closed, the recall at an unseasonable hour, or the hurried steps of horses, he is satisfied: he has all he needs. Leave him this material tranquillity, and then, you who interest yourselves in public affairs, you who wish to engage him on your side, you who need his vote, his signature to a petition, or his voice in a decision, may go to him without fear. Argue, attack, slander; try as boldly as you choose, to demolish principles, or ruin reputations. He will listen to you without anger. If your phrase is well turned, he will adopt it for his own, for he likes to excite attention. If your epigram is pointed, he will entertain his guests with it, for he always has a word to make them laugh. If you tell him a piece of news, he will bet upon your statement, for he believes any thing that is in print. You need not fear that he will recognise disorder in a black coat, speaking in well turned periods, and affecting a thoughtful look; he is more likely to take it for one of the mayor's assistants. The disorder which he knows and dreads, and for which he descends into the street, with his gun,—has naked arms and a hoarse voice, forces shops, and throws stones at the municipal guard.

And then the Paris citizen prizes his liberty; it is his property, his conquest, his faith. The three syllables which compose this word, bring a smile to his lips, and cause him immediately to raise his head. If you tell him, that a man does not wish for liberty, he will reply, without hesitation, that he must be imprisoned. To preserve this precious boon, he will voluntarily submit to any shackle, to any privation, to any sacrifice. Persuade him that his liberty is threatened, and he will immediately abandon his easy, regular life, his business, and his family. He will submit to the hardest labor, the captivity of the guard-house, and the tyranny of the watch-word. He will be the first to demand that the barriers should be closed, houses searched, and suspected persons arrested. He knows that liberty does not defend itself alone, that it needs the activity of the police, aided by an experienced judge, and corrective laws which strike quickly, powerfully, and to a great distance. For liberty, he makes himself a gendarme, a constable, any thing but an informer. For remember, he has the greatest horror of espionage! In his blindest and most eager devotedness, he would let a jesuit escape, that he might run after a spy.

Through all the revolutions, which have changed so often the name of his street, the scarf of his municipal officer, the colors of the flag floating upon the dome of the Horloge, where he goes to learn the exact time, the cockade of the postman, and the sign of the tobacco-seller, he has yet preserved some respect for authority. But his embarrassment is great, if some morning his newspaper contains an article against the government,—his newspaper which he so much likes, which reckons him amongst its oldest readers, and to which he sends his patriotic subscription! This causes a whole day of uncertainty and disquietude: but, at last, he thinks, that the authorities may have been deceived; this article in the newspaper, will no doubt enlighten them, and on the faith of this hope he goes to sleep, reconciled with the ministers, and the prefect of police, who will be deposed to-morrow.

The Paris citizen is an elector; he was so before the passing of the last law, as he takes care to tell you. When the college of his arrondissement is summoned, he seems to have grown a foot taller; there is—not pride, but—mistrust in his look. Every one who comes near him, seems to him to wish for his vote. But he has raised an impassable barrier round his conscience. Against that are broken all the recommendations of friendship, and all the seductions of party. He reads attentively the profession of faith of each candidate. He takes notes of their sentiments and promises, in order to compare them and make his choice. Then he arranges these labelled and numbered notes in order. When the day of election approaches, he shuts himself up in his private room, for once without his wife. He takes out these papers, one after the other, and reads; "No. 1. M. Pierre. Independence of position, fortune honorably acquired, ardent zeal for public liberty, love of order, engagement not to accept any paid office."

"No. 2. M. Paul. Fortune honorably acquired, independence of position, engagement not to accept any paid office, love of order, ardent zeal for public liberty." And so he continues, down to No. 13,—which is the last,—without any other change, than the position of the interverted words; just as was the case with M. Jourdain's declaration of love. He repairs to the preparatory meeting, and returns from it, still more undecided than he was when he went. For all these political integrities,—each of which presented itself to him, so compact, so full, and so entire,—have been terribly disarranged. At last, the day arrived, he returns home satisfied; he has sustained his resolution to the end, he has acted according to his conscience, he has furnished a split vote to the scrutiny.

The Paris citizen is a juryman; this is another act of his political religion; he prepares himself for it, by reading for a fortnight, the *Gazette des Tribunaux*. Look at him, on his seat, opposite the accused. The first day, he suspects the public

minister, and the president; he leans upon his elbows, that he may not lose one of the avocat's words; he compassionates thieves, he acquits, at first sight, all those unhappy beings whom crime has hurried into want. The next day, he is less tender, less easily moved. The last day, he has become a judge, and a more rigorous one than those whose business it is, and who are equally inured to crime and distress. On returning home, he buys a safety bolt, and dismisses his servant. With political offences, it is quite a different thing. At first, he fancies all society shaken, by the fury of a writer, or the rashness of an artist: then he gets accustomed to it, and at last is amused with it. And at the end of the session, he carries off the proscribed caricature, under his arm, to hang it up in the dining-room, by the side of the seat of war.

The Paris citizen is a national guard, but he is not satisfied with being a simple soldier, he must have some rank. He does not aspire to be a captain; that properly belongs to the neighbouring notary; for there still exists, in certain quarters, a superstitious respect for notaries. Still less does he aim at superior stations; in common justice, those belong to men whom the law exempts from service, the magistrates and deputies. He is simply a serjeant-major, then,—this is a middle path between command and obedience. The serjeant-major sleeps at home, and that is a great point; and then, it is so delightful to know all his neighbours, to receive their demands, to grant them favors, to listen to their excuses, to turn out the refractory. Do not laugh at the serjeant-major, I beg,—he is a person of importance, he is the churchwarden of the present day.

Restored to private life, the Paris citizen attends to his business, with activity and intelligence; he brings to it shrewdness enough, not to appear a fool, and to show that he is as well acquainted with the subject as the men of Bourdeaux or Rouen. For the rest, he is an honest, exact man, of strict integrity. He has time also for pleasure, and enjoys, though

without extravagance, all that the stranger comes to seek, in his city. Above all, the public fêtes have great attractions for him. There is no important business, no domestic bickering, that will prevail against the powerful invitation of a review, a race, a funeral solemnity, or an exhibition of fireworks. Even processions please him; the noise, the dust, the sun, the mob, the rebuffs of the soldiers, the fluctuations of the crowd, advancing and retiring,—all this is a delightful subject of conversation and remembrance, for the Parisian citizen. And then, how he loves to put an historical name upon all these persons, who pass on horseback, with epaulettes and *a cordon!* I remember a certain procession in the first days of the revolution of July, in which fifty different persons were pointed out to me, as General Lafayette, when he had never, during the whole time, left his arm-chair. Amongst the multitude, who look at the actors in these solemnities, there are several copies of the celebrated men worked off, so that each may have seen them, and shown them to his children, who will, one day, tell their posterity of them.

The Paris citizen also loves the arts; he has his likeness taken, he is at the saloon. Did you see, at the *Exposition* of 1831,—where new canvas, enriched with Gothic frames, covered the old pages of Rubens,—by the side of Delacroix's tigers,—the portrait of a national guard, wearing over his flaxen wig, a cap placed on one side, with a merry, jovial countenance,—a portrait which seemed to be looking at itself? It was a Paris citizen. Honor to the artist! he had exactly portrayed the original; if I could only have a copy of it, I would tear what I am now writing. The pencil would tell you all.

Do not fear, that among his amusements, I shall forget the theatres; although they have lost much of their value, since they have begun to load them with absurd, unknown emotions; emotions too much for his heart, if serious, and outraging his reason, if derisive and foolish. In the first place, do not look for him, at the Italian Opera; he has never set foot in it, because, when he

pays his money, he chooses to hear the words used. He passes the Théâtre Français, with a sigh, like a man of exquisite taste and cultivated mind. If the Opéra Comique was not so often closed, it would be his delight: he goes there, with his family, four times a year. But he consoles himself, in the theatres where vaudevilles are played. The plot of the pieces is not very good, but at least, they make you laugh, and he wishes to laugh. The Gymnase rather alarms him: its heroes are too wealthy; you would fancy that the revolution had not reached the boulevard Bonne Nouvelle. There he stops; for you must no longer talk to him of the melodrama, formerly so noble, so touching, so popular, the cause of so many tears, when they represented tyrants, princesses caried off, noblemen in captivity, vaults, jailors, children, and wonderful deliverances. Now, the melodrama annoys him exceedingly, with its rags, its crude maxims, and its low familiarities. He leaves that for the *petites maitresses*, and the fishwomen; the fops, and the men of the faubourg.

And this is not merely dislike; immorality revolts him. He is a moral man, and boasts of being one. This would be a reason for suspecting the fact, if the claim was not a part of his existence; if it was not one of his titles, to be admitted into society. It is by this, that he compares himself to the highest ranks, and finds himself superior. A citizen says, "I have morals," with the same feeling of self-esteem, and contempt for others, which makes a nobleman say, "I have birth;"—a banker, "I have money," and a genius, "I have nothing."

On this subject, do you ask me, if the Paris citizen is religious? Strange question! He was married at the church, and has had his children baptized. He even thinks it quite right, that his wife should go, every Sunday, to mass. It is a good example, and if you press him, he will tell you that there must be a religion for the people.

But I shall weary you, with my observations on the Paris citizen. If you seek the expression of an ardent, enthusiastic,

young, passionate, society, capable of great efforts in virtue, or great daring in crime,—if you want figures boldly drawn, those strong, determined touches, which you find in an historical painting,—you must go to some other place, I know not where. Only, search in some city, of which Julius Cæsar never spoke, which has not so many revolutions to recount, so many names graven, one day, upon its monuments, and effaced the next; a city, too, where man is not stifled by man, or worn out by constant commotion. But if you want a mild, good, honest, simple, generous, unsuspicious, hospitable man, one of those happy, laughing physiognomies, which look so well in a family portrait, take the Paris citizen. Trust him with your fortune, your daughter, even your secret. Ask from him, a favor which does not delay his dinner hour too long, and you may feel sure of him. Only I advise you, if you call on him the day after a tumult, to shorten your visit, and not to sit down.

Thus spake my Parisian friend, with his usual kindness, in answering my enquiries. Sir, said I to him, happy are you, to be born in the shadow of the towers of Notre Dame, the column, in the Place Vendôme,—the colonnade of the Louvre; happy are you, to form a part of this great city, from which spring so many noble ideas, in which reside so many admirable passions, and in which is to be found so much military glory. Your life is a daily fête, a fête of the eyes, of thought, and of poetry, a fête of the highest and happiest joys of youth. Happy Parisian, thoughtless and gay, without enthusiasm, without passions, laughing at every thing, yes, at glory itself, and who, while laughing, can accomplish every thing, even a revolution!

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